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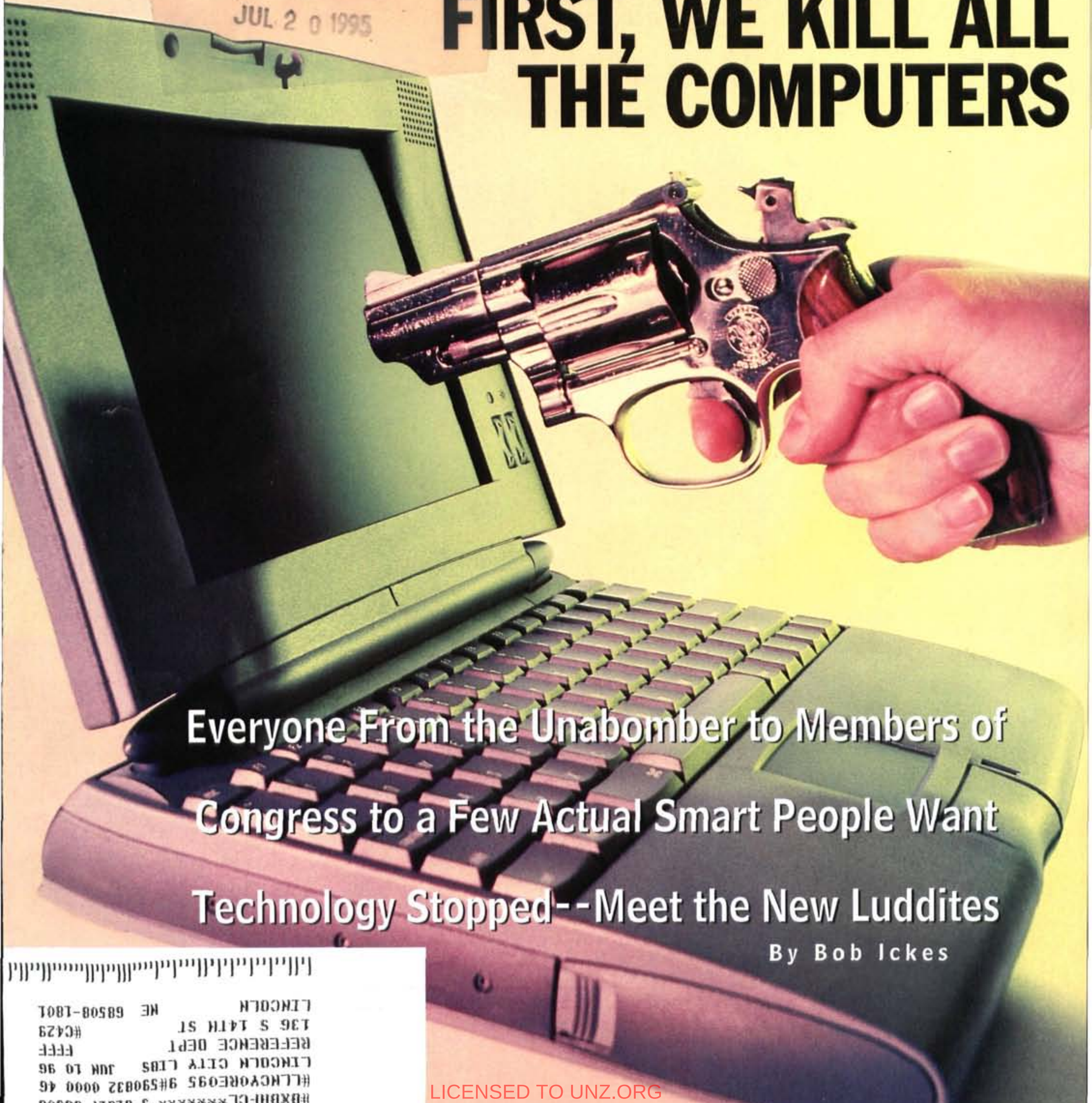

Everyone From the Unabomber to Members of Congress to a Few Actual Smart People Want Technology Stopped--Meet the New Luddites

By Bob Ickes

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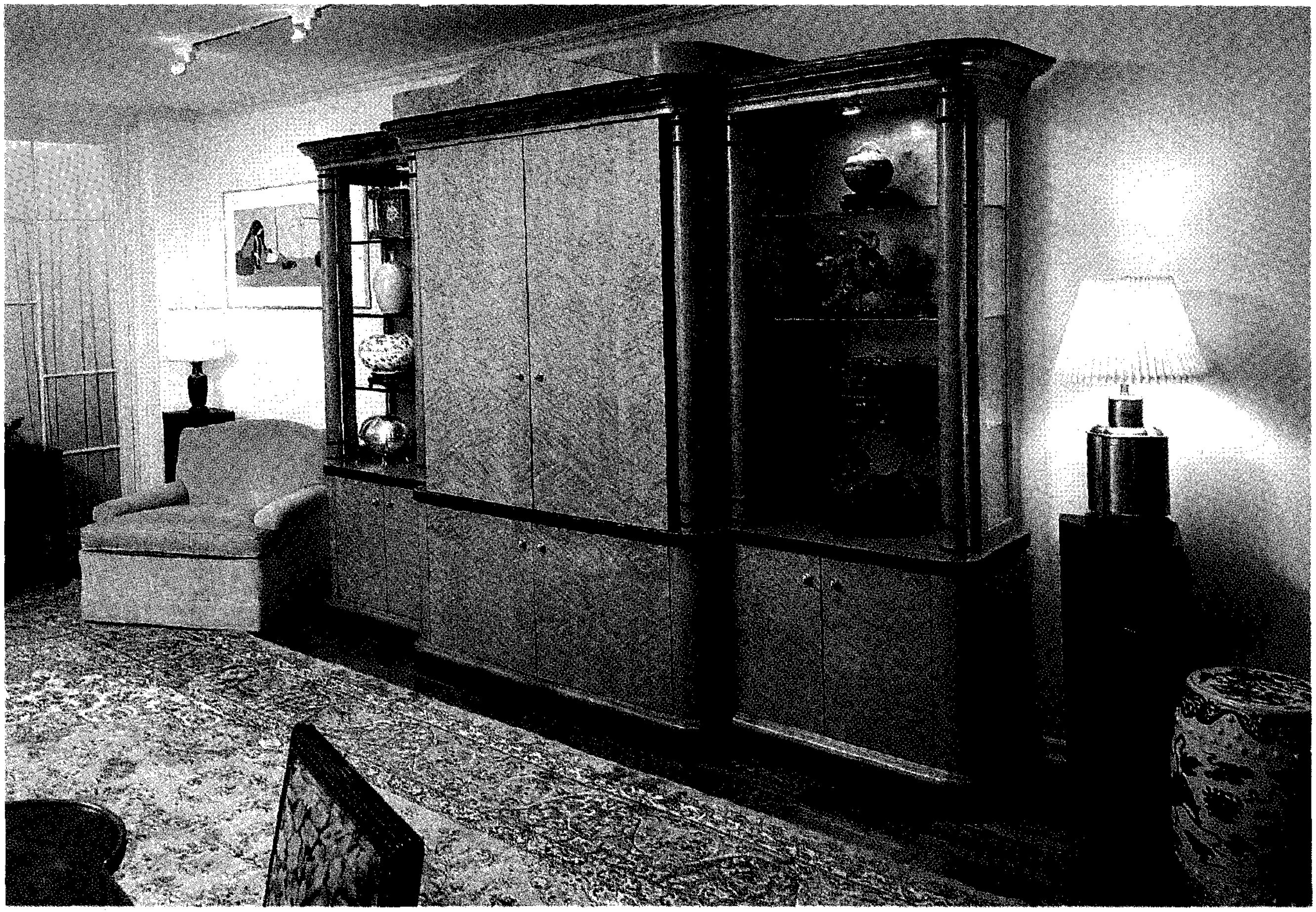

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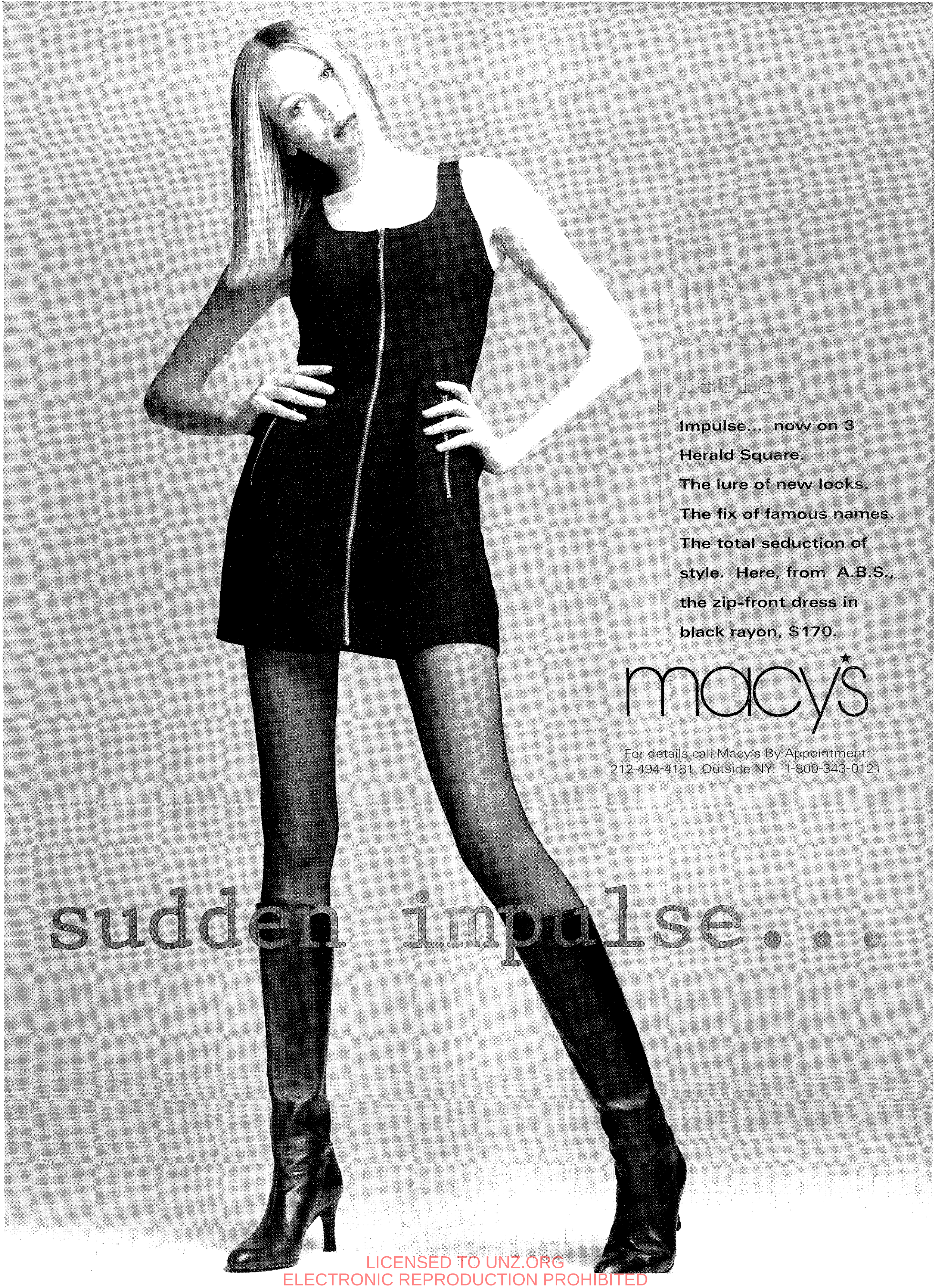
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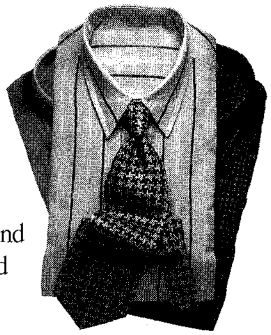

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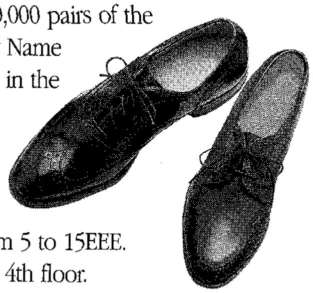

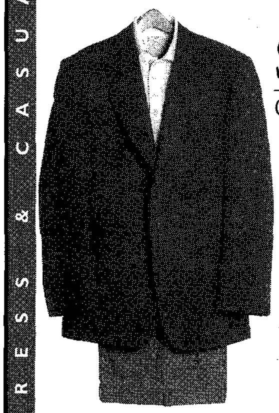

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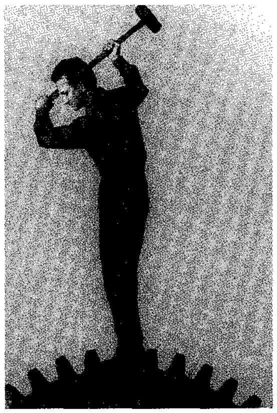
Contents July 24, 1995

> *"No, we're not like the Flintstones at all. It is my understanding that the Flintstones embraced many superfluous technologies."*
>
> PARTICIPANT AT A NEO-LUDDITE COLLOQUIUM, PAGE 22

22 The End Of the World As We Know It

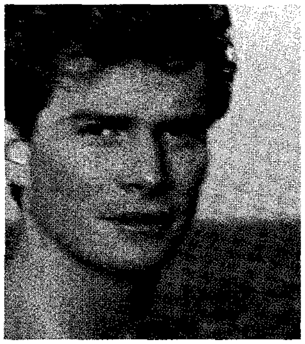
By Bob Ickes

Between the apocalyptic murderousness of the Unabomber and the *ooh-yuck!* squeamishness of the Communications Decency Act lies the neo-Luddite movement—a slightly befuddled and sort of silly but ultimately very serious rejection of credit cards, electric car windows, and the Internet. Plus: cool pre-digital objects, by Rene Chun.



30 Living Fast, Dying Young

By Manny Howard



For much of the past decade, Nick Beavers was the happeningest white man on the East Side—a trust-funded party boy hanging in his brothers' bars, Surf Club and Zulu Lounge. But of course those days had to end, and this past Easter, he sat down in a Minneapolis apartment and swallowed 150 antidepressant pills. One scenester's tragedy.

36 Team Norma

By Randall Short

Photos by Nina Berman

If, as the old saw goes, actors are athletes of the heart, Betty Buckley's routine might be compared to Steve Young's being prepped to play the Super Bowl eight times a week. Behind her opening on Broadway this week as Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard* stand hundreds of unseen collaborators, from turban-makers to chiropractors. A report from behind the scenes.

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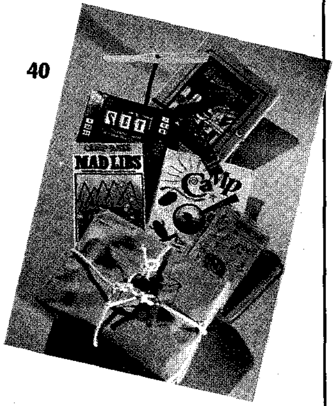

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JULY 24, 1995—VOL. 28, NO. 29. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-880-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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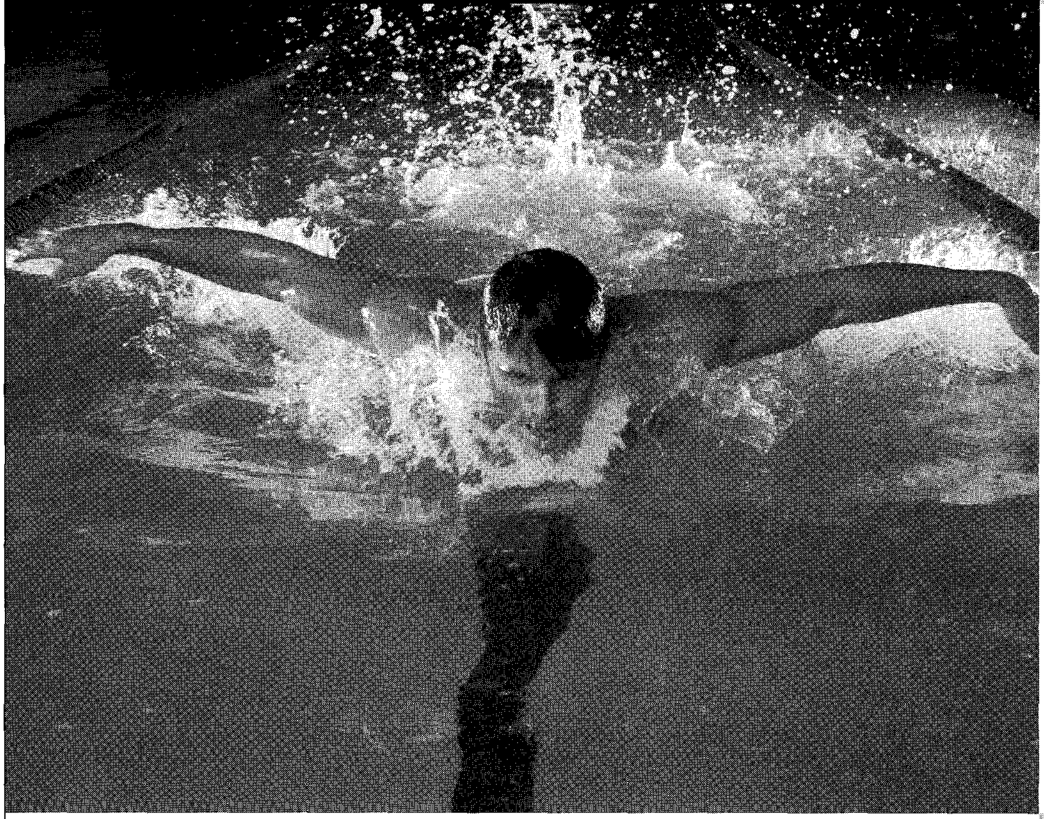

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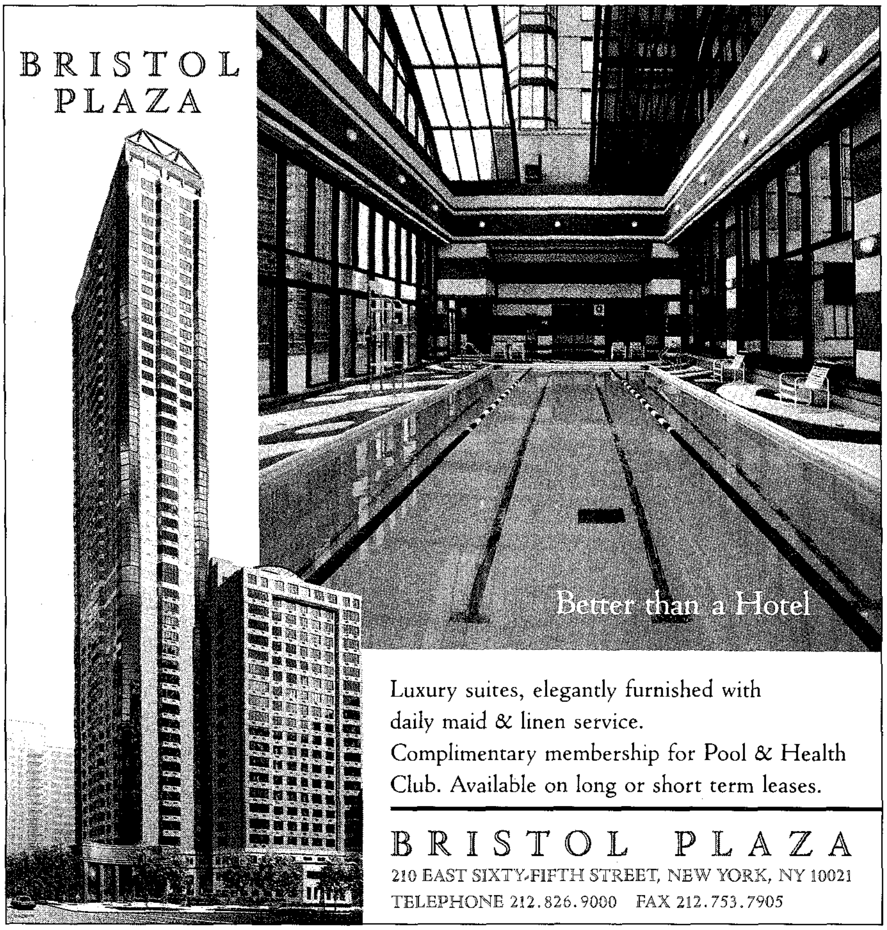

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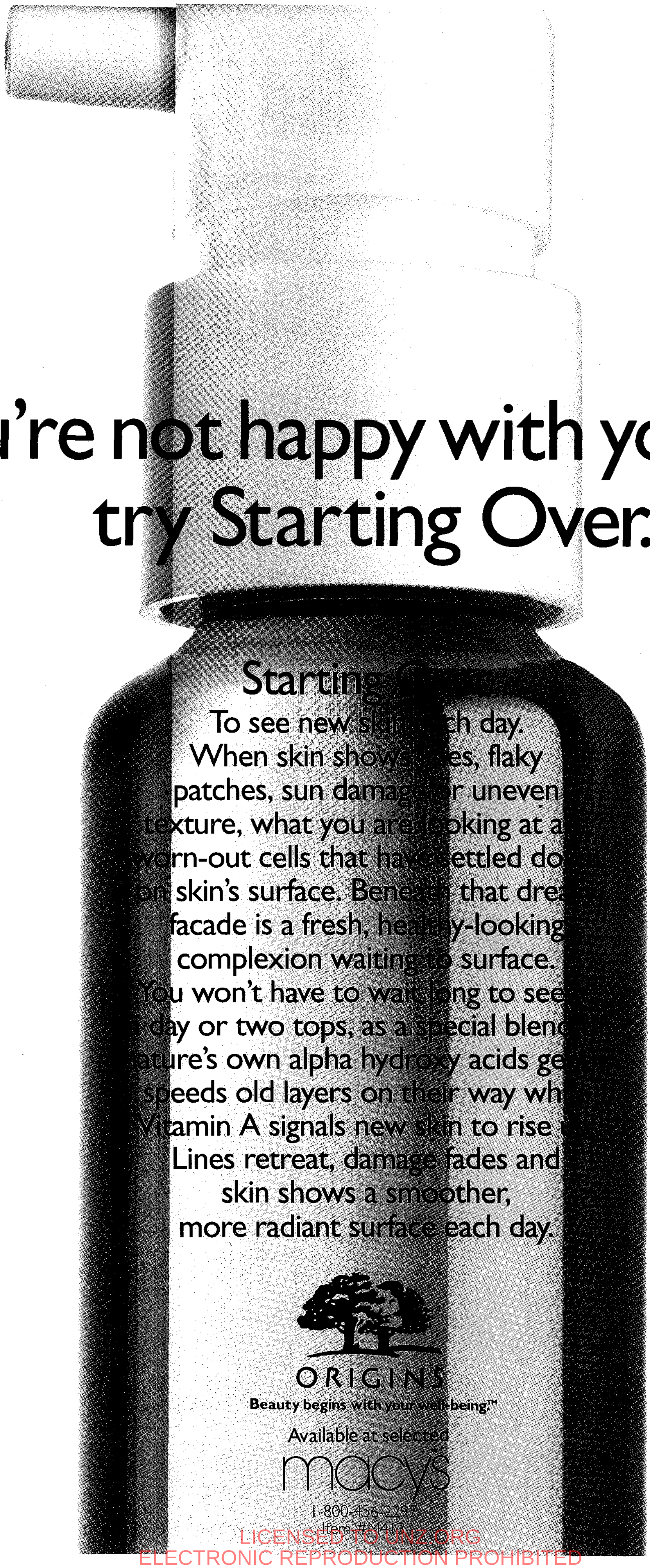

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LETTERS JULY 24, 1995

Ben Defended

Did Congressman Gilman put in a good word for his ex-wife and a spy? His pals say no.

FOR THE RECORD, REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin Gilman never called me regarding the case of *Waldman* v. *Talmudical Academy,* and I never made any complaint to an associate about any alleged call from him, as Robert I. Friedman erroneously reported ["The Fixer," June 19]. Furthermore, *New York* never called me to verify the accuracy of the reported call or the existence of the associate to whom I am reported to have spoken.

Hon. Peter C. Patsalos
Supreme Court of the State of New York
GOSHEN, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE ABOUT BEN GILMAN CHARACterized Middletown, New York, as a "shabby railroad terminus." Middletown today is a community of expatriate New Yorkers and beset with big-city woes. It is not the idyllic community I remember growing up in during the forties and fifties. What was a pleasant small town is now overrun with garden apartments and shopping malls. You might think you were on Long Island.

James Kelly
WILMINGTON, DEL.

I HAVE KNOWN CONGRESSMAN BEN Gilman for over twenty years. He is an admirable man of great compassion and tenacity. He has shown great dedication to human rights and justice in Northern Ireland and around the world. I am deeply offended by your disgraceful article.

Fr. Seán McManus
President, Irish National Caucus, Inc.
WASHINGTON, D.C

ROBERT FRIEDMAN ACCUSES BEN GILMAN of writing letters of reference for two characters who, Friedman says, turned out not to be honorable—though Friedman gives no evidence that Gilman knew of their failings. Gilman's ex-wife says he got her a job for which she wasn't qualified. A friend of Gilman's represents a government that may be implicated in the drug trade—though, once again, Friedman does not say the congressman was aware of wrongdoing.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Does Gilman, a Jew representing a district with many Jews, think it is time to release Jonathan Pollard? Does he think it appropriate to hold hearings on the PLO's alleged financial malfeasance before giving it $100 million in U.S. funds? It must be because of his "relentless quest to ingratiate himself with his Jewish constituents" including Jewish groups fighting the Middle East peace processes.

In fact, it is not only Jews who are troubled by the way federal prosecutors obtained Pollard's fierce sentence. As for the Mideast, there is a very respectable argument that U.S. money, meant to help the peace process along by priming economic development, can hardly do its job if it is siphoned off into PLO officials' pockets. To say that taking this position marks Representative Gilman as a tool of Jewish extremists is a stretch.

In the course of Friedman's argument, the reader is treated to small, elaborate essays on subjects like the misdeeds of convicted Soviet spy Shabtai Kalmanovitch, the alleged corruption of Manhattan's Touro College, Gilman family deaths and divorces, and the involvement of a Gilman chum in Koreagate—all presented as interwoven strands of a network of corruption, but all missing that crucial last step of any concrete link to Congressman Gilman's public behavior. Enough already, this article insistently paints normal processes of democratic politics and normal conflicts of personal life as evidence of malice, crookedness, and conspiracy.

Leonard Garment, Esq.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

I CAN REPORT THAT I WAS WITH BEN FOR a good portion of the day that your reporter spent with him in Washington. I believe Friedman missed the point on a number of situations. While I do not know Ben's relationship to the several people mentioned in the article, if the research and writing was as poorly done as that which I observed, then these reports are suspect as well.

Robert N. Pyle
Robert N. Pyle & Ass. Public Relations
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Robert I. Friedman responds: Judge Patsalos told a source intimately involved in the negotiations to settle the case in question that Gilman had phoned trying to influence him to rule for Gilman's political cronies at the academy. Interestingly, when asked last month about the conversation by Middletown's *Times Herald Record,* Gilman didn't deny it occurred, saying, "I'll have to check back in my records."

Garment, who ran Nixon's Watergate defense, is now crafting one for Gilman. I reported many specific examples of Gilman's exhibiting behavior that is ethically problematic. For instance, Gilman used his influence with a lobbyist to get his estranged wife a job at Touro College, possibly in an effort to reduce his alimony payments—a rather clear violation of House Ethics rules. Meanwhile, Gilman has received numerous honoraria and junkets from Touro, lending the institution an aura of respectability while it is being investigated by federal, state, and city agencies for student-loan fraud and other crimes.

Rabbi Ronald Greenwald, Gilman's closest friend and political mentor, obtained a U.S. visa for Russian gangster Evesi Agron, who promptly established a criminal cartel in Brighton Beach. Greenwald's subsequent dealings with Russian gangsters was extensively documented, as was Gilman's attempt to use his office to help Greenwald's pals who ran afoul of the law. If indeed Gilman didn't know that Greenwald and his friends are dirty, should we be more or less worried?

Finally, I didn't see Robert Pyle once during my day with Gilman.

Correction In Charles Busch's article "The New Feminine Mystique" [July 17] a caption mistakenly identified a Thierry Mugler runway model as a man. She is, in fact, the well-known French model Violeta. *New York* regrets the error.

In the July 10 "Cue" theater section ["Opening: Riviera Romance"], the actor pictured with J. Smith-Cameron was Jeff Weiss.

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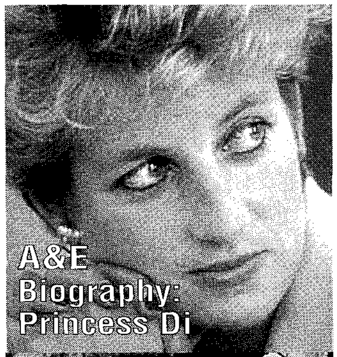

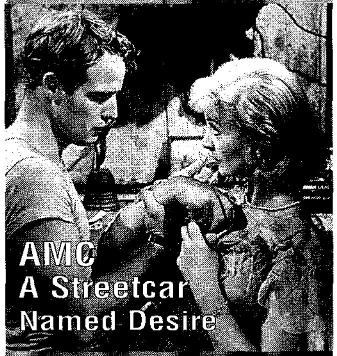

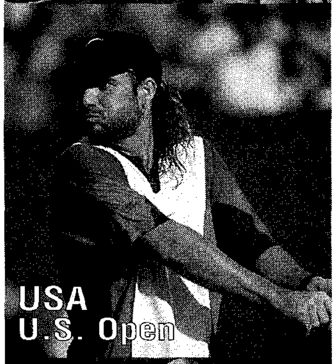

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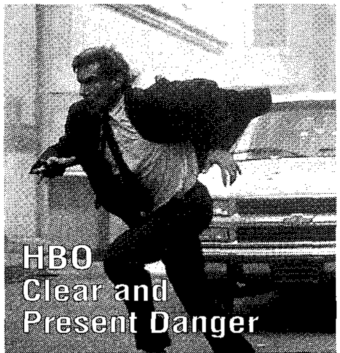

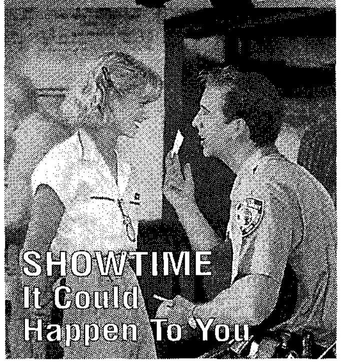

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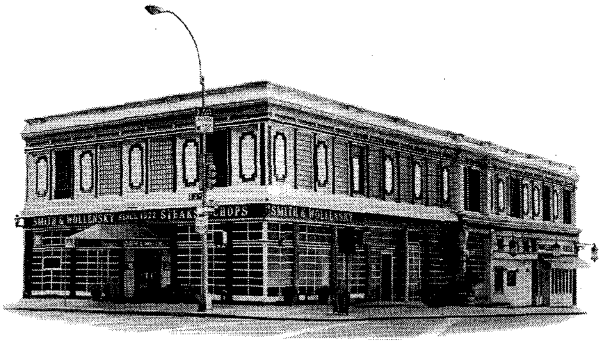
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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

WHEN O.J. DIDN'T HAVE HIS GAME FACE

Did **O. J. Simpson** murder **Nicole Simpson** and **Ron Goldman** as a result of a chronic steroid addiction? The evidence for this theory—strangely overlooked by both the prosecution and defense—is compelling. According to a confidante of **A. C. Cowlings,** Simpson began abusing anabolic steroids during his football career and has been taking cortisone for pain ever since. If Simpson were indeed addicted to these drugs, it would help explain how a genial and popular man could have violently murdered two people. According to Harvard Medical School forensic psychiatrist **Dr. Harold Bursztajn,** abuse of these drugs is known to cause sudden bouts of violence and amnesia. Even stopping the medicine abruptly, Bursztajn points out, may result in "depression, paranoia, and fluctuating psychotic breaks." Though the LAPD lab tested Simpson's blood for eight substances including cocaine and heroin, it concedes it never tested for steroids. Says Dr. Bursztajn: "Longtime steroid use or abuse can't be found unless you test for it specifically." But evidence of Simpson's possible drug problem shows up in much of the trial testimony. Limo driver **Allan Park** testified that Simpson was "hot" and demanded both air-conditioning and open windows on the way to the airport the night of the murders even though it was a mild evening. Cortisone abuse, according to experts, often causes excessive sweating. On the flight to Chicago, Simpson went to the bathroom every fifteen minutes, a flight attendant later reported to the police. "Even if he had stopped using steroids abruptly, he would pee and pee and drink and drink [water]," says Dr. Bursztajn. And finally, on the evening of the Bronco "chase," defense lawyer **Robert Shapiro** called in steroid specialist **Dr. Robert Huizenga** when Simpson was feared suicidal. Since then, the former L.A. Raiders team doctor has been Simpson's personal physician.

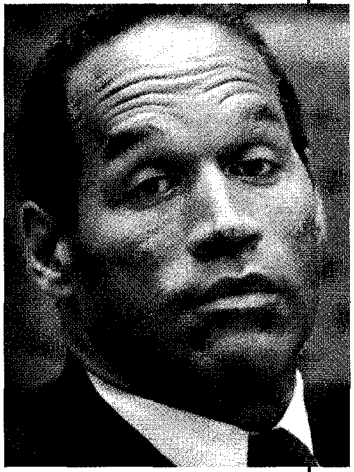
ARE THE HAMPTONS ALL WASHED UP?

Are the Hamptons falling behind the fashionability curve? So claim some East End realtors who have been frantically trying to unload their August rentals—in some cases even cutting rents in half. Complains broker **Paul Brennan** of Braverman Newbold Brennan, "I just don't have anybody asking." Of course, with prices typically running about $50,000 a month for a nice-but-not-fabulous house with pool and tennis court, half-price is hardly wholesale. **Philip Elliott** of Sotheby's speculates that August rentals were hurt by the stream of full-season rentals this year. "People have just gotten their acts together and rented for the whole season," he says. But others sense a growing backlash against the area's relentless eighties-style ostentation. In response, some Hamptonites have tried to tone it down a little. To celebrate HBO's now-annual movie premiere—the pinnacle of the Hamptons social season—HBO chairman **Michael Fuchs** recently ordered party arranger **Peggy Siegal** to scale the guest list down from close to 500 to a much cozier 100 people. And the event itself is being moved from its usual East Hampton venue to relatively unglitzy Sag Harbor.

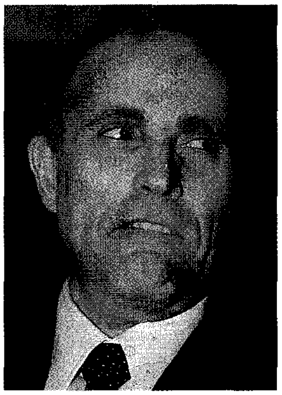
THOSE LIPS, THOSE EYES, THAT MONEY

It's musical chairs again at New York's major modeling agencies. Last week, **Bridget Hall**—17, ten feet tall, and financially independent at an age when most girls are collecting baby-sitting money—ditched Ford Models for the trendier IMG, following in the fashionable footsteps of the recently married **Stephanie Seymour.** Hall had been with Ford since the beginning of her career—like, two years—but after her in-house handler, a twentyish booker named **Ivan Bart,** bolted to IMG, Hall dutifully followed. IMG also represents **Liv Tyler** and **Niki Taylor.** "It's grasshopping season," sighs a Ford source, who points out the recent defection *to* Ford from Elite of **Beverly Peele, Anna Nicole Smith, Kristen McMenamey,** and **Fabienne Terwinghe.** "Ford is taking our garbage," barks Elite president **Monique Pillard.** "Anna Nicole? You call *that* a model? Spare me! *I* could do a better job. I'm not as fat!" Replies a source at Ford: "We have *big* plans for our big models."

Bridget Hall:
Is there no such thing as loyalty?



O. J. Simpson:
Is *this* the real story?



Mayor Rudy:
Do you want to know a secret?

RUDY'S VERY OWN HUSH FUND

In **Rudy Giuliani**'s increasingly paranoid world, fund-raisers are like grand-jury proceedings—top secret and no press allowed. Last week, the mayor's minions invited select Rudy-friendly citizens to a planning breakfast for an upcoming fund-raiser at the University Club. But according to sources, attendance was conditional: Not only did attendees have to commit to buying a $10,000 table; they also had to

Photographs: top right, Bill Nation/Sygma; center right, Porter Gifford/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Andrew Eccles/Outline.

Steve Seagal:
Will Uncle Miltie be a drag?

Karen Durbin:
At work alone?

take an oath to keep the event and its itinerary top secret. Spies at City Hall claim that Giuliani decided to go undercover after his office received a well-publicized chiding following a similar shindig last spring, when Deputy Mayor **John Dyson** made a speech in an apparent violation of a city regulation prohibiting solicitation by city officials. The mayor's office denied any knowledge of last week's breakfast.

GETTING THE BUSINESS AT THE *OBSERVER*

The New York *Observer* is getting itself a brand-new business columnist: former *Esquire* and *Daily News* writer **Christopher Byron.** There's only one problem. *Observer* editor-in-chief **Peter Kaplan** doesn't want him. Though Kaplan is said to have argued against Byron's hiring, insiders report that **Arthur Carter,** the paper's owner, simply overruled him. This isn't the first time Carter has tried to lure Byron to his eight-year-old money-losing weekly. But the last time he tried, in 1993, **Susan Morrison,** then the *Observer*'s editor, successfully warded off Byron's hiring. With any luck, Byron will have a longer run than his predecessors on the business beat: **Jill Andresky Fraser, Joe Mysak** (whose "tryout column" on mayoral candidate **George Marlin** failed to mention that Marlin was his close friend and onetime co-author), and **Michael Lewis,** who went on to the New York *Times*. And last month, financial writer **Jim Rogers** said sayonara, after he less-than-presciently predicted that the Japanese would "never agree" to President Clinton's trade demands. Meanwhile, though he seems stuck with Byron, Kaplan is said to be beating the bushes looking for more business writers to fill the paper's seemingly endless void.

BILL AND WARREN RIDE THE RAILS

What do the world's two richest men do to relax? Hang out together on a railroad halfway around the world. Friends say that **Bill Gates,** the richest man in the world with $12.9 billion, and **Warren Buffett,** the second-richest with $10.7 billion, have decided to rent a train on which they will soon travel the length and breadth of China. But while neither Buffett's nor Gates's spokespeople would confirm the plans, friends say the two have become inseparable. "They have grown to be surrogate father-and-son," one friend notes.

WHIRLING DURBIN; THERE GOES DA JUDGE

VILLAGE PEOPLE: Writers and staff members at *The Village Voice* are planning a half-hour walkout Monday, in protest against editor **Karen Durbin,** publisher **David Schneiderman,** and owner **Leonard Stern.** The uproar at the left-leaning tabloid began last week, when Durbin inexplicably fired veteran food critic **Jeff Weinstein,** cartoonist **Stan Mack,** and sports editor **Jeff Klein.** Insiders say the firings were part of a general contraction at the *Voice,* which has been steadily losing circulation since Durbin took over as editor last year. But staff members contend that Stern is squeezing the *Voice* to help support his two new California weeklies.

HER HONOR: New York State Supreme Court justice **Phyllis Gangel-Jacob** made her reputation overseeing the divorces of such couples as **Donald** and **Ivana Trump, Billy Joel** and **Christie Brinkley,** and **Ivan** and **Seema Boesky.** Now, sources say, she's in for a separation of her own. Though court officials dismiss it as a rumor, Gangel-Jacob—whose performance on the bench has drawn potshots from divorce lawyers—will soon be rotated out of Manhattan's divorce court into another section of the Supreme Court. Courthouse insiders say Gangel-Jacob is aware of her pending departure. "What she doesn't know," giggles one insider, "is where she's headed."

ACTION ROAST: The Friars Club's next roast isn't scheduled till October, but the Joey Adamses of the world are already buzzing about the upcoming roastee: Least Action Hero **Steven Seagal.** Sources say the club decided to fête Mike Ovitz's former martial-arts teacher in a last-ditch attempt at hipness. To pacify older members, the Friars decided to pair Seagal with **Milton Berle,** a Seagal pal who will emcee the event. Not everyone is thrilled by the lineup, however. One Friars stalwart recently shuffled up to a club manager and demanded to know just who this guy "Siegel" was.

SATURDAY-NIGHT WRESTLING: CBS VS. *SNL*

CBS's savvy new president, **Leslie Moonves,** is declaring war on NBC and **Lorne Michaels:** Moonves has just hired MTV's hot New York–based comedy-sketch troupe the State to take on the shattered remnants of *Saturday Night Live.* Although all four networks flirted with the group in recent weeks, Moonves won out by offering a series of prime-time specials to extend the State's appeal beyond the *Beavis and Butt-head* set. "There could be a bloodbath on late night, and we didn't want to show up and have nobody know we were there," says the new show's executive producer, **Steven Starr.** The specials will begin airing around Halloween, and the troupe will move to late-night Saturdays in 1996. But while all eleven members of the State will be switching to CBS, they won't be taking their characters with them. Just as **David Letterman** had to leave Larry "Bud" Melman behind, so too will the State have to sacrifice Doug and Louie. "We've been given absolute freedom to invent," says Starr. "They've told us to be provocative." Starr and his partner, **Jon Bendis,** are currently searching for a studio. "We will definitely stay in New York," Starr says of the group that was founded at NYU in 1988. "We're looking to create our own environment the way Letterman has."

Photographs: top left, Russell Einhorn/Gamma-Liaison.

GOTHAM

New York has a trip-hammer vitality which drives you insane—*Henry Miller*

THE FRONT PAGE

Blood Is Thicker

These days, the family that stays together slays each other.

After a Lower East Side man hacked his wife with a meat cleaver, then stabbed his mother-in-law to death with a penknife, also slashing his 2-year-old nephew, then hijacked a car, stabbing the driver, then sped down Second Avenue, striking several pedestrians before finally plowing into a crowd of homeless people near Tompkins Park, injuring fifteen, Mayor Giuliani, apparently hoping to assure a terrified populace that the city really is as safe as his crime statistics say it is, described the incident as "some kind of domestic dispute."

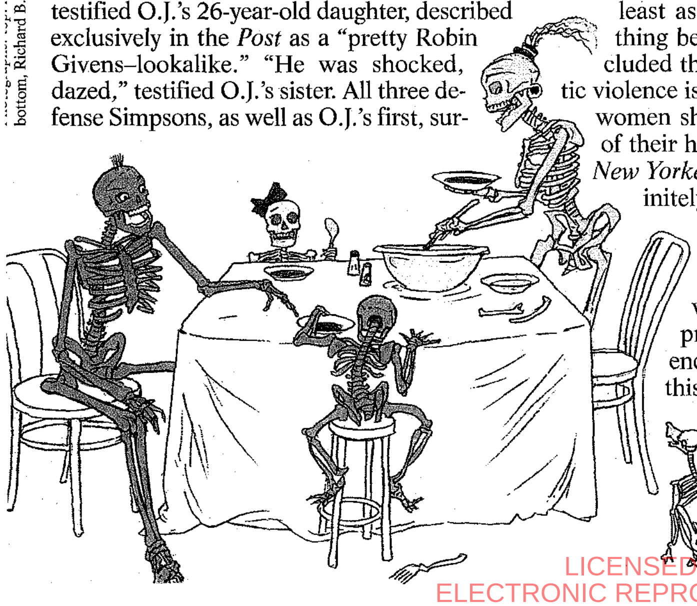
The mayor, in his own seemingly cold but actually Zen-like way, had arrived at the root cause of this horrific gust of violence that recently came out of nowhere: What is really killing the family today, it seems, is each other.

O. J. Simpson's family, the side he's not accused of murdering, testified on his behalf last week, arguing that O.J. could not possibly have sliced Nicole's throat down to the spine because afterward, he seemed so broken up about it. "Oh, he seemed very upset, shocked," testified O.J.'s 73-year-old mother, who had to be helped to the stand because of debilitating, powerful-slashing-motion-preventing arthritis that runs in the family. "He was very upset," testified O.J.'s 26-year-old daughter, described exclusively in the *Post* as a "pretty Robin Givens–lookalike." "He was shocked, dazed," testified O.J.'s sister. All three defense Simpsons, as well as O.J.'s first, surviving wife, wore yellow to court because that was "a happy color," according to his daughter, who, this being Los Angeles, was spotted the next evening partying with Hugh Grant and Elizabeth Hurley at the opening for *Nine Months,* the smash domestic comedy that has audiences giggling from the opening credits.

Susan Smith, or KILLER MOM to those who just read the headlines, will have family members not only testifying for her but possibly deliberating about her as well. In a sign of what a close-knit family-oriented town Union, South Carolina, is, one of the potential jurors in the Smith trial revealed that her brother is married to the daughter of Susan Smith's stepfather, the man who molested Smith when she was 16 and, her defense will likely argue, subsequently drove her to drown her two young sons. Asked if she could be objective as a juror, the killer mom's country cousin responded, "I'm not sure."

Roseanne has thought about all this—at least as much as she thinks about anything before spouting off—and has concluded that the real problem with domestic violence is there isn't enough of it. "I think women should be more violent, kill more of their husbands," she said in last week's *New Yorker,* which, thank goodness, is definitely not being edited for the old lady from Dubuque.

Bill Clinton has thought about it, too. Decrying "indiscriminate violence" in American homes, the president told a Nashville audience, "I see no alternative to solving this problem than to reduce the aggregate amount of violence"—by, he proposed, having everyone install a doohickey in the family TV.



BILL AND TIM'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE "Maybe it has to do with the fact that he's the hot person in film and everyone wants to be like him."—Robert Garlock, *Keanu* Reeves's publicist, responding to an editor's column by *Details's* Joe Dolce in which he describes Oklahoma bombing suspect Timothy McVeigh as "the Keanu Reeves of 1990s American terrorism"

THE DOG ATE OUR SPREADSHEETS How serious are the implications of Salomon, Inc.'s admission last week of a $65 million loss during a fiscal quarter when both the stock and bond markets roared? "We haven't seen the figures yet, so we don't know exactly, but it's a rare day in hell that the chairman of a company calls buy-and-sell analysts personally to try to explain what the losses were about," Perrin Long of Brown Brothers Harriman told *New York.*

FAT-LADY UPDATE "The benefit at Irving Plaza gave us terrific momentum," beleaguered Coney Island Sideshow founder Dick Zigun told *New York.* "But it actually lost us a little money." Zigun's next wacky scheme to pay the back rent: 1-900-476-3037. Callers who vote yes donate 99 cents to the sideshow; callers who vote no donate the same amount to the Ronald McDonald House, a charity sponsored by the sideshow's likely successor.

bottom, Richard B. Levine; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

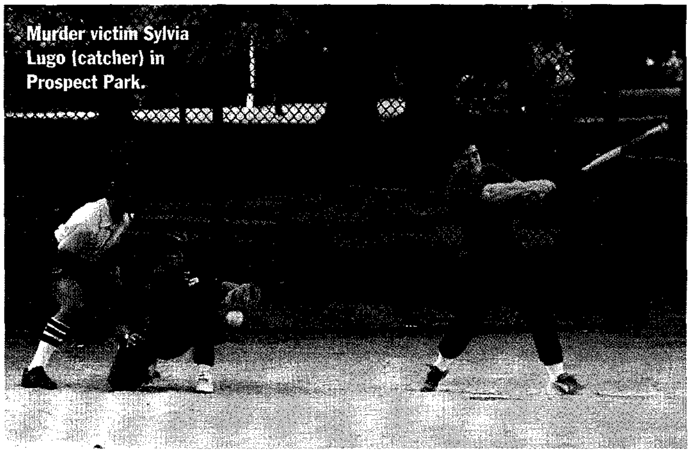
Crime

THE PROSPECT PARK RAPE-MURDER NONSTORY

ABOUT 6 P.M. THE DAY AFTER THE FOURTH of July, two teams from the Prospect Park Women's Softball League gathered, as they do most summer evenings, on the diamond past the horse-riding ring, just off Park Slope's Bartel-Pritchard Circle. But one team's pitcher and her live-in companion, herself a devout player sitting out the season with an arm injury, were no-shows. "It was odd," says infielder Kim Miller. "They were always there." Later that evening at the Roost, a tiny Irish bar on Seventh Avenue frequented by the ballplayers, the team members began to get jittery. They had already been spooked by a push-in robbery of another player a week earlier. Then came word that the pitcher and her companion, Sylvia Lugo, had been shot.

The next day, the pitcher gave friends the following account: While unloading a rental car after a weekend trip about 1 A.M. on Wednesday morning, July 5, she and Lugo were accosted by two men, one of whom forced them up to their apartment at gunpoint. He reportedly began raping the pitcher, but when Lugo moved, she was shot in the head. The assailant then allegedly shot the pitcher in the leg; when he tried to shoot her again, his gun jammed. At that point, the pitcher said, the attacker grabbed some jewelry and the rental-car keys and ran off. Lugo, a 35-year-old unemployed factory worker, died late the next day. "We were robbed," the survivor told *New York*. "We were robbed of our lives with each other."

In contrast, this was the account that police posted for reporters: "Details: Victim #1, female white, 35, shot one time in head . . . Victim #2, female black, 35, shot one time in leg, stable . . . unknown motive, no suspects, no arrests, under investigation. Victims lived together." The rape was not mentioned in the report, nor was a description of the assailant that had been provided to police. Reporters were also not updated after the victim died on Thursday evening and the case became a homicide.



Murder victim Sylvia Lugo (catcher) in Prospect Park.

Consequently, a reported rape-robbery-homicide involving a lesbian couple in the gentrified brownstone neighborhood of Boerum Hill received no coverage in the city's three tabloids. At Lugo's wake last Monday night, an air of unreality had descended at M. J. Smith Funeral Home in Windsor Terrace, where Lugo's eleven brothers and sisters and assorted relatives milled about with hordes of softball players, some of whom, still in uniform, had made their way over from the ball field a few blocks away.

"No TV coverage, no radio, no newspapers," said Ronnie Bero, more shocked than angry. "It's like it didn't happen."

Nearly a week after the attack, the Police Department's office of the Deputy Commissioner for Public Information (DCPI) was still offering only the sketchiest of details. "[Call] the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project," suggested DCPI's John Hickey. "Maybe they have more about it—that's all we have. If another agency takes over the press," said Hickey, referring to the Anti-Violence Project, "we just stop there." But the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, a nonprofit organization unaffiliated with the city, responds that it is relying on DCPI for its own information—and becoming increasingly frustrated. "We don't understand why NYPD's public-information office is keeping this horrible tragedy under wraps and seems so ill-informed," says Bea Hanson, the AVP's client-services director.

"I don't know what they would expect us to do as far as generating media interest," responds Deputy Commissioner Tom Kelly, clearly agitated. "We put out the information that we have been provided with, then the media takes the information off the sheet and works on whatever story they end up working on." Kelly, however, refused to fax *New York* a copy of the information provided to police reporters. "We post it on the thirteenth floor [of One Police Plaza]. They come and look at it. We don't fax it."

John Miller, the former chief police spokesman who resigned in high dudgeon during Mayor Giuliani's purge of DCPI last February, blames the cutbacks in P.R. staff as well as the police reporters themselves for failing to work harder to compensate for those cutbacks. "Reporters became completely dependent on DCPI, because it gave such good service," Miller says. "The system they've put in is to take a tiny number of people, give them a job that's far too challenging in terms of its volume, and tell them to produce the same kind of work, which

SOCIETY

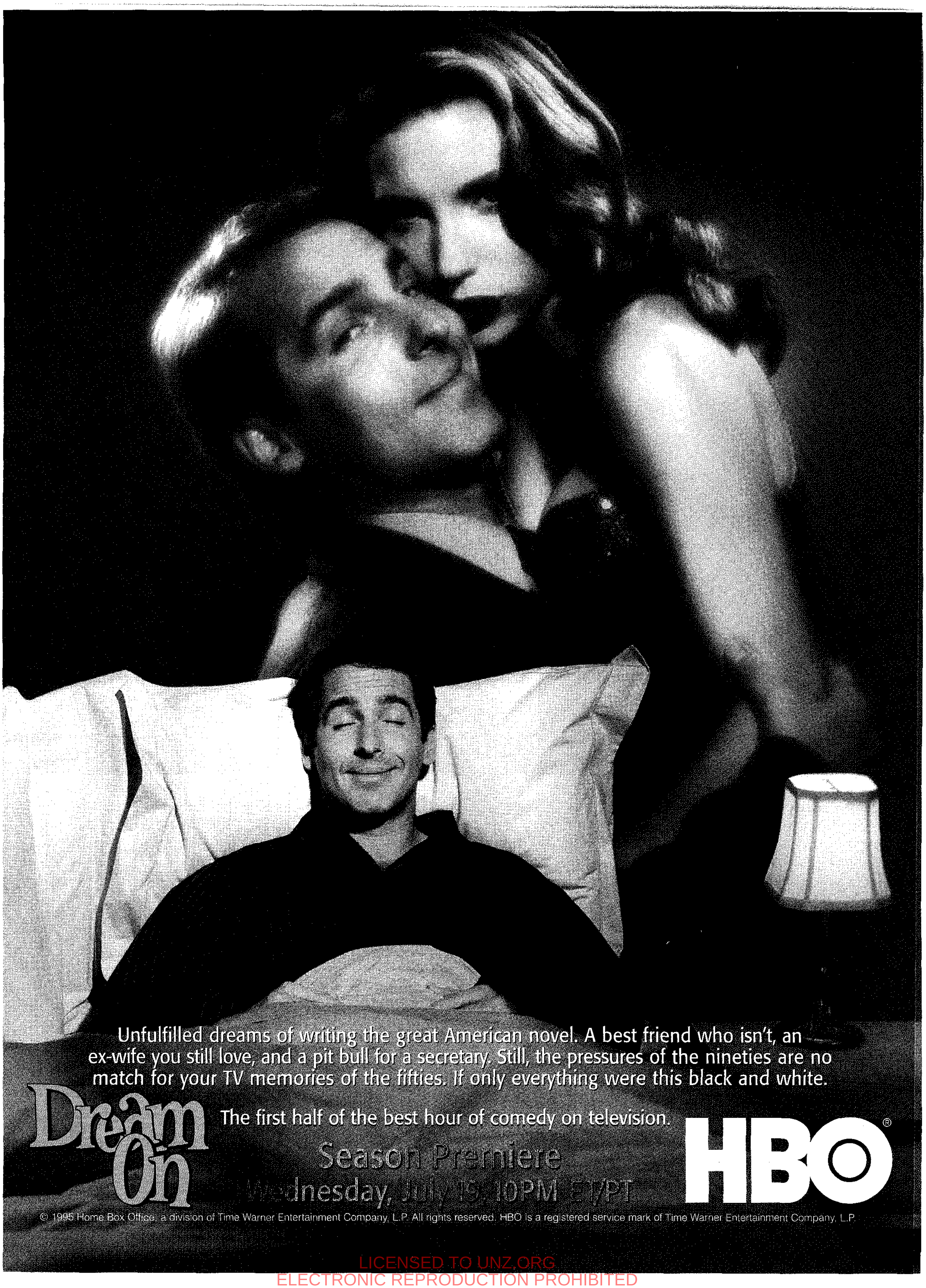
The Zip, R.I.P., Leaves a Tip

WHEN JERRY ZIPKIN—WHOSE CHUMMINESS WITH NANCY REAGAN EARNED HIM THE sobriquet First Friend during the eighties—died of lung cancer at age 80 last month, the New York *Times* remembered him not just as a *"celebrated fixture on the international social scene"* but as a sometimes unpleasant man whose *"caustic remarks were often directed at waiters, clerks and taxi drivers."* It's something of a surprise, then, to learn that, in divvying up his $2.1 million estate, Zipkin bequeathed $5,000 to Paz Vilamea, his maid, according to a will filed in Manhattan's Surrogate Court last month. The money, Zipkin stipulated, was to go to his housekeeper of more than ten years *"whether or not she is in my employ at the time of my death."* While bestowing gifts on longtime employees is not uncommon, Zipkin's attorney Harold Daitch acknowledged that *"that sort of thing was somewhat out of character for him."*

"I guess," Daitch added, chuckling a bit, *"he realized he was a difficult person to be with for that length of time."*

ED SHANAHAN

Photographs: top, Kimberly Miller; bottom, Rose Hartman/LGI.



Unfulfilled dreams of writing the great American novel. A best friend who isn't, an ex-wife you still love, and a pit bull for a secretary. Still, the pressures of the nineties are no match for your TV memories of the fifties. If only everything were this black and white.

Dream On

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CITY

I $ N.Y.

Craig Muraskin knows what people are thinking: *" 'Oh, my God, you're going to put a billboard on the Great Lawn.' "* But the special assistant to Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter says that Streetscape, the mayor's program to expand the sale of advertising on city property, isn't about hawking every square inch of available public space. *"That's not what we're after,"* Muraskin says. *"We don't want to see advertising just for revenue."* This message, however, doesn't seem to have filtered down. **LAURA RICH**

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SITE	AGENCY	ADVERTISING POTENTIAL
Squad cars	**Police Department**	*"Some people may think it's a distraction as far as the mission of the emergency vehicle. It might be in conflict," says personnel officer Phylius Verks.*
City-employee uniforms	**Parks Department**	*"Probably not. Our guys are out fixing things in the park—not a lot of people see them. Sanitation Department {workers} are probably more visible," says Joanne Imobiosen, assistant commissioner for revenue.*
Traffic medians	**Parks Department**	*"Those are good spots because they're not in the park," says Imobiosen.*
Bridges	**Metropolitan Transit Authority**	*"Bridges are for exploitation, you know, but there are different schools of thought. Some think the bridges should be pristine," says Roco Krsulik, director of real-estate operations.*
Toll booths and tunnels	**Metropolitan Transit Authority**	*"It's in the thinking stage. It's definitely a potential revenue source," says Krsulik.*
Food vendors	**Department of General Services**	*"Look at the Sabrett's umbrellas—that's advertising," says spokesman Fred Winters.*
Garbage trucks	**Department of Sanitation**	*"We were trying to do something with a major hardware chain, but then there was a merger and the new manager wasn't as interested in the program as the old manager." says spokeswoman Kathy Dawkins.*
School buses	**Board of Education**	*"Signs will be sold on buses to generate revenue. The school system has suffered pretty extraordinary losses, fiscally speaking," says spokesman John Beckman. "I haven't heard any objections {to advertising} so far."*

we all know is impossible."

At press time, police said they had no suspects and no arrests. Law-enforcement sources confirmed that investigators were looking into the possibility that the murder was an act of domestic violence, but the police were plainly reluctant to see that information get out, apparently in reaction to a much-publicized incident last year in which a black lesbian was raped in Prospect Park and *Daily News* columnist Mike McAlary wrote that investigators doubted the victim's story (the victim is now suing McAlary and the *News*). "I think the extra caution with which the Police Department is handling this case is directly attributable to the terrible publicity surrounding last year's reported rape," says Anti-Violence Project executive director Matt Foreman.

Miller has another interpretation. "This is part of the [Giuliani] administration's continuing information-control business," he says. "Everything has to be bottled up until it reaches the level of City Hall, and they determine whether it's to be funneled out or not."

ANDREA BERNSTEIN

Fashion

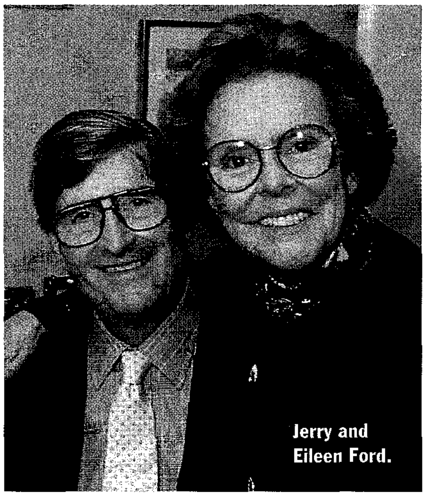
EILEEN FORD EATS HER ENEMIES FOR LUNCH

EILEEN FORD IS PARTIAL TO BILL BLASS. But when she shows up at Pesce Pasta Trattoria for lunch, she is wearing blue jeans. Granted, they are bespoke, cut and sewn by a tailor in California, but they are blue jeans. Loafers, plaid blazer, and a strand of pearls complete the off-duty-doyenne look.

She pilfers an olive from the antipasto bar and proceeds to eat it in full view of the maître d'. He smiles and escorts her to a prime booth. "I don't kid myself. If I weren't famous, I'd probably be asked to leave," she says, dabbing the oil from her lips with a napkin. "Still, it never ceases to amaze me that everybody treats me so nicely."

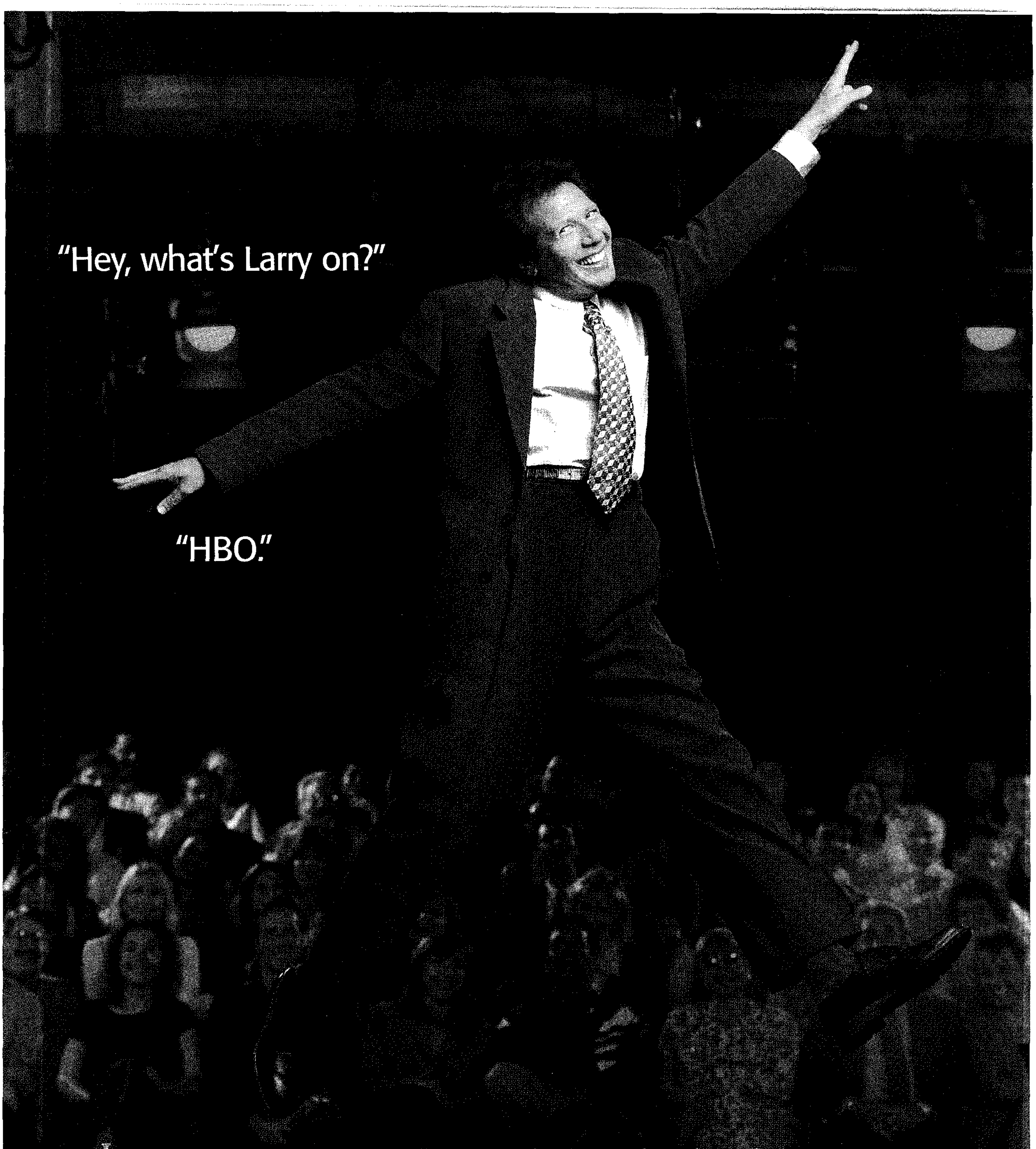
Not everybody.

Since the publication of Michael Gross's best-selling *Model: The Ugly*



Jerry and Eileen Ford.

Photographs: top, Andrew Goldberg; bottom, Tobias Everke/Gamma-Liaison.



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Business of Beautiful Women (excerpted in *New York* April 3), Michael and Eileen have not been exchanging air kisses. Much of this has to do with an allegation in the book that Eileen's husband, Jerry, had an affair 40 years ago with the Ford model Barbara Mullen. Eileen is convinced that it was another former Ford model of that era, Dorian Leigh, who fed the piece of gossip to Gross.

Eileen takes a bite of spaghetti Bolognese before responding. The voice is genteel, the tone matter-of-fact, but the response is unprintable in any country with libel laws; the gist is that Dorian Leigh, in her opinion, is not a quality person.

Eileen takes another bite.

"You know, Jerry came along and kissed me the other day very unexpectedly," she says. "And I asked, 'Did you really whisper in Barbara Mullen's ear at the Stork Club, "I love you"?' He laughed and said, 'What are you talking about?' "

A sip of iced tea and a perfectly chilled *dénouement*. "I guess Michael Gross doesn't love me."

The publicity that *Model* has received seems to have exacerbated Eileen's ire. On a recent episode of *Dateline NBC,* for instance, Michael stated that Ford employees routinely have slept with the models.

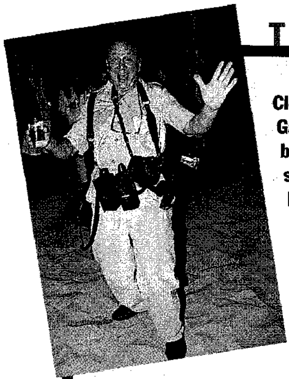
"Most of the bookers are either women or . . . well, let us just call them confirmed bachelors," Eileen says coyly. "So we all know how ridiculous that allegation is. Still, it doesn't make the comment any less offensive."

All of it, Eileen says, has inspired her, at 73 years of age, to write her own book, a project she abandoned two years ago. "A friend of mine told me, 'Eileen, you deserve everything that is said about you because you could have written your own book and you didn't,' " she says, adding, "I suppose he's right."

The bulk of her research is completed; on her desk sits an inch-thick manuscript listing fashion-magazine back issues and page numbers, dated from 1946 to 1990. Ford maintains that posterity is her motivation. "I don't want to die without leaving a record of a business that Jerry and I created," she says with conviction. "I don't mean just the Ford modeling agency, I mean the business of modeling itself. I don't want books like that pig Michael Gross has left behind. That's no record of our business. That's a terrible trashing of people's lives."

She adds, the corners of her eyes curling slightly upward, "Although it did resurrect Janice Dickinson, I guess."

RENE CHUN



Clockwise from left: Paparazzo Ron Galella at the DISHES Project, Inc., benefit in the Hamptons; *Observer* sex columnist Candace Bushnell hugs *Vogue* publisher Ron Galotti at fashion writer Michael Gross's birthday party at Provence; selling smokes at the party at Match for *Lighten Up New York,* a smoker's Baedeker.

Film Soir

At the premiere for 'Living in Oblivion' and the after-screening benefit for Rock the Vote.

By Norman Vanamee
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

'Every independent distributor and finance person turned me down. *Turned me down!*" Tom DiCillo is actually indignant, even after he managed to raise enough money to finish *Living in Oblivion,* his small independent film about making a small independent film, even after it won the best screenwriting award at the Sundance Film Festival, even now that it has been picked up by Sony Pictures Classics, even after the swanky celebrity-stuffed premiere, and, as is very apparent, even during the swanky after-screening party at Club Expo, where actors who got their starts in independent films try out their gangly new celebrity legs and where that guy who got fired from *Law and Order* stares hungrily at the crowd from the VIP area.

As cast and crew enjoy this cultural moment—when having a good independent film in release is even cooler than having a good garage band with a label deal—one star dissents. "I don't think independent films *are* in fashion now," says Steve Buscemi (*In the Soup* and *Airheads*). "There will always be good independent films and there will always be bad independent films." Then he smiles and adds, "There's no business like show business, and that's a fact."

At the post-screening party for *Living in Oblivion:* Former *Law and Order* star Chris Noth; actor Dermot Mulroney with director Tom DiCillo; Steve Buscemi and his mom.

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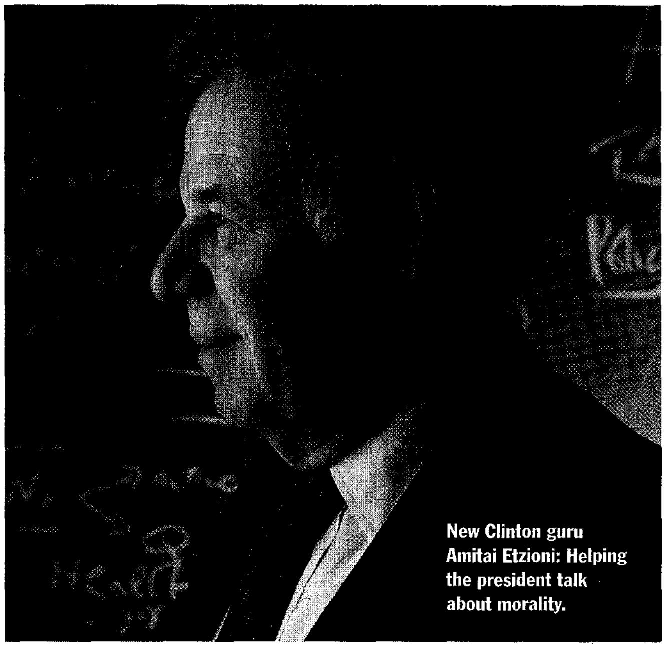
All Together Now

Clinton's latest incarnation is as a communitarian, and it's likely he'll be preaching his new mantra right through the next election.



New Clinton guru Amitai Etzioni: Helping the president talk about morality.

THERE WAS ALWAYS a "New Nixon" waiting in the wings when the old one ran into trouble. But there will never be a New Clinton, because the president has already tried every possible permutation of his political self. Just since the fall election, we have experienced most of the familiar manifestations: Clinton the reformist New Democrat, Clinton the base-rallying paleoliberal, Clinton the fighting populist. These characters—and the respective factions that propel them forward—wrestle perpetually within the White House. Lately, though, one of the more curious personae has been asserting itself: Clinton the communitarian.

Clinton the communitarian has been sighted periodically for years. In the early days of the 1992 campaign, he spoke frequently about personal responsibility as a necessary adjunct to government action. It was this Clinton who called for a "New Covenant" of obligation in exchange for opportunity, and who declared in his victory speech that "we need a new spirit of community, a sense that we're all in this together." (Communitarians downplay individuals and their rights in favor of responsibilities and the collective good.) It was the same Clinton who asserted, in his most recent State of the Union address: "Opportunity and responsibility, they go hand in hand; we can't have one without the other, and our national community can't hold together without both." Communitarian Clinton is different from New Democrat Clinton—though both advocate responsibility, the former is less concerned with reinventing government and more with the moral well-being of the country. The former also uses the word *community* a lot.

In the last couple of weeks, Clinton the communitarian has come to dominate, emerging as the face the president wants to present for re-election. In a visit to Georgetown University on July 6, Clinton called the Declaration of Independence a "declaration of interdependence," quoted Havel, and called for a politics with "more conversation and less combat." A few days later, Clinton and Gore attended a conference on media and the family in Nashville, where the president argued that the V-chip and Big Bird were ways to help parents take responsibility for what their kids watch on television—an issue high on the communitarian agenda. According to administration officials, Clinton plans to stick with the theme. "He has long believed that the presidency is an office of moral leadership, that the president has an obligation not only to recommend legislation but also to articulate principles and values," says William Galston. Galston was the administration's chief in-house communitarian until he left recently to practice what he preaches by spending more time with his family.

Galston's partner in urging this approach is Amitai Etzioni, a sociologist at George Washington University. You might call him Mr. Communitarian. A German Jewish refugee who grew up in Israel (he once lived on a kibbutz) and served briefly in the Carter administration, Etzioni edits *The Responsive Community: Rights and Responsibilities,* the movement magazine. He also runs the Communitarian Network, the movement organization, and heads GW's Center for Communitarian Policy Studies, the movement think tank. Among those who credit his influence are both Clintons, Gore, Bill Bradley, and Jack Kemp. In Britain, where Labour, Tory, and the Liberal Democratic Party have all claimed connections to him, Etzioni's ideas are debated in the papers and his public lectures sell out. He's big in Germany and Scandinavia too.

Etzioni is a self-promoter, to be sure, but not so egregious a one as Michael Lerner, the editor of the Jewish magazine *Tikkun,* who parlayed a meeting with Hillary Clinton and her use of his phrase "the politics of meaning" into an intense embarrassment for all involved. Though Etzioni acknowledges bombarding the president with memos, "I don't claim that we brainwash him and influence him," he says. "He has his own communitarian roots." Etzioni can be modest because his influence is apparent. His book *The Spirit of Community* has been spotted on Clinton's desk, and he is frequently consulted on a range of issues. At a White House conference on character building in May, Clinton began his speech by thanking Etzioni "for the inspiration that your work has given to me." He went on to speak for almost an hour, stressing the themes of his Georgetown speech: parental responsibility, the obligations of citizenship, and the need for more civil discourse.

Who could object? Communitarianism often sounds like political Prozac, which explains why no one in the White House bothers to be against it, and also why it should inspire some skepticism. What *is* compelling about the movement is its social diagnosis. In a much-praised recent article, "Bowling Alone," Harvard's Robert Putnam seized upon evidence of the decline in league bowling as a paradigm for the falloff of Tocquevillian independent associations in American life. Communitarians believe

Photograph by Tom Wolfe.

it's the apolitical institutions of civil society like the Elks, PTAs, and bowling leagues that underpin democracy.

This is a valuable analysis. But when it comes to spelling out its practical import, communitarians start sounding silly. Etzioni's response to the anti-communitarian phenomenon of divorce is to advocate tax credits for couples who undergo premarital counseling and to encourage them to take what he calls "supervows" (until death do us part, *really*). In practice, they are seldom willing to let responsibilities, such as the obligations to children, override rights, such as the freedom to leave a bad marriage. Where they do follow through, the consequences often become authoritarian, or worse. A recent article in *The Responsive Community* argues against HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros's idea of providing vouchers that would allow underclass families to move into white middle-class neighborhoods. Why? Because they will be unwelcome there, and offend middle-class values. Communitarians revere communities even when they're based on bigotry.

Clinton has so far been adept at choosing the wiser items on the communitarian menu. Following Etzioni, he has argued for sweeps of housing projects on the analogy of airport metal detectors. The V-chip is an excellent idea, offering parents control as an alternative to government censorship. In advocating it, Clinton provided an appealing contrast to Dole's point-scoring assault on Time Warner, which proposed no practical remedy. Communitarianism may prove Clinton's salvation by giving him something to talk about at a time when the Democratic legislative agenda remains dry-docked. It provides an answer to the moral challenge of conservatism, a way for liberals to talk about virtue. It also plays to one of Clinton's greatest strengths, his ability to, in the best sense of the word, preach.

But for communitarianism to work as a political strategy, Clinton has to do a couple of things. First, he has to stick with the theme, and not desert it at the first flagging poll numbers. As one administration source puts it, "It's not going to be easy talking about civil discourse when Republicans are throwing spears in our direction." The president would also do well to recognize the limitations of the idea. Communitarianism provides a better formula for exhortation than it does a guide to federal action. It doesn't tell you how to fix government—how to balance the budget, fix Medicare, or reform welfare. It's easy to deplore bowling alone. It's significantly harder to figure out what, if anything, government can do about it. ▬

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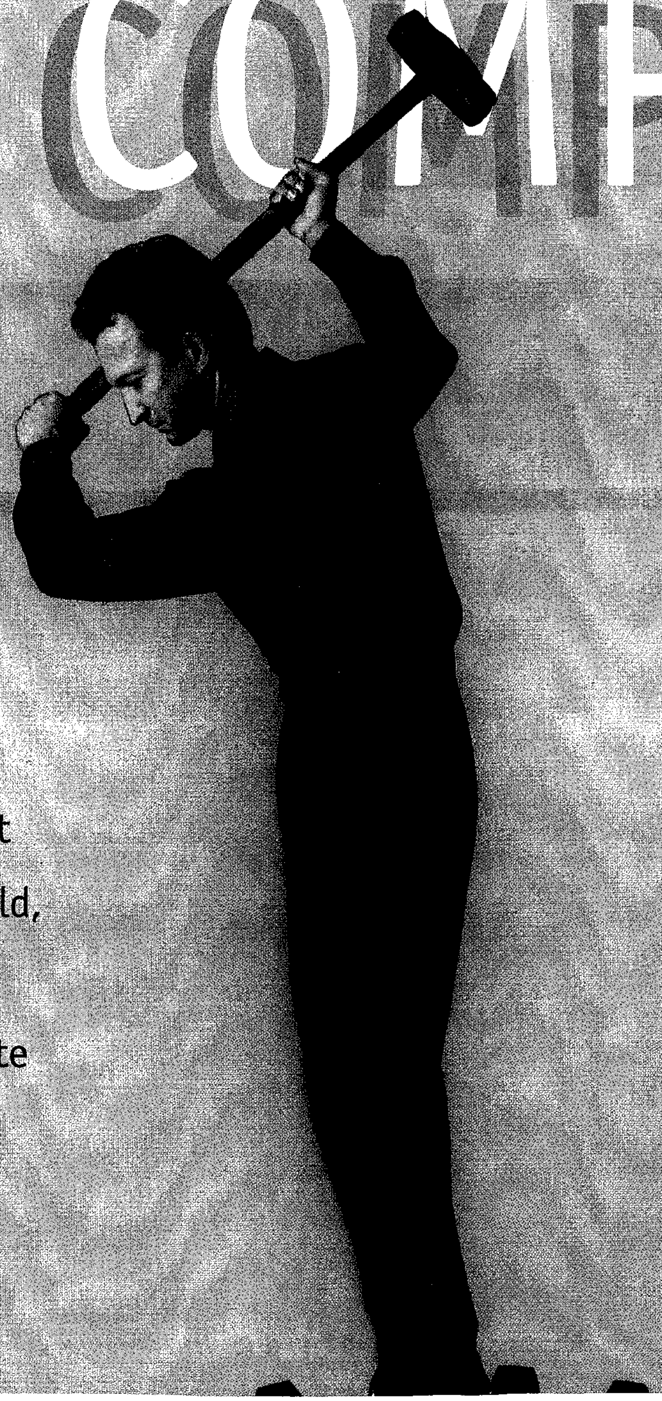

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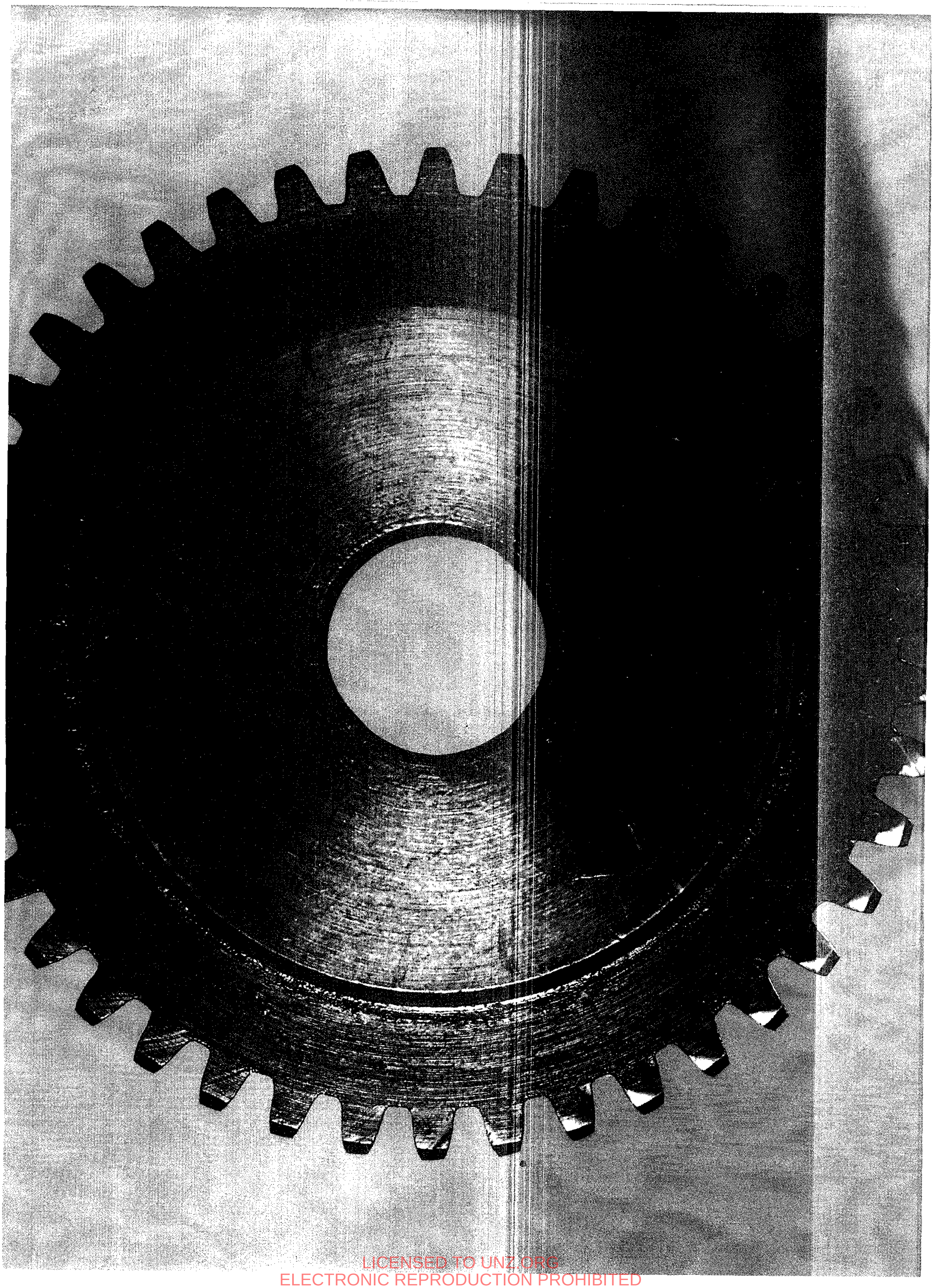
BY BOB ICKES

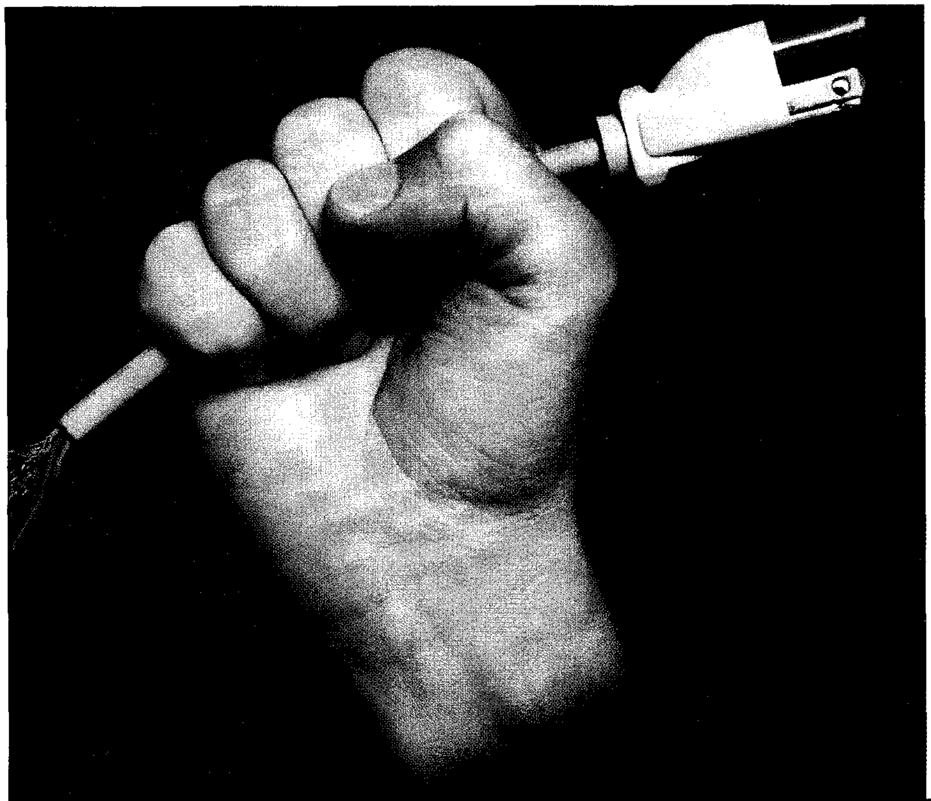
"IF YOU'D HAD ANY BRAINS," THE UNABOMBER WROTE THE Yale University computer-science professor he'd savagely disfigured, "you would have realized that there are a lot of people out there who resent bitterly the way techno-nerds like you are changing the world."

Talk about blaming the victim.

Those 30 words have turned up in nearly every media analysis of the manhunt. Invariably, they exile the bomber to the lunatic fringe—to Timothy McVeigh's World of Ideas. (The Unabomber actually belongs on an entirely different fringe. He targets primarily computer scientists and salespeople, not government bureaucrats, and has denounced McVeigh in a letter to the Washington *Post*.)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRIK BRODEN
FOR *NEW YORK*





SOME NEO-LUDDITES FLEE TO THE WOODS; OTHERS, TAKING

But has anyone noticed how lucidly—how *deliciously*—the words have come to express the befuddlement, frustration, and rage with which many affluent, putatively sane Americans behold the computer revolution? You know: Its arrogance. Its vocabulary. Its inhumanity. Its nonbiodegradability.

Certainly, it is no accident that the Unabomber, after a six-year hiatus, has resurfaced just as techno-fear has reached a particularly feverish pitch. With his outré fetishes, he is a villain worthy of Batman. But while his brush with Bob Guccione may seem radical and titillating, his 35,000-word "manifesto" is a redoubtably neoclassical text. However monstrously, the Unabomber has merely appropriated a 200-year-old ideology. It is called Luddism. Or, more fashionably, neo-Luddism.

"Yes," says Kevin Kelly, executive editor of *Wired*, the neo-anti-Luddite, or anti-neo-Luddite, computer magazine. "And if I didn't know better, I'd say he sounds a lot like Kirkpatrick Sale."

POOR KIRKPATRICK SALE. SUCH A GENTLEMAN. HE HAS WELCOMED US into his home. He has served light refreshments. He has introduced his wife, a distinguished editor of fiction. He has allowed us to call him Kirk. And here we are, in his Greenwich Village bedroom, asking all the wrong questions. We're trying to understand why someone who believes that the personal computer and the information superhighway are moral catastrophes—someone who calls the Brooklyn Bridge a needless technology—would choose to own a telephone answering machine.

This, apparently, is a *very* wrong question.

"My answering that won't really get us anywhere," growls Sale, 58. A slender, bearded man, he has a magisterial voice and weary eyes. A contributor to *The Nation* and *The New York Times Magazine*, he has written several books, including *SDS*, widely regarded as the definitive study of the radical (and crypto-Luddite) sixties student movement, and *The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy*, which portrays Columbus as the Patient Zero of the ecocide.

He continues. "I mean, what difference does it make? What I'm talking about in my newest book are computerized systems that have been imposed upon us without our assent. They destroy our experience of nature. And, of course, they take our jobs."

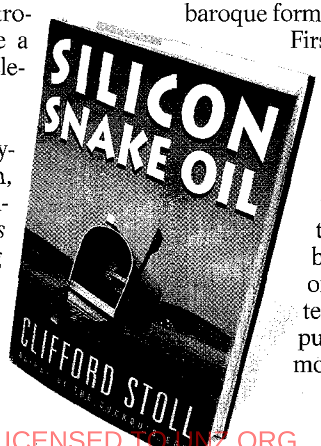
That book is *Rebels Against the Future: The Luddites and Their War on the Industrial Revolution*, just out from Addison Wesley. For the uninitiated, it defines *Luddite*, which we'll do shortly. It also explains one of the guiding tenets of the movement, which these days is fundamentally nonviolent: "Technologies are never neutral, and some are hurtful." We're not talking flea-market retro here. This mind-set has nothing to do with the Martha Stewart return to rusticity. It in no way resembles the "Simple Life" cover stories that *Time* runs every decade or so. These Luddites are, quite literally, unplugged. Read on, and you'll meet them: The woman who lives in a mud hut! The man who's obsessed with pencils! The Ohioan who has renounced the zipper!

They believe that we face an Orwellian, Huxleian, Toffleresque, *Blade Runner*–ish, Newt Gingrich–ish future, in which machines, especially computers, behave unspeakably. A future in which the kitchen appliances of *Beauty and the Beast* never stop dancing—and, in fact, compel you to join them.

Yet the neo-Luddite resistance is remarkably disparate. Some flee to the woods; others, taking a less courageous stand, are content to dis the microwave oven and cellular phone. But on one major point, the neo-Luddites agree: They would loathe computerization even if hordes of unwitting neo-Luddites hadn't suddenly made technophobia so trendy.

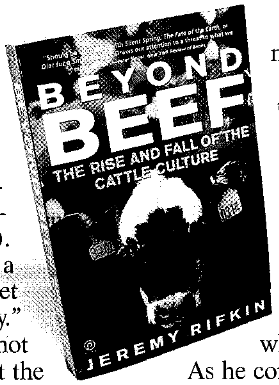
Witness the recent flurry of anti-digital scholarship. The Unabomber is hardly the first author this year to peddle a cybersqueamish tract. Among the more respected texts is *Silicon Snake Oil: Second Thoughts on the Information Highway*, by Clifford Stoll. The book advances the now stock arguments against the Internet, contending that it subverts traditional notions of intimacy, conversation, and letter-writing. Meanwhile, in *The Gutenberg Elegies*, Sven Birkerts asserts that "we are living in a state of intellectual emergency—an emergency caused by our willingness to embrace new technologies at the expense of the written word." These books have sold surprisingly well.

Then there's the growing congressional antipathy toward those baroque forms of self-expression, protected in other media by the First Amendment, that allegedly infest the Net's Web sites and bulletin boards. The modem-less neo-Luddites, of course, will never see these pictures of women having sex with German shepherds. But in Senator James Exon, Democrat of Nebraska, they definitely have a friend; Exon presided over the Senate passage last month of the Communications Decency Act. The Internet has been assailed by both the right and the left for cultivating the type of behavior deemed antithetical to family values. After Exon, Senator Arlen Specter, the moderate Republican of Pennsylvania, is perhaps the Internet's most relentless congressional critic. But his more lib-



Book photographs by Monica Buck.

eral colleagues can be just as prickly. California's Dianne Feinstein has no time for those who maintain that the First Amendment protects even bomb-making recipes online.



THE NEO-LUDDITES LOOK ON HELPLESSLY AS ARCHEtypal machines are deleted from the popular imagination (most recently, the Smith-Corona typewriter). What's more, the technocrats can be so . . . cruel. At a recent colloquium, a heckler shouted: "Luddites! Meet the Luddites! They're the modern Stone Age family." To which a bearded historian replied: "No, we're not like the Flintstones at all. It is my understanding that the Flintstones embraced many superfluous technologies."

He cited the toucan record player.

Until the Unabomber volunteered his services, the Luddites and the cyber-backlash lacked a defining, mediagenic emblem. But this terrorist has also done the most to discredit the cause. Indeed, the neo-Luddites claim to be sickened by the Unabomber. He reappeared just as they'd begun to crawl out from the shambles of the counterculture. They'd been turning up (if only to be derided) in *Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report,* and the family of prestigious, infrequently published journals.

The neo-Luddites are determined to preserve this progress toward respectability. Like the right in the days after the Oklahoma bombing, they are loudly denouncing bodily harm. But they are not above roughing up a discarded (or dysfunctional) PowerBook or two.

SS COURAGEOUS STAND, ARE CONTENT TO DIS THE MICROWAVE

"Our movement is growing," Sale says. "But as the Unabomber shows us, we can't let frustration lead to violence. You could argue, I suppose, that no successful movement in history has ever done without violence. If you choose to use it, you must be sure that it's not antithetical to your cause. We can't go the way of the Weather Underground."

Armed only with pencils, the neo-Luddites have rekindled the skirmishes begun in Nottinghamshire, England, in 1811. At the height of the Industrial Revolution, a band of weavers protested the nascent automation that threatened their jobs. Traditionally, they had worked from their homes. The rebels—in the name of their mythical hero, General Ned Ludd—attacked the mills with sledgehammers. They achieved modest success, pestering the factories for months. Then, when four Luddites were murdered in a factory raid, they responded by killing a manufacturer. This proved to be a public-relations disaster. The Luddites were persecuted mercilessly—and the movement eventually disintegrated.

In a blistering essay in *Newsweek,* Steven Levy, an author of its special "TechnoMania" issue, distinguishes the neo-Luddites from their more heroic antecedents: "It is a telling fact," he writes, "that the neo-Luddites consist not of blue-collar workers, but elite symbol-shufflers who will never themselves be displaced by computers." James Gleick, the *New York Times Magazine* columnist who also started the Internet access provider Pipeline, concurs: "They want to decide for you which technologies you cannot use. Implicit in their philosophy is the element of government conspiracy, as if it's forcing these things down our throats. They're outrageously patronizing to the rest of us. It's crackpot."

Sale doesn't think so. "Who decided, for instance, that I have to have a credit card in order to function? That the windows in my car can be operated only electronically, and if the electronics fail, I can't get air?"

He has a car?

"Look," Sale says without a trace of defensiveness. "The way our society is structured today, there are some technologies that are unavoidable. They are necessary evils. What I'm saying in my book is that we need to reassess that structure."

Ashamed, we look away. We are not, Sale assures us, uniquely stupid. Others, he says, have asked these questions before.

He resumes his harangue against the Information Age. "We need to ask ourselves, 'What are the problems that these gadgets are meant to correct?' " Often, he contends, the problem is other gadgets. Sale says power steering is a technological "innovation" that was occasioned only by the addition of so many other newfangled devices, which made cars impossible to turn.

As he completed this thought, we spotted something in his window. "Mr. Sale, please pardon the interruption. But could you describe that white, rectangular object? Might that be . . . *an air conditioner?"*

He smiles politely. "Yes, it is. But it's for my wife, not me. She hasn't been well. We've lived here for 30 years, and this is the first summer we've had an air conditioner. I can't expect my family to suffer for my beliefs."

On paper, however, Sale opposes even medical technology. "The triumph of modern medicine is responsible for vast overpopulation and the attendant social and environmental crisis," he says. *Wired*'s Kevin Kelly, who actually shares a literary agent with Sale, lets out a "whoa" when he hears this. Kelly stops short of calling Sale a hypocrite. In fact, he appreciates Sales's dilemma. "It must be rough," Kelly says, "when it's your wife who's not well." But Sale will not be deterred. In Manhattan, he rides a bicycle but won't submit to the technology of an advanced lock. "I like to pedal down to the South Street Seaport," he says. There, he chooses to ignore the pernicious technologies implicit in retailing and fast food. Instead, he revels in the boat museum and repair facility, where age-old craft are restored by hand.

Over the years, the neo-Luddites have been quite elastic in their dissent. They have opposed, chronologically, the space program (they have flocked to *Apollo 13,* which, they believe, proves their point and overshadows the recent space-station triumph), nuclear power, and NAFTA. They view the homeless as their spiritual brethren. Some think the homeless cannot find a place in the technological world.

You might think that the neo-Luddites are of a certain age—that, having never received computer education, they are too frightened or too cranky or too feeble to learn. But that is simply not the case. Says Evelyn Lau, 24, a memoirist and poet: "Computers just sort of leave me cold. I spent days last summer retyping a 900-page manuscript. It's like I can only connect with paper."

Bill Henderson, publisher of Long Island's Pushcart Press, agrees. He says, "I hate this term *word processing.* You process cheese; you process salami. You do not process words." Two years ago in the New York *Times,* Henderson said as much in an op-ed piece. Jokingly, he called for the formation of the Lead Pencil Club. Within a month, he received more than 200 letters. Now he is its president. Its mottoes are "Not So Fast" and Thoreau's "Simplify, Simplify." (Thoreau's father, by the way, was a manufacturer of pencils.) For $20, a member gets a T-shirt and one Dixon Ticonderoga pencil. Henderson, age 54, adds, "We don't really do anything. But we have a little creed. We promise ourselves that we'll always hang up on voice mail."

Scott Savage is the editorial director of the magazine *Plain* and the director of the Center for Plain Living in Chesterhill, Ohio. "I support the neo-Luddite philosophy," says Savage, 36. "But it seems to me they're about tearing things down and building up new ideas. We're simply subtracting from our lives. Every time we take away a technology, we find a gift underneath." Savage is a member of the plain Friends, a subset of the Quakers, the Religious Society of Friends. He and his family dress plainly—no collars, belts, or zippers. Savage has used the Internet at work, writing medical grants for Ohio University. "But wherever I turned on the Net, I'd always end up with this invitation to look at supermodels."

In April—Savage calls it Fourth Month—he and his family traveled by train to San Francisco, to a vegetarian luncheon with the editors of *Wired* magazine. There Savage told them that "people really do have a higher nature, that they are not infinitely moldable and downloadable. I pointed out that the page design seemed very cluttered. That seemed so much the opposite of what *Wired* is trying to tell us—that computers will liberate us, set us free."

When he heard about the Unabomber, Savage says, he felt "real bad." He adds, "After Oklahoma, I remembered how I blamed those awful radio hosts for the hate in this country. Then I thought, Gee, I wonder if anyone would blame me for the Unabomber?"

A FEW YEARS AGO, WITHOUT the benefit of explosives, Chellis Glendinning persuaded the *Utne Reader* to print her "Notes toward a Neo-Luddite Manifesto." Not unlike the Unabomber's manifesto, it advocates the dismantling of nuclear technologies, chemical technologies, genetic-engineering technologies, electromagnetic technologies, and—who knew?—television.

"As neo-Luddites," says Glendinning from her mud hut in New Mexico, "we aren't anti-technology per se. Rather, we want to evaluate technologies *individually*, from a systemic place. We oppose only the sorts of technologies that are destructive to humans and communities." (The clothespin, for instance, is safe.) The author of *When Technology Wounds*, Glendinning is a psychologist specializing in trauma wrought by modern contraptions. These maladies include repetitive-stress disorder, food additives, and career crises caused by automation.

She is also a pioneer in the fight against "techno-addiction." Glendinning contends that users of fax machines and ISDN telephone lines simply cannot help themselves. She employs the twelve-step metaphor nimbly. Responding to reviews of her new book—*My Name's Chellis and I'm in Recovery From Western Civilization*—she says most critics are "in denial."

No census has been taken of the neo-Luddite population. But you know a movement has a hold on Manhattan when the Learning Alliance offers a two-day course. In the first session, described as "a fun night of drama" by Learning Alliance founder David Levine, Glendinning "interviewed" Kirkpatrick Sale, who was garbed in 1812 vestments and channeled the spirit of Ned Ludd. Having learned the Yorkshire dialect from Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*, he spoke of the glories of resistance. In turn, Mr. Ludd interviewed Glendinning, his contemporary analogue, to learn "what became of the movement." Then Sale wheeled out a personal computer. He raised a sledgehammer above his head, and brought it crashing down upon the machine.

He bowed.

Similar high jinks ensued when Sale participated in a forum at Town Hall. The capacity crowd of urban professionals had paid $20 each to hear 27 visionaries, chosen by the *Utne Reader*, address the questions "Where is the darkness? Where is the light?" Sale, in breeches once more, spoke for two minutes. In closing, he took the sledgehammer to another computer. This audience was horrified. Afterward, a shaken guest approached Sale. She said, "Wouldn't you have wanted to give that computer to a child?"

His answer: "No."

We ask him one last time about violence. "The Unabomber must learn the lesson of the original Luddites," Sale says ominously.

Will Sale keep smashing computers—an action that, as performance art, is informed more by Pete Townshend than by Ned Ludd? "I've smashed five so far," Sale says. "And it's an incredible feeling. The machine goes up in a delightful poof. I think it was Twain who said that when you have a hammer, all your problems look like nails."

But doesn't he feel for the machines?

"Not really," he says. "They all look alike to me." ■

ANTID

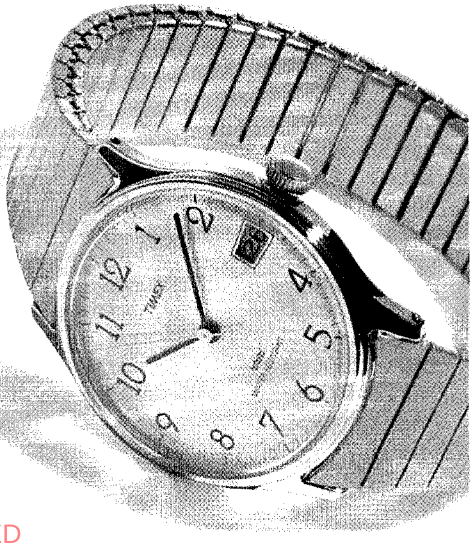
Timex Mercury 24917

MOST PEOPLE THINK THEY'VE SEEN THIS watch before, but they haven't. The Timex that fashion editors are wearing—the model included in the last Seventh-on-Sixth grab bag—is quartz and has an Indiglo night-light that goes on at the push of a button. Those watches bear a striking resemblance to the classic Mercury 24917 (flex band, silver-tone metal case, no-nonsense face). The Timex executives may even call them "Mercurys." But don't be fooled. Inside, nestled among the gears and bearings, are batteries and quartz crystals. The Mercury 24917 is slightly different: You need to wind it.

In a world where timepieces are programmed to monitor blood pressure, it's comforting to know that Timex still manufactures mechanical watches. Actually, Timex never stopped producing this model; the Mercury 24917 purchased today contains exactly the same movement introduced in 1959. This movement revolutionized the industry because it had only 75 moving parts, making it cheap to produce and more reliable. Conventional watch movements of the day typically consisted of up to 110 components.

Eamon Dolan, an editor at HarperCollins, explains the allure of this classic Timex: "When you wind this watch, it not only keeps you in touch with the past, it makes you feel like you're part of the time-keeping process. And that wonderful ticking sound—it's so human, like a heartbeat. The watch actually becomes an extension of your body. . . . Am I getting too meta?"

Of course, you could buy a vintage Patek Philippe, but taking out a loan to buy a watch is something Luddites frown on. The Mercury 24917 retails for $35 but can be found at the Chelsea Watch Outlet (62 West 22nd Street) at a 20 percent discount.



ES TO CIVILIZATION

Yeah, yeah, we know—you can't buy a **LIFESTYLE.** But there are many ways to declare one's sympathies with the **TECHNO-BASHERS** without moving into a yurt.

BY RENE CHUN

Worksman Industrial Newsboy Bicycle

In the fifties, major players like Schwinn and Columbia all made bicycles that looked like this: heavy-gauge frame, single speed, balloon tires, and a coaster brake. Forty years later, Worksman is one of the only manufacturers left from the old school. Yes, Schwinn has reintroduced some classic models, but they're made in China now, and the spokes are as flexible as harp strings.

Daniel Stupino, a manager at the Metro Bicycle Store at 546 Sixth Avenue (at 15th Street), hefts a Worksman rim and places it on the counter. "Check this wheel out—those are eleven-gauge spokes," he says matter-of-factly. His fingers tug on the thick metal rods with considerable force. The spokes don't budge. "It's more like the rim of a Harley than a bicycle."

The observation is more astute than Stupino realizes; many components of the first INB prototypes were actually based on motorcycle parts. Consequently, everything from the frame to the chain of an INB is oversize and solid, making it the perfect bike for New Yorkers. Negotiate curbs and potholes with impunity, run over glass, drop it a thousand times, chain it to a parking meter and have a cabbie back into it. It's indestructible. The front wheel alone is engineered to support a quarter-ton load. This isn't really a bicycle; it's a 50-pound two-wheeled Humvee.

Worksman? Even though the factory has been around since 1898 and is now located in Ozone Park, Queens, most New Yorkers are unfamiliar with the brand name. This isn't surprising, considering that more than 90 percent of the company's product is earmarked for commercial clients. Ford Motor, American Airlines, Exxon, General Electric, and a host of other Fortune 500 companies use Worksman bicycles. The Worksman INB was introduced in 1955 and was intended strictly for commercial use. But over the years, the bicycle has achieved a cult status among discriminating consumers. For instance, in the mid-eighties, thousands of INBs were shipped to Virginia Beach, where bike-shop owners soon learned that affluent residents would gladly pay a premium for this sturdy bike. More recently, the INB has become a trendy import in Germany. And closer to home, the New York Police Department's 106th Precinct is now testing a fleet of INBs for beat cops.

The public's recent fascination with all things retro has led to options like drum brakes, wild custom colors, and multiple speeds. But don't deviate from the classic. Order the basic model in black, preferably with the G2 front basket. Why the large-capacity basket? If the company you work for goes belly-up due to some hotshot trader making ill-advised computer transactions, you'll still be able to get a job delivering groceries.

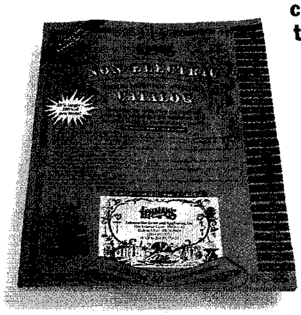
A Worksman Industrial Newsgirl (ING) is also available. Retail price for either style bicycle (without options) is $279.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MONICA BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

Lehman's Non-electric "Good Neighbor" Heritage Catalog

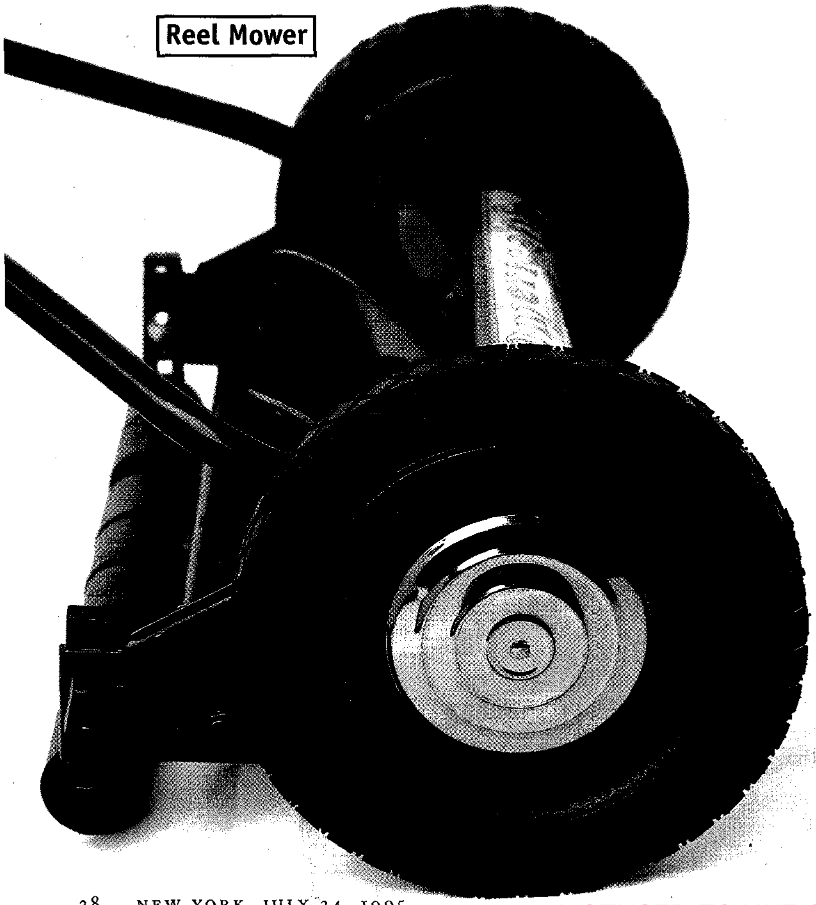
For those who insist on moving off the grid, Lehman's Non-electric "Good Neighbor" Heritage Catalog is required reading. Lehman Hardware is located in Kidron, Ohio, the heart of the largest Amish community in the world. Since 1955, the store has specialized in selling nonelectric and other nearly obsolete household appliances and hardware to the locals. Today Lehman's catalog has expanded to 160 pages and includes more than 2,500 products. Several oil lamps in *Interview With the Vampire* were ordered from the Lehman catalogue, as were the farm tools used in the stage production of *Beauty and the Beast.*

"The catalogue is the fastest-growing segment of our business," says Jay Lehman, the company's president. "It's amazing. People living in big cities are using quill pens and want to grind their own coffee beans."



Lehman's extensive inventory includes the Amish-made Leather Fly Swatter ($2.95): Call it the Terminator. Who knew this peaceful group of people could manufacture such an efficient killing machine? "Extra weight of head plus 15" wire handle combines for the extra killing power you need!" says the catalogue. *How the Amish Live Without Electricity* ($7.50), the most popular book in the Lehman catalogue, is a 128-page primer that "explains true low-tech survival in the computer age!" Subjects include how to properly trim the wick on an oil lamp, how to pump water, and how to refrigerate without electricity. Galen Lehman, the company's mail-order manager, insists that New Yorkers are the ideal Lehman's customer. "When the infrastructure collapses in Manhattan, what are you going to do? You'll have no water, no electricity. You're going to need oil lamps and water pumps." The company also does gangbusters in reel mowers. (If the grass simply can't wait, the mower pictured below is on sale for $119.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street.) Lehman's Non-electric "Good Neighbor" Heritage Catalog is $4 and can be ordered by calling the company directly at 216-857-5757.

Reel Mower

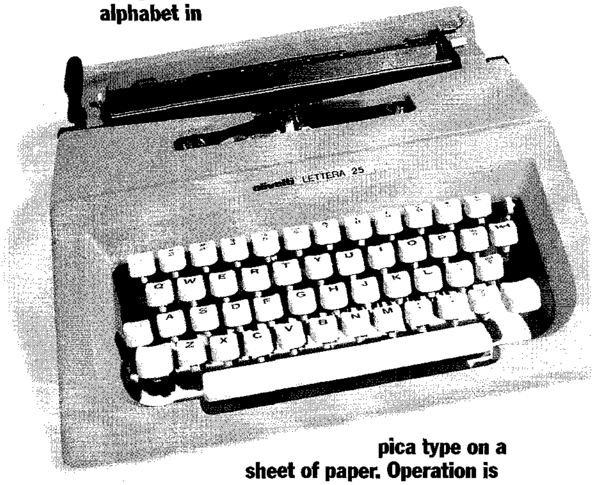


Olivetti Lettera 25

Think of the Olivetti Lettera 25 as the Luddite PowerBook: a sophisticated machine, but sexy and portable and simple to operate and, most important, powered solely by human energy.

This typewriter is a direct descendant of the MP1, which is said to be the machine that Hemingway used in Spain. Introduced in 1932, the MP1 was Olivetti's first portable. Foreign correspondents favored it over other models because not only was it compact; it was reliable, weighed very little, and had a solid base that allowed the user to type with it on the lap.

The MP1 has long since been discontinued, but in its place is the Lettera 25. The twelve-pound precision instrument is designed by one of the demigods of Italian design, Mario Bellini. Unlike earlier typewriters, it has no superfluous lines, no wasted space. And the machine does nothing more than what it was designed to do: render the alphabet in pica type on a sheet of paper. Operation is pretty much foolproof and Luddite-friendly: three line-spacing selections, basket shift, black/red ribbon selection, and 43 gravity-controlled keys. There's no electromagnetic field, no hard-drive capacity to worry about, and nothing to program. There aren't even tab stops; in order to indent, the operator has to hit the space bar five times.



Mary Adelman, the owner of Osner Business Machines, Inc. (393 Amsterdam Avenue, at 79th Street), has been selling Olivetti typewriters since 1941. She concedes that while nostalgia has much to do with the renewed popularity of manual typewriters, practicality is also a factor. "I sold a Lettera 25 recently to a student who went off to Ecuador to write his doctorate on ancient civilizations," says Adelman. "Believe it or not, there are still places that don't have electrical wall sockets."

Charles Ascher, the director of sales administration for Olivetti, says the company sells lots of these models to Eastern European and South American countries. Also to government agencies and the older generation that grew up with mechanical typewriters: "As long as there is a market for these machines, we'll still manufacture them." Suggested retail price of the Lettera 25 is $120.

DEF
ABC
GHI
1
JKL 5
MNO 6
391
PRS 7
TUV 8
WXY 9
0
OPERATOR

AT&T's 500-series Rotary Telephone

Wary of being caught in an endless loop and never finding the party they want to talk to, some people have chosen to boycott interactive telephone systems. They stay on the line, willing to endure the ponderous litany of key-punching options in order to make contact with a human voice. *Most of these people are rotary-phone* imposters. They have a Touch-Tone keypad; they just choose not to use it. But why go through life faking it? Make a dramatic anti-technology statement: Trade in that chirping digital box for an AT&T 500–series rotary telephone.

The 500 did more to revolutionize telephone communications than any other telephone ever manufactured. "The phone is dependable, functional, and good-looking," says Bruce Crawford, a member of the Antique Telephone Collectors Association (ATCA). "It's also quite rugged. These things have fallen out of windows and still worked."

Developed by Bell Labs and introduced in 1950, the 500-type telephone eventually became the most successful telephone ever designed, with more than 161 million of them manufactured. The 500's popularity is understandable. It was infinitely more practical than previous telephones. For example, the notched wheel on the base of the set allowed *the ringer's volume to be adjusted.* Although this seems like a rudimentary feature today, it was a technological first. Crude ergonomics also played a role; businessmen liked the flat handset, which was easily propped under the ear, leaving both hands free. Add to the list improved voice quality (five-decibel gain); a 25 percent lighter handset; an easy-to-read dial, with the letters and numbers placed around the outside of *the dial rather than inside; and* classic lines that have endured the test of time.

The introduction of Touch-Tone services in 1963 marked the beginning of the end for the rotary-dial 500. A twelve-button Touch-Tone pad was added, which included an asterisk (*) and an octothorpe (#). This technology would eventually enable callers to order movie tickets and Thigh Masters via telephone.

Today, hundreds of thousands of 500-series telephones are being ground up at reclamation plants. But fortunately, a small number of them are being refurbished and sold to the public. The AT&T Phone Center (31 East 17th Street) sells 500s for $39.95. Douglas Wallace, a salesman at the AT&T store, explains that there are three types of customers who purchase the 500. "There are the old people who don't like anything new; there are the young people who like anything old; and there are the parents who just want to keep their bills down—without any buttons, the *kids can't page their friends' beepers,* call 900 numbers, or order any cable movies."

Techno vs. Anti-techn

Moby	the Klezmatics
voice mail	secretary
ATM	bank teller
Newt Gingrich	Bob Dole
Sony Imax	the Ziegfeld
choppering to the Hamptons	LIRR to the Hamptons
Judge Dredd	*Waterworld*
Blue Man Group: Tubes	*Defending the Caveman*
Bloomberg News Service	the *Wall Street Journal*
Sega	Tinker Toys
Rollerblading	jogging
Reebok Sports Club	Pumping Iron
Howard Stringer, Tele-TV's CEO	Howard Stringer CBS Broadcast Group president
Virgin Megastore	Bleecker Bob's
Gerhard Richter	Anselm Kiefer
cybercafés	Greek coffee shops
spellcheck	proofreaders
Quicken	a CPA
Nicholas Negroponte	Jeremy Rifkin
the Monterey	the Ansonia
Mighty Morphin Power Rangers	Barney
Food Emporium	Union Square Greenmarket
computer chess	Washington Square
Manhattan Mall	Orchard Street
halogen lamps	beeswax candles
faxes	messengers
777-FILM	the newspaper
Robert Wilson's *Hamlet*	Ralph Fiennes's *Hamlet*
the Box	jukeboxes
tele-democracy	town meetings
QVC	*Wheel of Fortun*
Batman Forever	*Braveheart*
CDs	records
RSI	paper cuts
cybersex	sex
flaming	crank calls
Windows95	Esperanto
New York @ Compuserve	*New York Magazine*

THE LOST

Financed with a trust fund, fueled by cocaine

the prototypical Upper East Side part

By Manny Howard

"Do you need a beer?" asks Toby Beavers. He's standing next to a red plastic cooler packed with ice and cans of Miller Lite tucked by a marble table in the foyer of his family's sprawling East 93rd Street maisonette. Not twenty minutes ago, tears pouring behind his Vuarnets, Toby had to be helped up the aisle as he left his little brother Nick's memorial service at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth Avenue and 90th Street. But now his mood has lifted. "Just like any other party," he blurts, turning to join the revelry that is beginning to break out in the sunken living room.

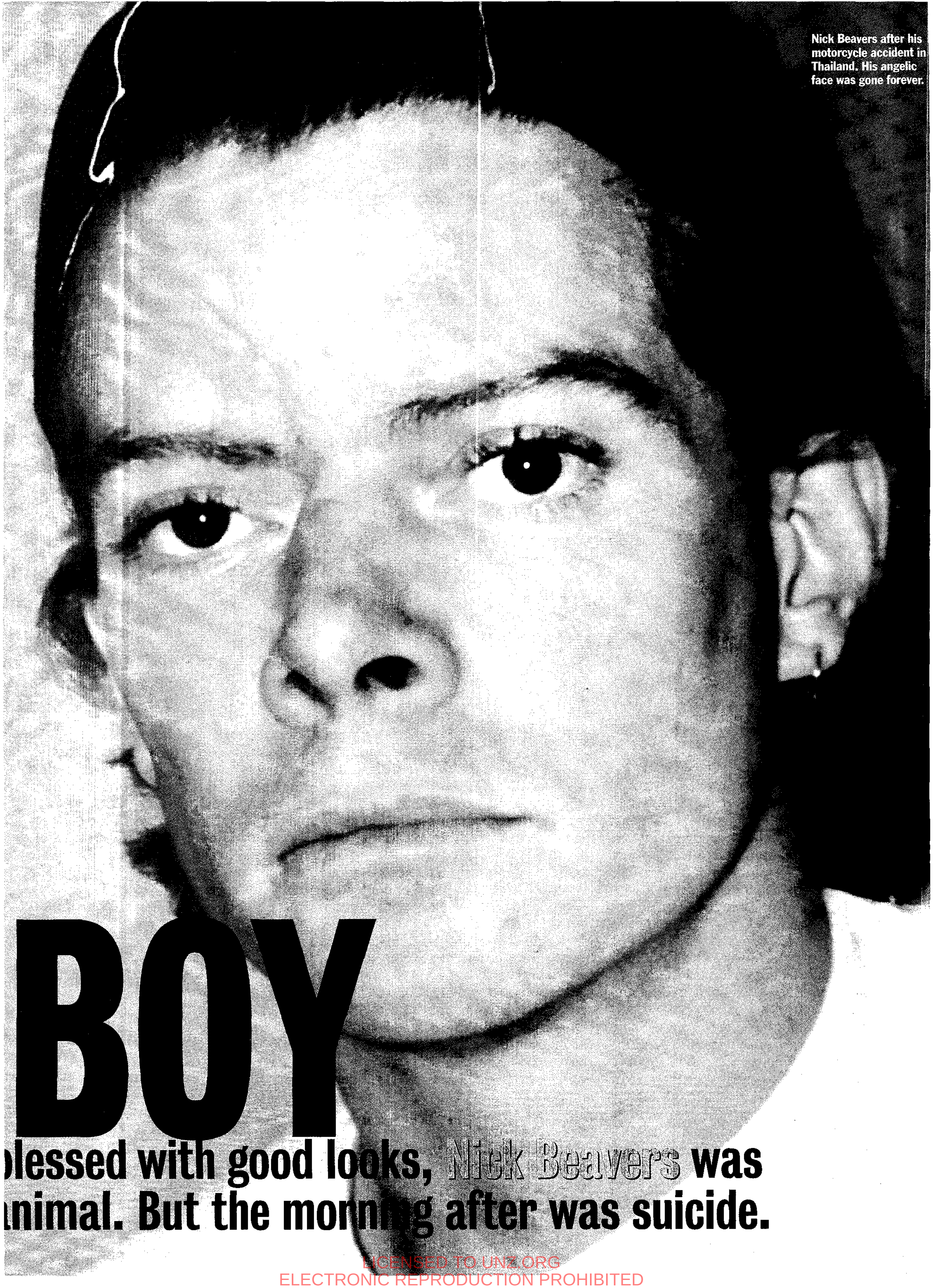
In the eighties, the Beavers brothers were famous for their nighttime activities, and Nick Beavers was the most famous of all. Fair-haired, lithe, and charismatic, Nick was a scene-making it-boy, almost an eighties Edie Sedgwick. He moved easily between the night worlds of uptown—his brothers Toby and Angus ran the Surf Club, the cocaine-fueled preppy hangout on East 91st Street—and downtown, where he was a regular at Area and Danceteria. He had enormous appetites—for women, for alcohol, for cocaine, and later for heroin. And inevitably he crashed, shuttling from one rehab to another, falling off the wagon, climbing back on. He even moved to Minneapolis to get away from the scene. But he wasn't strong enough to stay clean for long.

Finally, last Easter, Nick sat down and wrote a suicide note, oddly titled "Easter Saturday: I Found My Easter Egg." In it, he admitted defeat in his long-running battle with drug and alcohol addiction. Late that night, he swallowed a full bottle of antidepressants, 150 tablets in all, and settled into the bathtub in his Minneapolis apartment. His girlfriend—that is, one of his girlfriends—found him dead later that night, the body still warm.

BORN IN 1964, NICK BEGAN HIS WILD RIDE IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, when he was barely out of puberty. He learned the rules from Toby and Angus, who were, respectively, eleven and four years older. "Everyone in sixth grade is the same. Everyone in seventh grade is the same, except you're going to have a couple of guys who are your star athletes who are going to get all the girls," remembers John Flanagan, the earliest in a long stream of Nick's best friends. "When you go to high school, it becomes whoever starts going out at night. They become the hip people, and in order to keep it up, you have to keep going one step beyond."

Backed by a formidable trust fund, he soon took the party on the road. "Nick always had a hell of a lot of cash," says an old friend, "There were times when he would take out a room for a week and just have something going on there. It was almost an Upper East Side Factory. Except, unlike Andy Warhol, Nick didn't have a camera."

"Back then, things were different," says another friend of Nick's. "Back then, celebrities were more accessible. We had a connection to get backstage passes through Toby's friend, who was friends with Mick Jagger and had Jagger back to the Beaverses' apartment. And obviously we were young guys, and we'd have a bunch of young girls with us, and we'd all go back, and there'd be Nick smoking a joint and doing shots, among other things, and all of a sudden it was like 'Hey, that's Mick Jagger.' They were from the sixties, so we were actually giving them a little attitude. Like



Nick Beavers after his motorcycle accident in Thailand. His angelic face was gone forever.

BOY

lessed with good looks, Nick Beavers was nimal. But the morning after was suicide.

'Fuck Mick Jagger—I mean, he's not Adam Ant.' "

Nick wasn't Adam Ant, either, but he wanted to be. His greatest gift was nightclubbing, but like a lot of other young, beautiful New Yorkers in the post-Warhol era, he tried to transmogrify his glamour into artistic achievement. Among his personal papers are many songs and poems written energetically on yellow legal pads, mostly about the scene and its bleak, hollow center. He also sang in various bands, adopting a version of David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust persona, and even got a part in a Broadway play, though he didn't keep it long—the rehearsal schedule didn't jibe with his nocturnal activities.

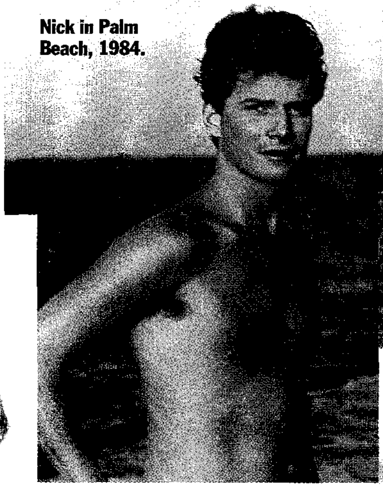
NICK WAS THE YOUNGEST OF PATRICIA Beavers's brood of five boys, and her favorite; the two had an uncommonly close bond. The oldest was her husband, Charles Gaylord Beavers Jr., known as Budzo. The four sons grew up in the shadow of their father, the moody CEO of Brubacker Tool Corporation and heir to a blue-blood fortune that traces back to Colonial times. Along with the fortune was passed down an inherited appetite for alcohol and hard living. Angus liked to boast that his ancestors hosted a British general who was pursuing George Washington's army one night and got him so drunk that his hangover interfered with his mission and Washington slipped out of harm's way. More recently, Nick's grandfather was denied a coveted State Department post during the Cold War because his drinking worried the Navy's top brass. Budzo's own drinking and lecherous antics at society cocktail parties were a standing joke for years. So no one was surprised when, in 1974, the boys' mother finally kicked Budzo out of their opulent two-story apartment. Nor was anyone surprised when she invited him back for holidays every year, and he came accompanied by his nubile girlfriends—who were often younger than his oldest son, Wick.

Nick as a boy (left). Nick with his mother and a friend.

"Budzo was the wittiest, funniest guy," remembers his third son, Angus. "He was an incorrigible dirty old man and he always played the part. He was funny as hell—he was brilliant. On the other hand, he could be a verbally abusive drunk to his family."

Despite his charming buffoonery, Budzo was a strict father who expected his sons to follow him into the family business. But after he died at home from lung cancer in 1982, the party started in earnest. His body had been out of the house only a few hours when the brothers improvised a wake; one young guest remembers working the rented mechanical hospital bed like a carnival ride during the revelry. After that, none of the Beavers boys ever worked at Brubacker Tool.

Nick's boarding-school career did not go smoothly. Kicked out of *Über*-Waspy St. Mark's in Massachusetts as a sophomore for drinking, he managed to talk his way back in—only to leave again almost immediately; some remember that he was caught smoking pot, but at any rate, school rules didn't agree with him.



Nick in Palm Beach, 1984.

By that time, he'd already graduated to a Manhattan demimonde his classmates were barely aware of. Rather than the St. Mark's standard-issue coat and tie, his daily uniform tended to Day-Glo leopard-skin stretch pants and a leather jacket, and he traveled with an entourage of other beautiful children. Mark Fleischman, who had by then bought the floundering Studio 54 from Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell, saw Nick's potential and hired him to draw a crowd. Fleischman, now the owner of the supper club Tatou, needed to get Manhattanites into the VIP lounge because he was starting to live on the nobodies who flooded in from the suburbs and outer boroughs instead of the Bianca Jagger crowd of Studio's heyday. Nick was perfect for the job.

"I remember coming back from the University of Pennsylvania," says Angus. "And my old friends—who all went to Ivy League schools—would have to go to these 17-year-old dropouts to get into Studio 54. They'd rope you off in a VIP section and everyone would gather around us saying, 'Who are those blond kids?' "

TOBY, THEN 29, AND ANGUS, 22, were more fixed than Nick in their East Side world. One night, they got stoned and decided to open a club "where you didn't have to spray yourself gold to get in," says Angus. A block-to-block search of their neighborhood unearthed a raw space on an industrial block at the east end of 91st Street. For decoration, Toby and Angus pillaged a family estate in the exclusive town of Watch Hill, Rhode Island, grabbing spare window shut-ters and snatching surfboards from the garage. For less than $150,000, they were ready to open the doors. Surf Club opened on Christmas Eve, 1984, and sold more champagne than any other bar or club in New York. Six months after the opening, one of the Beavers brothers' partners bought a new Porsche with cash. "I remember sitting in the back office and doing a mountain of coke off the desk," recalls one then–Collegiate School senior who stumbled into the club during its first year. "There were these two giant warrior guys at the office door, and I thought, *I'm only 18 years old. This is very heavy.*"

Nick wasn't completely at home at the Surf Club. Instead, he preferred commuting downtown to places like CBGB and the Mudd Club, keeping company with the funkier denizens of downtown. Two years later, the three youngest Beavers brothers started the Zulu Lounge, a ten-minute walk downtown from the Surf Club on 84th Street, partly to capitalize on Nick's glamour. His brothers entrusted the new club to Nick, and things quickly devolved into a free-for-all in which customers drank gin-and-tonics out of fourteen-ounce beakers and tipped bartenders with packets of cocaine. On a good night, the club—

packed beyond capacity with wriggling shiny blond teenagers—took in close to $20,000 at the door.

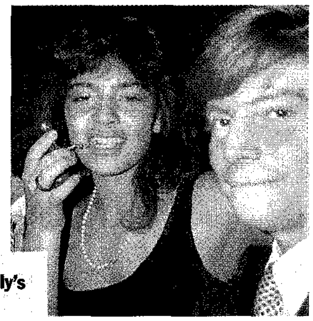
Not that an M.B.A. would have approved of all the club's business practices. "Nick would come in with an entourage—it really was an entourage, this Pied Piper thing of like 30 people, and they'd all drink for free," says Joe Haddock, a bartender at both Zulu and Surf for three years. "When things really got cranking, they'd get behind the bar and just start giving drinks away, just giving them away. There was no tape in the register. There should have been a shoe box on the bar where people traded money for drinks."

Sometimes, the door was manned by moonlighting interns from nearby hospitals. To make extra cash, a few filled prescriptions for Seconal or Valium or anything else for $15 a pop. In addition to the $300 a night they might make in salary and tips, some of the bartenders routinely left work with wads of cash stuffed in their socks. "Everyone was stealing everything they could get their hands on. One woman who was working the door once got caught stealing $2,000," says a bartender. "Imagine an environment where you'd feel comfortable stealing two grand a night."

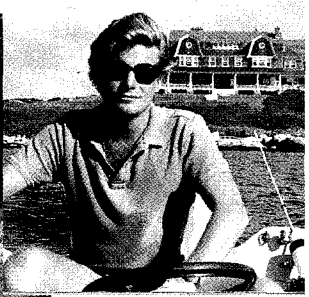
Nick, says his brother Angus, was an avid pursuer of celebrities, and there were always stars at Zulu—many more than at Surf Club, where the homogeneous banker boys were a repellent. Matt Dillon was a regular at Zulu; Madonna made the scene, as did Keith Haring, Cornelia Guest, Rick James, Rodney Dangerfield, and Little Richard (who insisted that only his own music play while he was at the club). Nick's brothers, though, pulled the rug out from under him, closing the club down because it was poaching from Surf Club's customer base.

Nick's dark gift, a near-superhuman tolerance for drugs and alcohol, allowed him to binge for up to ten days in a row. He didn't sleep, he didn't eat, he didn't even seem to get tired. He was always ready for one more experience. "One morning about six o'clock, Zulu was finally empty," recalls a Zulu employee. "I came up from the office, and there was Nick sitting at the bar getting a blow job. Just sitting there with a drink in his hand. And he introduced me to the woman, and without missing a stroke she greets me by grabbing me by the balls."

"That was the age of immediate gratification. You want to be happy? Do a line of blow. What do you want to do, get laid? Buy a bottle of champagne, you screw the chick. It was a lot easier than studying all night."



At George Whipple's dinner for Amy Lumet.



Nick at the family's Rhode Island summer home.

Angus, Toby, Nick, and Budzo (their father), December 1980 (above). Angus, Nick, Patricia (their mother), Toby, and friend at Zulu.

Nick had a great host's gift for putting people at their ease. "I always thought, *God, I'm going to hate these people,*" says Hope Davies, a willowy beauty who met Nick when she was 15 and continued an off-again, on-again relationship with him for seven years. "They seemed like such assholes. I remember sitting in the library in school and hearing the girls in the grades above saying, 'Nick Beavers called me last night.' "

"He made you feel like you were the only guy in the room," remembers Haddock. "And on a thumping night at Zulu, that's a pretty hard thing to do. Of course, there was no guarantee that he would remember your name when you saw him next."

"Nick's real self-worth was based on his sexual prowess; he bedded probably a couple of hundred girls a year. Even at age 17, he was screwing every beautiful girl in New York," says his tough-talking brother Angus. "That was the age of immediate gratification: You want to be happy? Do a line of blow. What do you want to do, get laid? Buy a bottle of champagne, you fuck the chick. It was a lot easier than fuckin' studying all night for some far-off dream. And he didn't want to be a Wall Street guy or whatever. I guess his idea was to be a rocker or a writer. But in order to do that, you have to live."

"He was a very attractive guy. But not so attractive that that would explain it all," recalls a drinking buddy. "He had an attractive lifestyle, wit, money, the clubs, and the leisure time. And he looked like he needed mothering at all times. So if you're the type of woman who likes a bad boy and likes to take care of a boy, this was your bull's-eye."

Nick's scene was fast, and it was wild—too fast, in fact, for all but the most hardened of partyers. One rich young habitué of the Beavers scene who couldn't keep up was a competitive skier in high school. He understood that he had reached his athletic peak and hung up his skis after graduation, then came to New York in 1986 to work at a shoot-from-the-hip over-the-counter stock house on the Street.

Ski Racer remembers the ferocious party with an emotion that approaches awe. "I was 18 years old, and I was making $30,000 gross a month. I was making major dollars and hanging out with all these kids who had these boomin' trust funds. We never paid for anything. We were names. Wherever we went—the red-carpet treatment. All that stuff you read about in *W,* I was there. If you weren't there, you'll never know what it was like."

Trying to find more time to party, Ski Racer figured a way to work selling junk bonds three days a week. "I remember lots of times getting kicked out of Dorrian's Red Hand and going up to Surf Club because we could bang on that door long enough so someone would open it. And we could go drink there for free."

Photographs: top right, Patrick McMullan; center, Andrew Brucker.

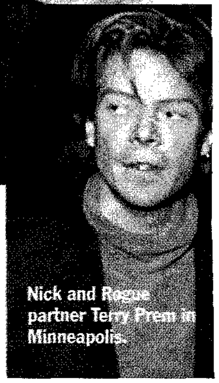
Ski Racer flamed out in a few years. He says he and Nick ran into each other at AA meetings in 1989, but Nick just seemed to be going through the motions. "He liked the *idea* of getting sober," he says, "but he couldn't let go of that spotlight."

Today, only 26, Ski Racer has moved back to the country. He still keeps a hand in the market, but he's given up the life. "Nick took everything to the extreme. I fell off the edge. I hardly ever come to New York. I never thought I'd live past 21."

Toward the end of the eighties, Nick took a few perfunctory trips to the Betty Ford Center, falling off the wagon almost immediately when he left. But by that point, the club scene in New York was moribund, and in the fall of 1990 he made plans to travel across Europe and Asia on an epic journey of self-discovery. The Beavers brothers had made a tradition of such voyages; Wick, his oldest brother, had spent seven years sailing around the world, and Angus had joined the merchant marine between high school and college.

Nick with Amy Lumet and Jessica Rosenblum at a dinner at Nell's (above). Nick, Lumet, Peter Allan, Ishbel Burnet, and Rosenblum (right).

Nick and Hope Davies in Rhode Island after the accident.



Nick and Rogue partner Terry Prem in Minneapolis.

One afternoon in Thailand in January 1991, riding on the back of a motorcycle driven by a Thai friend, on the way to pick up his ticket home, Nick became a different person. The bike skidded and slid into a wall. Nick shattered his knee, and his face hit the driver's shoulder so hard it broke. His delicate nose was crushed; the bridge went into his skull, and his eyes were spread across his face. The new Nick was no longer angelic. He was a little bug-eyed, with a long scar running up his forehead from over his right eye. Nick also developed a heroin habit; it was the best painkiller available in Thailand.

Strangely, Nick decided not to have cosmetic surgery on his face. He told Davies that he had tired of being the good-looking guy and wanted to spend the rest of his life as "the guy at the end of the bar."

Nick returned to New York to have surgery to rebuild his knee. After the operation at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, one of his party boys showed up with a large bag of cocaine as a get-well present. The accident had left his nose in no condition for him to snort the drug; so, still in his hospital gown, he trundled off to the bathroom of his hospital room to administer the coke through a valve on his IV tube. He was in the midst of this process when he was startled by a noise behind him and dumped the entire package into the valve—a fatal dose. He passed out almost instantly, and his heart stopped. "If he wasn't in the hospital, he'd have died right there," says Davies. "He said part of the experience was above everything and beautiful and peaceful, and another part of it was sort of fiery, and he wasn't sure which way it was going. But he wasn't scared of it at all."

THE ACCIDENT AND ITS AFTERMATH finally made Nick realize he needed help. He'd been to the Hazelden Clinic in Minneapolis before and had promptly reverted to his old ways. This time he committed to a six-month stay as well as to staying in a halfway house after the program was over. (The clinic wouldn't let him stay in a coed dorm, because it was believed he was also a sex addict.)

Afterward, Nick stayed sober for two and a half years. He hadn't been so happy and energetic since his glory days in New York. In Minneapolis, there were a lot of nightlife refugees like himself, Hazelden graduates who were trying to have fun while staying sober. And Nick, who felt keenly that he'd never accomplished anything of his own—even the Zulu Lounge had been his brothers' project, with him as a glorified greeter—decided it was time to make his mark. His chosen project was—what else?—a nightclub, Rogue Bar. Though the club served alcohol, he also tailored it to his new, healthier, drug-and-alcohol-free state by creating a club-within-a-club, So Bar, which served juice and soda and where alcohol was forbidden.

"He had crunched the numbers, done the market analysis; he could rattle off numbers. He knew what his profit margin was; he knew what his market costs were," says Dante Gaudio, Rogue Bar's general manager and a fellow New York–nightlife refugee. "It wasn't so much that I thought it was the most wonderful idea; it was that this guy was so positive and so sure of himself. I felt like, 'Hey, man, this kid—he's a winner.' "

His mother, Pat Beavers, saw it differently: as backsliding. She implored Angus to go out to Minneapolis and manufacture some financial reasons that would derail Nick's plan. "So I went out there and I looked at the space," says Angus, "and said, 'Nick, blah, blah, blah, and I had a club in Dallas, and Midwesterners won't give you $10 at the door. Blah, blah, blah.' And I tried to make it financial, but he was really focused on it. So, of course, ultimately, my mother said, 'If it's your *dream* . . .' "

And $450,000 later, Rogue Bar was a reality. Unlike at Zulu, the decisions were his to make. Nick hired almost every Hazelden grad who asked for a job. For two and a half years, Nick ran Rogue, promoting it in the Minneapolis papers and on television. And he announced his recovery to the folks back home. The headline of a story in the New York *Times* about the community of recovering drug-and-alcohol abusers around Hazelden read, OUT THERE: MINNEAPOLIS; SURVIVORS GET TO DANCE.

"That is the Nick I will remember. When Nick was sober, his friends came first and Nick came second," says Gaudio. "If you had a problem, everything else stopped. If you needed something, Nick would get it done."

It wasn't until disagreements over what improvements the lease required the landlord to make to the club boiled over into litigation that Nick began to lose control.

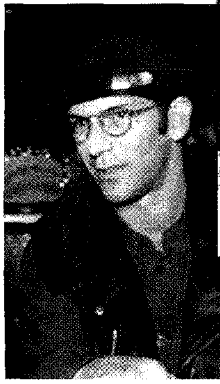
Photographs: left to right, Patrick McMullan (2).

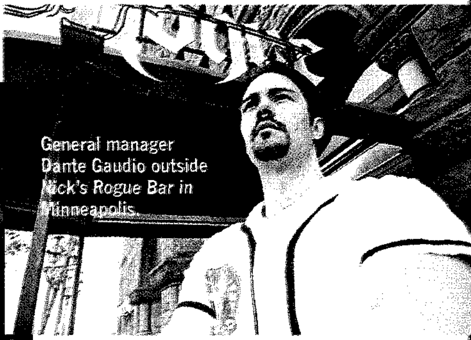
Shortly thereafter, early in 1994, Nick got the news that his mother had cancer. He relapsed completely. “The two things that he identified with most—his club and his mother—were falling apart,” says Gaudio. “The addictive personality kind of took over. The scariest thing about addiction is that it tells you there are no options. It tells you that things are horrible, and they are not going to get better. That’s what started to take over Nick.”

On one of his visits to his mom in the hospital in New York, following her wish that he pursue a career in music, Nick recorded a song for her—and promptly disappeared on a two-day binge, returning bedraggled to the Beavers apartment.

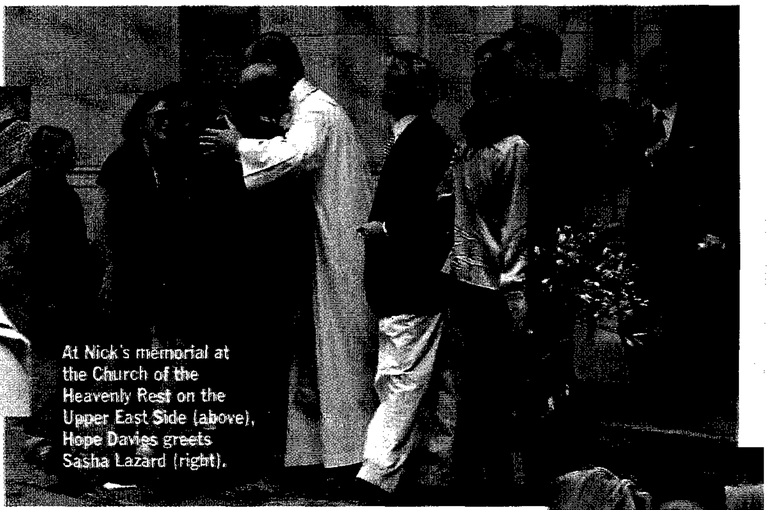
Nick had also been bingeing in Minneapolis, leaving his apartment only occasionally to go to the club, where he’d get high, chase women, and sometimes dance on the tables before Gaudio would take him home.

This time, when he returned to Minneapolis, he checked himself into Hazelden for another 28-day program. From there, he wrote this letter, never sent, to his mother:





General manager Dante Gaudio outside Nick’s Rogue Bar in Minneapolis.



At Nick’s memorial at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on the Upper East Side (above), Hope Davies greets Sasha Lazard (right).

“He never seemed that happy when he was sober,” says a friend. “You’d go out with him, and his hands would get all sweaty and he’d hide in the corner. And that’s not where Nick liked to be.”

Dear Ma,

It seems like years since I last wrote you. Probably because it has been a long time and because so much has happened since then. You’ve gotten very sick, I’ve relapsed and now I’m deep in recovery again—as I pray you are. And I do pray. Every day at least, I pray for your health and happiness, something, I’m afraid, I haven’t contributed much to. . . .

Growing up in our family was like growing up in two concentric spheres. There was the outer sphere of cold paternal and fraternal love that gave me a confused and distrustful view of what reality would be. It was a world of cold handshakes, manners, and discipline. It was a punishing world, a lonely place, where you were only awarded with attention if you stepped out of line. . . . Because of my many pathetic charades, you couldn’t have known how much I needed you. But I’m telling you now, without you I would not be alive. How hard it was for me to return your constant undying love. There were things I was taught never to reveal, and yet every night the words “I love you” passed from your lips to my little heart, and I’d struggle to return this message but could not. “I do too” would be my reply—a message from the outer sphere. . . .

I will withstand my disease and whatever else befalls me, because you are my mother. But most of all, I love you and will one day love myself, because you are my mother.

Love, Nick

Last October, when his mother died, Nick came home for the funeral. “He went out on a bender the night before her ceremony,” Angus says. “And he came in at seven in the morning and he’d been beaten up, and we were just like, ‘How could you do this the night before [the funeral]?’ We’re cleaning up around him and all this sad stuff. After the ceremony’s over, we go back and have this big party at the house—a pseudo-wake—and he looked fucked up because he’d been beaten up and he’d been up all night. And my oldest brother, Wick, and him had a huge fight because he didn’t help out with anything and he was blaming it all on his being distraught. And we said, ‘We’re distraught, too, kid, but were fuckin’ cleaning up for her.’ ”

“To be honest, I never thought Nick would make it,” says Ski Racer. “Stories that good don’t survive. Quite honestly, he never seemed that happy when he was sober. He’d want to go out, but you’d go out with him and his hands would get all sweaty and he’d hide in the corner. And that’s not where Nick liked to be. He liked to be at the head table, surrounded by beautiful women.”

Most of his family and friends professed surprise at his suicide. “I didn’t think that was an option. I just don’t get it. I don’t fucking understand. If you’re going to kill yourself, just get in a Sunfish, stack it full of food, and try to sail the Pacific. Or go work in Rwanda and help the fuckin’ people,” laments Angus. “See, that’s how far off my mind-set is from what he did. Suicide is almost like bulimia. You don’t see bulimics in Ethiopia.”

NICK’S MEMORIAL PARTY AT THE BEAVERS apartment was the real and final end of the eighties. The appraisers from Sotheby’s stopped by earlier, placing tiny white labels with the family name and lot numbers printed in a prim hand on the furniture, the art, even the light fixtures. The house—long the nerve center of the Beavers boys’ perpetual party—and everything in it are on the block.

David Bowie’s “Young Americans”—a favorite of Nick’s—is blasting. “This is just like a late night at Surf Club or Zulu Lounge after a society party,” says Nick’s old friend Joe Robinson. “Not enough society folk to make the papers, but just enough degenerates to make it interesting.”

Then Angus, 34, the brother closest to Nick’s age, a Ralph Lauren polo-pony emblem on his white button-down shirt, raises a can of Budweiser, and keeps raising it, until it is balanced on his almost-yellow hair. It was a typical Beavers wake. Nick would have felt at home. ■

Photographs: left to right, Steven Woit/NYT Pictures; Darrin Back; Chris Brown/Saba (2).

THE NORMA DESMOND CONQUEST

By Randall Short Photographed by **Nina Berman**

After the voice lessons and the dress fittings and the chiropractors and the choreographers and the trainers and the shoe designers and the turban-makers and the workouts and the meditation and the new jewels and the new fingernails, *Sunset Boulevard*'s new star, Betty Buckley, is ready for her close-up.

"BETTY," GUSHES ANTHONY POWELL, "IT'LL BE *FABULOUS.*" THE JOVIAL, bearded, and extremely British Powell is the costume designer for the London and Broadway productions of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Boulevard*—and, consequently, a key player on what I will come to think of over the next eight days or so as Team Norma. At the moment, he, costume-maker Barbara Mattera, and a staff of four assistants are working furiously in front of a fitting-room mirror in Mattera's shop at 890 Broadway, making final adjustments to a glittering evening gown with fur-trimmed sleeves and thick gold beading (total costume weight, tchotchke-inclusive: 30 pounds) worn by a lithe, perky woman with short blonde hair and a throaty Texas accent. The assistants mark a seam here, tug a hem there, yank—*oof*—a join where it's supposed to be.

"Nothing snaps in place," laughs the wearer, grinning. "Everything just hangs here. That's the way they do it."

Powell, deadpan: "A triumph of art over nature."

When Betty Buckley steps onstage at the Minskoff Theater to re-create for New York her acclaimed London performance as the faded silent-movie queen Norma Desmond at 8:20 this Thursday (her official opening night), there will be at least one point—despite Buckley's evident empathy with the splendors and miseries of diva-hood, which she herself wears with an easy, unpretentious grace—in regard to which actress and character have nothing in common. Norma lives a life of near-complete isolation; Buckley, portraying her, might be described as the visible apex of a pyramid whose supporting, often invisible, layers incorporate literally hundreds of creative, design, technical, and personal-maintenance professionals.

To keep body and soul and voice and costume together while playing perhaps the single most physically and vocally demanding part in the history of musical theater, Buckley has, among other backup, two physical trainers (one of them specializes in the Pilates method, an arcane discipline practiced by Katharine Hepburn and Laurence Olivier that aligns the body using twenties wooden machines that look like a David Cronenberg science experiment); a makeup guy; a shoe guy; a physical therapist (twice a week for work on her legs' iliotibial bands—*those stairs!*—and to repair the damage caused when an understudy for her London leading man accidentally stepped on her right foot last April); a wig man; several choreographers; a chiropractor (three times a week); a gaggle of dressers; a jewelry guy; a woman who makes The Best Turbans in England; a vocal coach (twice a week); a manicurist who applies Buckley's soigné, scorpionlike Norma Nails (once a week); and a masseur (three times a week, "for chilling out").

WHEN TEAM NORMA IS DONE WITH THE GOWN, the costumers load Buckley into the dress in which she'll play the show's final scene: Norma, mad. It's the sort of thing an Edward Gorey cartoon dowager might wear to the opera, a crazed parody of seductiveness festooned with pearls, spangled with glittering sequins, and topped off with a headdress you definitely, let's say, wouldn't want to get caught outside in if lightning threatened. London artisan Martin Adams has painstakingly constructed several dozen pieces of paste jewelry identical to those worn by Gloria Swanson as Norma in Billy Wilder's 1950 film; they go on. Boy, do they. Bracelets. Pins. Necklaces. Bangles. Earrings. Brooches. Buckley gradually takes on the appearance of a Christmas tree.

"It's gotta be real," says an assistant.

Buckley: "Yeah—*you* wear the dress."

LATER THAT EVENING, SINGING TEACHER AND vocal specialist Joan Lader is at the piano in her Chelsea apartment putting Buckley through a few rounds of simple *vocalise.* "My voice needs some help right now because the show is so taxing," she says, sighing. "More than anything I've ever done." The speech and singing registers she uses for the character, considerably lower than her normal range, add an extra dimension to the stress; Buckley cracks slightly reaching for a high pitch. "What note was that?" she says. "Doesn't matter," Lader replies. "Okay, but—" "Doesn't matter." They start again.

TWO DAYS LATER, BUCKLEY RUSHES INTO HER Upper West Side apartment a few minutes late for her 7:30 P.M. Norma Nails appointment. Breathing fast, she makes a few phone calls, asks assistant Toni Stanton for some herbal tea, "anything but peppermint." Buckley doesn't smoke, drink, or eat meat, and—having recently been informed that the peppermint tea she's been drinking for decades contains singer-unfriendly acids—has switched to chamomile tea.

Manicurist-to-the-stars Lily Dorsa pastes inch-long artificial nails on Buckley's fingertips and begins to file them down. "I don't want them really long; I want them functional," says Buckley. "Instead of that long, pointed shape, I like a softer, rounder line. You can't risk breaking a nail in this role, because your fingers get caught in the costumes. A couple of my fingers are crooked," she continues, "but if you compensate with the nails, they look a little bit straighter." Dorsa adjusts two of the celluloid chips and starts to wrap them in silk for extra strength.

"Bye, nails," Buckley sighs, looking at her own. "See you in six months."

BY THE MORNING OF JULY 4, THE DAY OF HER first preview, displays at the Minskoff have been changed to feature new shots of Buckley as Norma by photographer Francesco Scavullo. At the box office, however, where a dozen or so people are already on line, the slider board listing the names of the cast in alphabetical order still includes GLENN CLOSE.

In a gray T-shirt and green-striped pants, Buckley goes into a pre-rehearsal walk-through on the set with production stage manager Peter Lawrence, checking out blocking patterns and agreeing on where backstage quick changes—she has five in Act 1 and three in Act 2, the quickest of them allotted seventeen seconds sharp—will take place. They have to be precise. A few wrong steps and the sixteen tons of Southern California gothic moving hydraulically up and down above the stage could trip her or crush her flat. Buckley walks up and down the enormous staircase on which she makes her entrance in long, loose steps, a bottle of Evian cradled in her forearm. Stagehands arrange several busts and statues representing Norma in her youthful glory, modeled after Buckley's face by Nino Novelinno, a sculptor with Costume Armour in upstate New York.

Next, makeup artist Justin Henry starts work. Photographs from the London production show her face as a pallid, stylized mask; for Broadway, the makeup has been reconceived more realistically to emphasize Norma's still-potent sexual attraction. Henry begins by applying an opaque foundation. Over the next two hours, working from Powell's sketchbook, he'll add bronzing powder on her cheeks and temple; white out Buckley's eyebrows and redefine them in a thinner, forties style; apply purple-brown ("eggplant") shadow and black liner to her eyes; paint her mouth with a violently bright red lipstick; and finish up with a small black beauty mark on the right side of her upper lip. But a crisis arises: no lipstick! And it's a holiday! Stanton calls Bendel's—it's open, thank God. They need MAC True Red, about three sticks; if that's not available, Veruschka will do. "And buy a bottle of Obsession for me," says Buckley. "It keeps me in character."

A little before three, Buckley comes out of her dressing room in a great black-and-gold brocaded caftan, moving fast around the turn in the corridor, onto stage left. Thirty or 40 people are in the house, many of them in costume; they applaud. "Hi, everybody," Buckley says. By 4:45, GLENN CLOSE has been taken down and BETTY BUCKLEY put up in the sliders.

A HALF-HOUR BEFORE CURTAIN, AS HENRY reapplies her makeup, Buckley turns on a new stereo and begins warming up to a recording of last week's vocal session as three people give her notes. She's dressed in a one-piece athletic maillot and thick, hockey-style athletic knee pads. She is strapped into her shoes and wired for sound.

At 8:20, I find myself remembering what Buckley told me over lunch a few days before. "It's hard work," she said. "It's really hard. But I'm a Broadway baby, you know? I haven't been on Broadway for eight years. Since *Carrie.* So this is important to me. I feel like this racehorse that's been dying for a big race. A really good, fast little racehorse. And finally the heavy hitters are putting their money on me."

Now, onstage a few feet away, Joe Gillis is getting nowhere at Paramount, fast. Fleeing a pair of repo men, he has just blown a tire outside a mansion inhabited by a woman who is, to say the least, determined. Buckley's eyes are filled with something I cannot name. She walks onstage. The applause begins. ■

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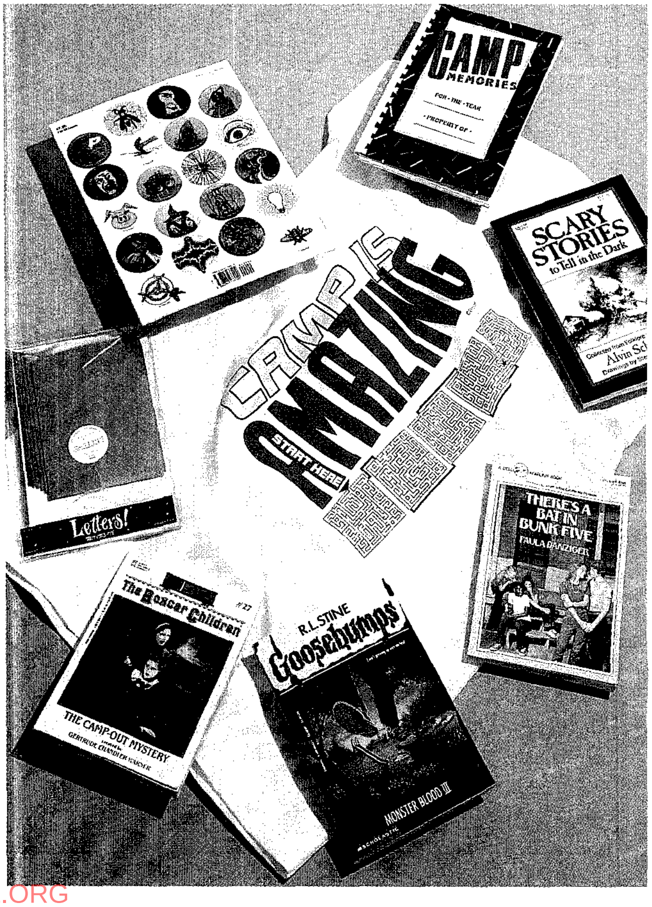
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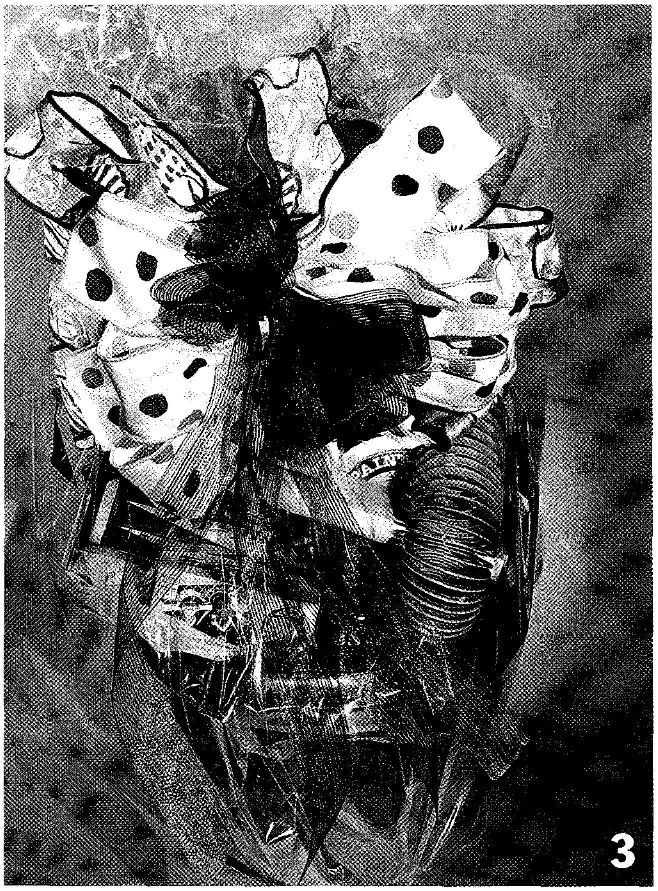

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What's outside: Plastic beach pail.
What's inside: Checkers/backgammon portable game kit • Magic Markers • Swim goggles • Plastic Slinky • Jackie Vivelo's *Chills Run Down My Spine* • Wooden pickup sticks • Kodak disposable camera • Paint-on tattoos • Kathy Wollard's *How Come?* • Spooky puzzles • Metal jacks.

4 SOHO BOX

677-6510 (boxes are $26 and $46, plus shipping; box shown, $26)
What's outside: Stamped cardboard box.
What's inside: Koosh stick ball • Plastic Sonic Smash racquet game • Mastermind • The Crazy Penguin game • Solv-A-Crime puzzles • Travel 20 Questions • Plastic glowing squid • Mad Mysteries' *The Case of the Missing Lynx* • Cotton baseball cap with zipper pockets.

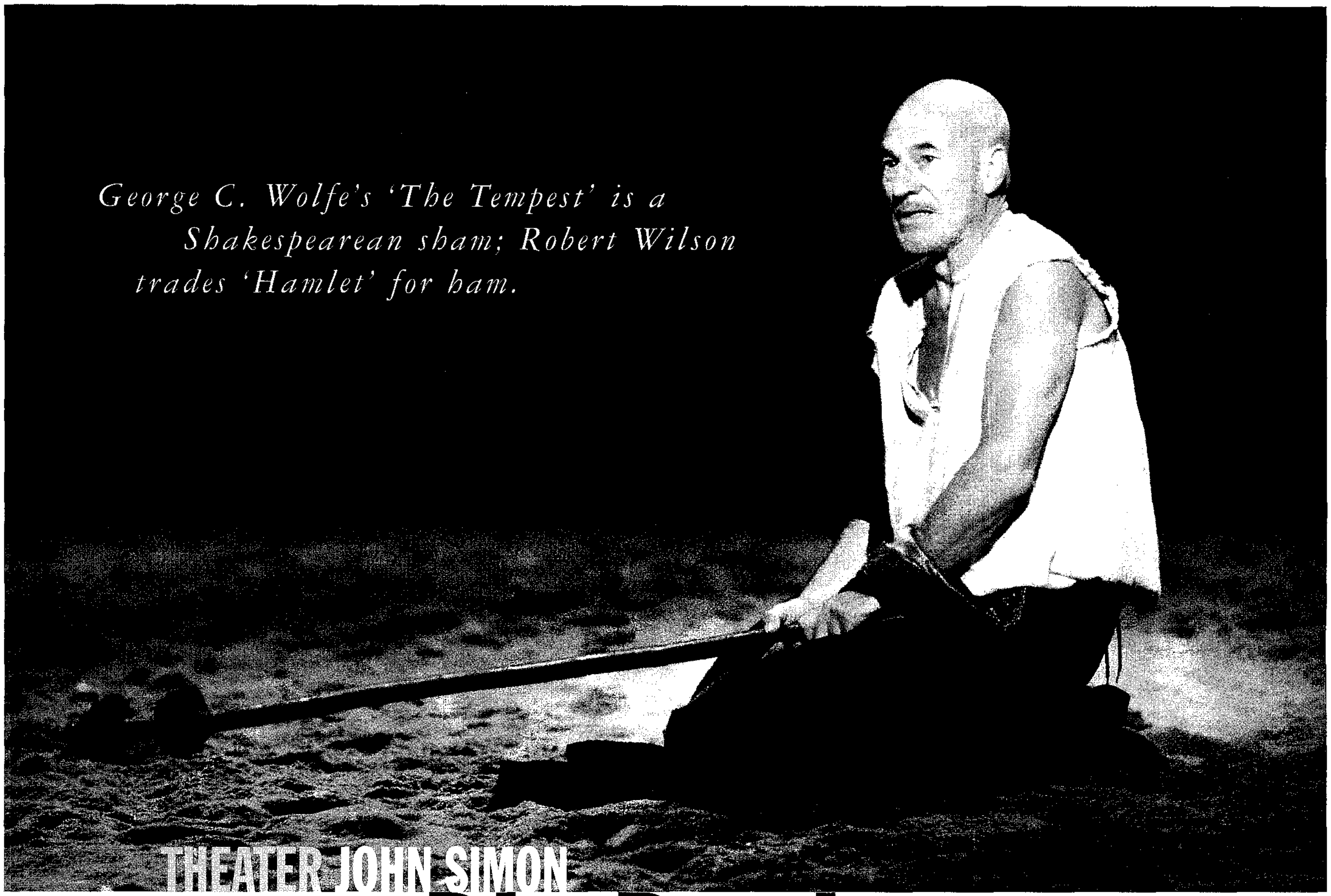
5 BOOKSMART

27 West 20th Street, Suite 506/675-8677 (packages from $29.95, plus shipping; package shown, $49.95)
What's outside: Cotton pillowcase.
What's inside: Camp Memories journal • Camp stationery • R. L. Stine's *Goosebumps* • Gertrude Chandler Warner's *The Boxcar Children* • Paula Danziger's *There's a Bat in Bunk Five* • Ann Braybrooks's *Slam-O-Rama: Everything You Needed to Know About Pogs* • Ghost Writer sports-puzzle book • *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark,* retold by Alvin Schwartz.

6 THE CHILDREN'S GENERAL STORE

2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street/580-2723 (boxes from $20, plus shipping; box shown, $50)
What's outside: Brown-paper-wrapped box topped with a plastic-and-metal grasshopper.
What's inside: Mad Libs's *Camp Daze* • Set, a card game • Nature Craft field kit (with compass, tweezers, binoculars, and more) • Amaze 'N' Top game • Camp stationery • Brelli harmonica • Hand copter • Plastic vegetable pen.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTOPHER GALLO
FOR *NEW YORK*



George C. Wolfe's 'The Tempest' is a Shakespearean sham; Robert Wilson trades 'Hamlet' for ham.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Dis-Bard

Star turn: Patrick Stewart in *The Tempest*.

GEORGE C. WOLFE'S PRODUCTION OF **The Tempest** is a willful misreading of the play that turns a supreme poetic masterpiece into a circus, without a morsel for the mind to feed on. *The Tempest* is really three plays in one: a metaphysical meditation on the nature of the universe; a highly lyrical, romantic pastoral; and a masque with music, singing, and dancing. It is only the last and least aspect that Wolfe begins to do justice to, and even that with more brio than taste. This elegant, tragicomic fairy tale becomes a crowd-courting extravaganza: brash, loutish, and irredeemably vulgar.

We have here a case of multiple mistaken identities. In Wolfe's staging, there are maybe three minutes in which one might recognize a semblance of verse. Prospero hacks the pentameter to bits, with a pause after every two or three words; Ariel and Miranda turn poetic sentiment into cloddish farce; others display voices and accents inimical to Shakespeare; still others are total nonentities. Egged on by Wolfe, they mistake the music of the spheres for the parlance of the gutter.

Wolfe systematically mistakes the nature of the dramatis personae because he's evidently indifferent to the meaning of the play. Thus Prospero (Patrick Stewart), the dispossessed duke turned benevolent magician (God, the Poet, the Playwright), becomes here a huffing and puffing Calibanish creature out of *Star Trek,* gruff and crass, his English accent at odds with the surrounding Babel of tongues—everything from Broadway to black and Spanish Harlem. As Miranda, the epitome of lyrical girlishness, the able Carrie Preston has been coiffed, costumed, and coerced into a quasi Ariel: a cavorting tomboy who turns her most lyrical utterances into raucous laugh lines.

Ariel himself can be played by an ephebe or a boyish actress, but not as Tondelayo in *White Cargo,* for whom Wolfe has mistaken him. Aunjanue Ellis, black, female, and sexy, with a mediocre speaking and singing voice, moves well and has spunk but suggests only that this Prospero, a British official in Graham Greene's Africa, has got himself a native mistress to exploit. Caliban is played by the well-spoken Teagle F. Bougere, whose shaved and red-dyed head conveys the original inhabitants of Bermuda, where Wolfe has laid the action. Just because a Bermudan shipwreck provided Shakespeare with a few ideas does not prevent the play's imagery from being Mediterranean and English. But Wolfe seizes on the chance to make the masques, dances, and songs Caribbean, everything from calypso to rap, with Carlos Valdez composing a crudely obstreperous score that drowns Shakespeare's ethereal lyrics full fathoms five in impenetrable clangor. And what characters: The nobles—led by Larry Bryggman and MacIntyre Dixon—could not be mistaken for Shakespearean actors; Nestor Serrano (Antonio) at least could. As the clowns Stephano and Trinculo, John Pankow and Bill Irwin manage a few droll moments. But the worst case of mistaken identity is the Ferdinand of Kamar de los Reyes, who last played a Hispanic boxer for Wolfe and whose

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

sweet prince is—in looks, speech, and demeanor—a pugilist who kayos every syllable he mouths.

Besides the poetry, Wolfe discards the metaphysics of the play, which does not interest him. Instead, his emphasis is on stilts, puppets, endless masks, saucy costumes, colored cloths frenetically waved about, shadow play, light effects well executed by Paul Gallo, good sound effects by Dan Moses Schreier, and lots of camp, notably in the ludicrous shipwreck scene, which should have been in earnest, to set off the subsequent magic.

But magic is what Wolfe dispenses with most. *The Tempest* is about all kinds of magic: the magic of poetry, music, romance, wisdom, love, and a divinity that guides our way. Prospero should be full of spells; not, as Stewart plays him, devoid of charms in both senses of the word. Riccardo Hernandez's set is no help, either, unless you want your enchanted island to be a round sandbox in which actors toss or kick up cloudfuls of dirt. Toni-Leslie James's costumes range from grandiose to garish; Barbara Pollitt's puppets are striking but, like the handlers running around with them, irrelevant clutter. Hope Clarke's choreography is perfunctory. This *Tempest* is not recommended to anyone, least of all to young people eager to encounter the Bard: The Wolfe is at the door and the way to Shakespeare barred.

THE QUESTION THAT RAN THROUGH MY MIND BEfore, during, and after watching Robert Wilson in **Hamlet: A Monologue** was: "What is this fellow trying to prove?" With the help of one Wolfgang Wiens, Wilson has run *Hamlet* through a shredder and reassembled the shreds on some aleatory principle. He then—languidly, campily, and with occasional outbursts of petulance—goes through such parts of the fricassee as he saw fit to keep (about 105 minutes) against a fanciful, abstract set and grimly spasmodic lighting. Eclectic music by Hans Peter Kühn is punctuated by crashes and crunchings, bird sounds and fly-buzzing, also by Kühn. Wilson sports an oddball, all-black costume, whitened face, and his trademark slicked-back hair: "Make-up design by Kuno Schlegelmilch" is one of the odder credits in this odd spectacle.

It is an old adage that all comedians want to play Hamlet, but Wilson—known for his bizarre, mostly wordless theater pieces and avant-garde stagings of drama and opera—is not even an actor, never mind a comedian. True, he strikes outlandish poses—recumbent on a platform in midair, swishing in suddenly in a hoopskirt—but his arch, snippish little voice and his small-featured, complacent countenance do not make a histrion, let alone a Hamlet.

Absolutely no new light is shed on the play, no new talent is revealed in Wilson (and I have my doubts about the old ones); the whole venture smacks of brazen self-promotion by a fellow of infinitesimal jest. Wilson, by the way, hails from Waco, Texas, which may just be the self-immolation capital of the New World.

THE PLAY IS INDEED THE THING, BUT NOT THE WAY FERENC Molnár's **The Play's the Thing** is mounted at the Roundabout. As written, it's a slight, charming piece that when done just right is a pleasure. "In Molnár's world," as the Hungarian literary historian Lóránt Czigány has it, "atmosphere is everything." At the Roundabout, miscasting and mistiming pollute the atmosphere.

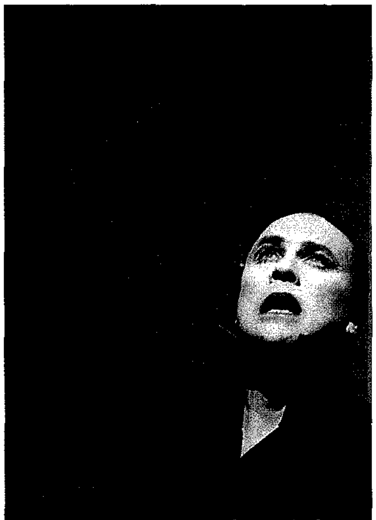
Visualize a 1926 Hungarian playwriting team à la Kaufman and Hart, Turai and Mansky, working with a gifted young composer, Albert Ádám, on a new operetta, whose sophisticated leading lady, Ilona Szabó, is young Albert's ladylove. They are in a castle on the Italian Riviera to put on a variety show. But a different kind of show is put on the previous night in Ilona's bedroom, where the star and Almády, her former mentor and lover, enjoy a little dalliance overheard, alas, by Turai, Mansky, and Albert, who goes to pieces. The fate of the operetta collaboration is at stake.

The Play's the Thing—in Hungarian, "Play at the Castle," with a triple pun on *play*—is a tricky work. It includes both a play-within-a-play and, as it were, a play-outside-a-play. There are three different elements here, but eventually they all unite into a central plot—Turai's canny scheme to save a hairy situation.

"...When done right, 'The Play's the Thing' is a pleasure. But at the Roundabout, miscasting and mistiming pollute the atmosphere..."

Turai is Molnár's vision of himself: the playwright as Demiurge in his theatrical world, trying to duplicate his creative power in real life. The actor who plays this omnipotent artist must exude absolute poise, self-assurance, sophistication, and charm. Peter Frechette loses on all counts. He does not look middle-aged and mature, but cutely boyish, with a dainty lock of hair over one eye; he does not radiate the mental superiority of a master plotter; and he delivers his lines mushily, where crisp command is called for. We want a Noël Coward, Cyril Richard, or George C. Scott; but all we get is a Tom Cruise on a bad-hair day.

J. Smith-Cameron is a pleasant little soubrette, but the Zsa Zsa Gabor factor just isn't in her DNA; Jeff Weiss (Almády) can be effectively amusing but remains romantically unthreatening. Jay Goede (Albert) does not convey the seismic fluctuations of a fledgling genius. Keith Reddin, as an officious secretary to the castle's owner, is—no doubt nudged by the director—a ghastly grotesque. Much better is Joe Grifasi, who nevertheless fails to infuse Mansky with Oscar Levantine wryness; Paul Benedict is good as a tactfully omniscient butler but has no one to bounce his ironies off. After such casting, it hardly matters that Gloria Muzio's staging lacks finesse, or that Stephan Olson's set and Jess Goldstein's costumes have their problems. Altogether, this adaptation by P. G. Wodehouse lets down Molnár; Tom Stoppard's version, *Rough Crossing*, though much freer, is funnier and truer in spirit.


Robert Wilson in *Hamlet*

SINCE THERE IS VIRTUALLY NOTHING TO BE SAID FOR **Lust,** the musical adaptation of *The Country Wife* (1675), not much need be said about it. William Wycherley's stylish, sexual comedy has been converted into a tastelessly smirking and poking romp, though you must understand "romp" as something drained of all genuine wit by its concocters, the four Heather brothers. Denis Lawson, who starred in *Lust* in London, seems hardly worth importing, any more than one would wish to export the American supporting cast, except perhaps to be rid of them. As leeringly directed by Bob Carlton, this musical about a lecher posing as a castrato to hoodwink jealous husbands is genuinely impotent, with only one good song, "Come Tomorrow." As Wycherley might have quoted Hamlet, changing just one word, "Forty thousand brothers/ Could not with all their quantity of wit/ Make up my sum." ▬

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

BOOKS BRAD LEITHAUSER

Fear of Horror

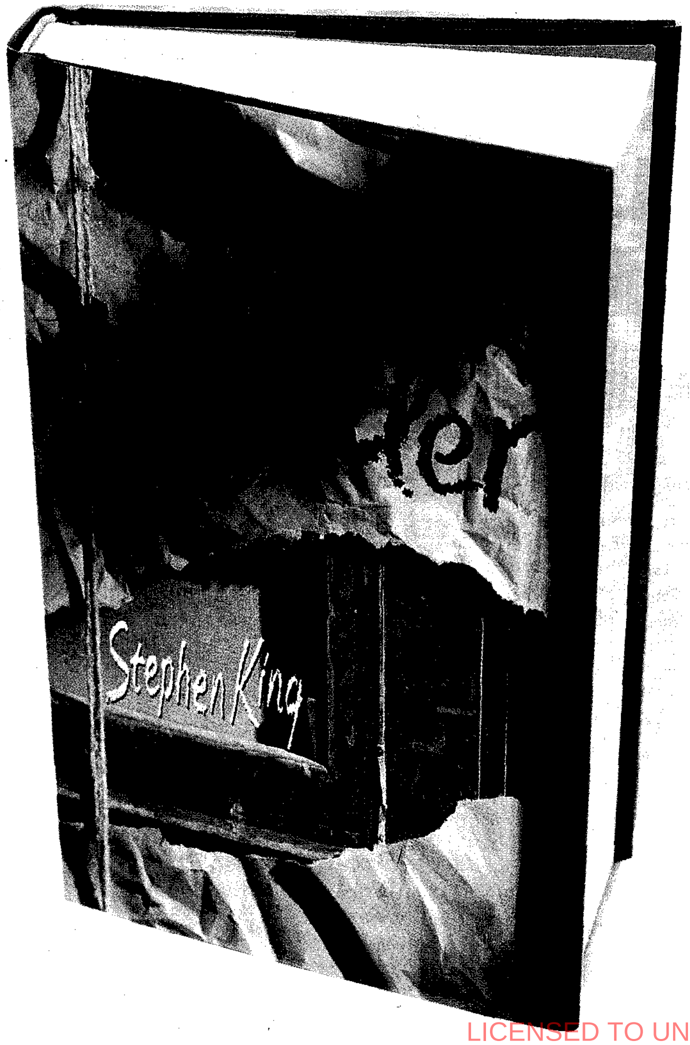
Stephen King and Anne Rice are the undead of supernatural fiction—crude, gruesome, pale imitations of horror stories past.

Memnoch the Devil
BY ANNE RICE
Knopf; 354 pages; $25

Rose Madder
BY STEPHEN KING
Viking; 420 pages; $25.95

PERHAPS YOU'RE SOMEONE WHO CAN IMAGINE being frightened by passages like these from Stephen King's *Rose Madder:* "Ramon began to feel as if his balls had been torn open, doused with lighter fluid, and then set on fire." And: "His hand had dropped to the butt of the gun. Now he let go of it and seized the bat, crumpling the bones in its wings back against its body like a lunatic concertina player. He twisted it against itself and tore it in two with such force that its rudimentary guts fell out on his shoes. 'Shoulda stayed out of my face, asshole,' Norman told it. . . ."

Blood simple: In King's new novel, nothing is left to the reader's imagination. Rice seems subtle by comparison—not saying much.



Or this from Anne Rice's *Memnoch the Devil:* "But suddenly I remembered with a ferocious shock that Roger was a ghost! I was talking to a man who was already dead.

"The situation was so hideously painful and frustrating and utterly abnormal that I was thunderstruck. . . ."

Or perhaps you're someone, like me, who cannot imagine ever arriving at any mental state (even those brought on by extreme fatigue, drink, jet lag, the ingestion of hallucinogens, delirium resulting from an attack of killer bees, etc.) in which this sort of writing wouldn't look ridiculous.

If these passages have some appeal for you, you won't be disappointed by either book: King and Rice generously dish up page after page of this sort of thing. If they have none, you may find yourself asking, *Whatever happened to Shirley Jackson?* For there was a time in this country when we had a writer of supernatural fiction who combined commercial success with a mastery of understatement and adumbration.

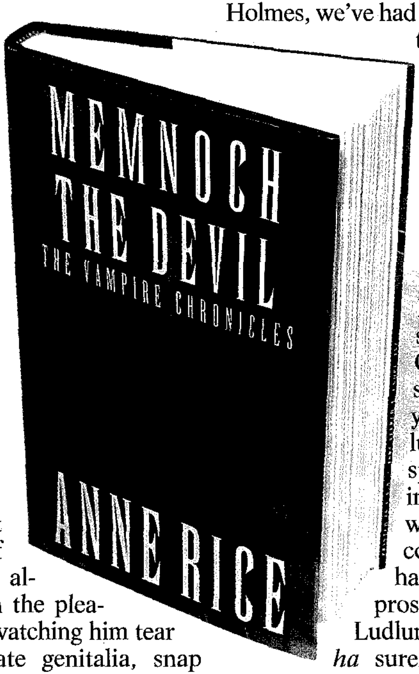
Jackson (1919–1965) is probably best known for her short story "The Lottery" and for her novel *The Haunting of Hill House,* which was turned into a neatly creepy film starring Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. But she produced a range of unsettling tales, including *The Sundial, We Have Always Lived in the Castle,* and a number of chilling short stories—all of them informed by an aesthetic conviction that, as regards eerie fiction, much should be left to the reader's imagination.

King, an admirer but no emulator of Jackson's, leaves nothing unsaid or unshown. In *Rose Madder,* which recounts Rose McClendon's flight from her monster of a husband (it's a long chase—the two of them eventually step inside a magical painting), everything is spelled out. King here seems to operate under the (self-fulfilling?) assumption that his are the dumbest readers in the world. In my entire life, I've never encountered anywhere (in comic books, in Boy Scout summer-camp dramatic productions, in Saturday-morning cartoons) a villain of fewer nuances than Rose's husband, Norman. He's a cop. He's also a racist, an anti-Semite, a homophobe, and a misogynist. He abominates Hispanics, the homeless, liberals, fat people, and the handicapped. He's a liar and a bully and a murderer. Oh—and a biter. King makes a tacit contract with his reader, pledging that every gruesome hint and implication will in time be spelled out explicitly. When informed that Norman has bitten off one of his victims' appendages, we can rest easy in the knowledge that we will later be told (lest some reader suppose King was referring to an ear, or a baby toe) that we're talking about a penis. When we hear that Norman has employed a tennis racket to inflict a "horrible thing" on his wife, we can proceed un-

Photographs by Jonathan Gross.

der the confident assumption that inevitably we'll get the lowdown on a bloody anal rape. And so forth.

For anyone immune to the spell of King's prose, it's hard to read *Rose Madder* without constantly speculating, in a state of queasy detachment, about the underlying ritual it enacts. Like much supernatural fiction, King's novel is finally a story about justice: In time, unearthly agents will be summoned to ensure that evil gets its comeuppance. As such, *Rose Madder* has spiritual ties to that brand of old-fashioned pornography born in an era when publishers, still having to fret about obscenity laws, felt compelled to lend their wares a moral dressing: Readers might be offered an account of, say, the gang rape of a woman or the molestation of a young boy, but never without a stern, admonitory postscript assuring them that all malefactors ultimately wound up behind bars. At bottom, despite its numbing vulgarity, *Rose Madder* is an oddly prim tale. From the first page, we know Norman will come to a nasty end. It is this assurance of eventual justice that allows us to indulge in the pleasure, such as it is, of watching him tear open throats, mutilate genitalia, snap spinal columns, and so forth.



Anne Rice ought to wake up every morning and thank the Lord for the existence of Stephen King, who was evidently set on the planet in order to make her look subtle and fair-spoken by comparison. She is far more patient than he, more interested in ambience and psychological gradation. Her novels have their own undeniable, if skew, integrity; the reader senses, as the pages unroll by the hundreds, that Rice truly sees herself as some sort of Trollope of the Undead Set.

Memnoch the Devil, her latest installment, suggests that the vampires will ultimately triumph over the rest of us not with their fangs but with their tongues; they intend to talk us to death. The vampire Lestat encounters Satan himself, who gives him a sort of guided tour of the otherworld, including Heaven, hell, and a replayed Crucifixion. Rice, like King, feels duty-bound to leave nothing unspoken. We're offered a long, testy conversation between God and the Devil—an exchange that sometimes sounds like a tiff between an accounts supervisor and a traveling salesman.

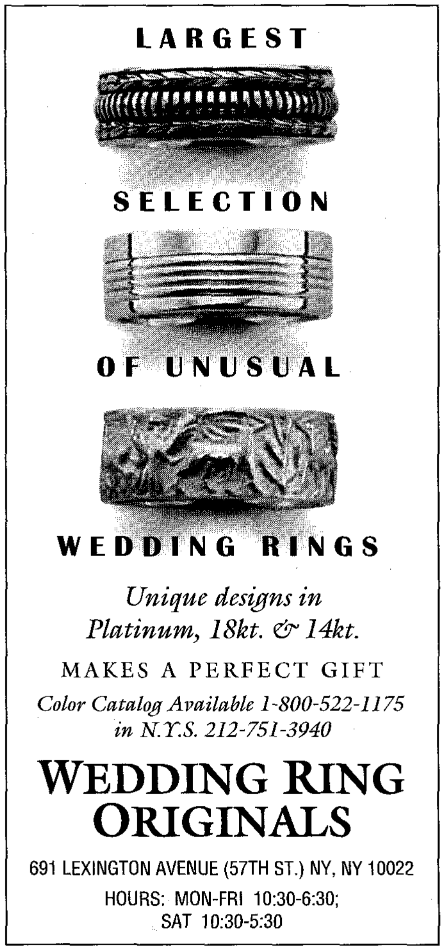
Admittedly, it may be unfair to censure King and Rice for failing to create what they never aspired to. Doubtless they're quite good at what they do: composing sprawling but propulsive novels written in an overheated prose. (At one point, King offers us a sentence that combines italics, capital letters, and an exclamation point: *"Ouggghhhh. I'm gonna EEEEJECT!")* But their surpassing commercial success inevitably prods us to ask why a different sort of supernatural fiction does not simultaneously thrive beside them.

A comparison with another branch of genre fiction—the detective thriller—is instructive. Ever since the birth of Sherlock Holmes, we've had a solid tradition of subtle, well-written, psychologically acute mysteries and thrillers. It persists to this day, so that readers who care about writerly virtues know where to look on the new-books shelf. If you like well-turned thrillers, you can read someone like John Le Carré. If you prefer shoddily written books, you go to a Robert Ludlum. (With all due respect to generations of industrious men and women who, in search of commercial success, have worked hard to prostitute their talents, Ludlum's *The Road to Omaha* surely remains the worst novel ever written.)

But in the domain of supernatural fiction, there aren't enough accomplished, restrained contemporary novels to constitute anything like a countertradition to the King/Rice tell-everything school. Paul Theroux wrote a good spooky novel in *The Black House*, as did Richard Adams in *The Girl in a Swing;* Kingsley Amis wrote a wonderful one in *The Green Man.* Rachel Ingalls has given us a solid body of spooky stuff, as did Robert Aickman. But such successes tend to be either one-shot forays or obscure triumphs unknown to all but a few aficionados.

In the absence of a broad countertradition, where does the reader go who loves supernatural fiction but finds most of what's in the stores unreadable? You can reread Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw,* I suppose, and contemplate the many ways in which a host of sophisticated ghosts, literary and otherwise, is currently neglected. Ghosts may have no substance, but surely they resent being portrayed as two-dimensional. ■

Brad Leithauser is a novelist and poet, and editor of The Norton Book of Ghost Stories.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And That's the Way It Was

Two evocations of old-style TV reportage presume an audience interested in something other than O. J.

Now and then: Dan Rather (top) updates Edward R. Murrow's *Harvest of Shame* (bottom).

Standing tieless in a jean jacket, under a hot Florida sun, on a green wave of vegetation, Dan Rather reminds us that we have been here before, feeling bad about migrant farm workers, and will probably be back again in another decade or so, to wince and deplore. **Legacy of Shame** (Thursday, July 20; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS) picks up where Edward R. Murrow's *Harvest of Shame* left off 35 years ago. These periodic conscience-stricken inquiries into indentured servitude are almost a CBS franchise, and the only one Rupert Murdoch doesn't seem to want. A snippet of Murrow's *Harvest* kicks off changes of scene in Rather's *Legacy,* from Florida to Phoenix, from El Paso to Clarendon County, South Carolina. Weather agrees with Rather. Out-of-doors, he can breathe. In Afghanistan, Port-au-Prince, Tiananmen Square, or a tornado, Dan casts off his anchor face and goes naked unto history. What's more, for *Legacy,* he's got Randall Pinkston to do the legwork. It's a nervy Pinkston, waving tax forms and federal regulations, who confronts the growers, their lawyers, their cops, their goons.

As relieved as Dan seems to be anywhere but West 57th Street, so, too, does the story itself seem friskier on escaping the confines of a TV-magazine-show format. Although *Legacy* borrows its ambush tactics from *60 Minutes*, and, from *Sunday Morning,* some feel-good saving scruple, it also has room to stretch. So we follow illegal immigrants across the Mexican border in the company of a paid "coyote." We see men sleeping on El Paso sidewalks, to be ready for a 3 A.M. "shape-up." We chat with a Department of Labor undersecretary, Maria Echaveste, whose own parents were migrant workers. We mourn the passing of Cesar Chavez, whom Ed Murrow never met. We track down a "crew leader," a contractor paid by the vanload of undocumented pickers, who, through beatings and death threats, keeps Guatemalans trapped in barbaric camps till they have paid off the "debt" they incurred just getting to the fruit fields. We close our eyes and duck our heads as whirlybirds sweep overhead, spraying killer pesticides. We learn that doubling the minimum wage would cost us a punishing 11 cents per head of lettuce.

Legacy, personalizing a social problem, is old-fashioned network-television journalism at its storytelling best. It presumes an audience interested in something else, anything other than O. J. So, next week, will **Class Photo** (Tuesday, July 25; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) presume such citizens. A *Dateline* special (and part of a week-long "Black, White and Angry" NBC News examination of American race relations), *Class Photo* is reported by Len Cannon, who tracks down 21 of 25 faces in a fourteen-year-old photograph of fourth-graders in a P.S. 309 Bed-Stuy class of minority students, many with behavior problems. Of the eleven who dropped out of school before graduation, eight were male. Of the eight who went to college, six were female. Of those half-dozen (all male) with criminal records, none had a father at home while growing up. From Cannon we get a show-and-tell of just what happened to the would-be doctor, the would-be artist, the aspiring pianist, the aspiring journalist, the "Goody Two-Shoes," etc., of this single Brooklyn classroom. That we are inclined to feel it could have been worse may be a measure of our lowered expectations or of our cynicism. But that we cheer the reunion of ten of these grown-up

Photographs courtesy of CBS.

children, arranged by NBC, is a sign of something more hopeful and, please, perdurable: an atavistic shred of decency.

From this old fashioned journalism, turn to a four-hour once-over of all that's wrong with the new, **Naked News** (Sunday, July 23; 8 P.M. to midnight; A&E). The weakest of these hours is the only one devoted to print, "The Tabloid," which manages, in spite of spending all its time at the *Daily News,* to fuzz or fudge the facts on Mort Zuckerman's New York real-estate dealings and Mike McAlary's wayward approach to the truth about a rape in Prospect Park. The strongest is "The Anchors," in which we follow a personable young woman on the ascendant curve of her career from the boondocks to Los Angeles, with her coaches and her agents, while Joan Konner at Columbia and Don Hewitt at *60 Minutes* look on with disapproval, as if such office politics ever had anything to do with journalistic ability or integrity. An hour entitled "The Tycoon," on the mythomaniacal Ted Turner, his imperial dreams of world improvement, and the suicide of his difficult father, entirely omits the politics of cable and rather obscures the fact that we ought to be more worried by Rupert. "Talk Radio" doesn't tell us anything we didn't already know from magazine articles about Rush Limbaugh, Bob Grant, G. Gordon Liddy, and Pat Buchanan, except that in person those holes in their heads are cold little eyes, like pillbox slits.

Anchorface it: But for the random summertime surprise like a *Legacy of Shame* or a *Class Photo,* short of a Gulf War, TV news would have us believe that you can't get anywhere except by ambulance. When networks interrupt their regularly scheduled entertainment programming, we are bullied into believing the bulletin is significant. There is no way for CNN to tell us that some news is more important than other news except by crisis packaging ("Countdown to Armageddon") because CNN is always there, anyway, watching anything that moves. Fox will never be a genuine network, no matter how many football games it televises, till it has a news division capable of deciding to interrupt the fun and games. The premium pay-cable channels dream on in a recycled movieland as if we didn't want to know about O. J. or Haiti, when the fact is that we don't know if we want to know unless somebody tells us that Bosnia matters more than whatever we were watching instead, that it's so important that somebody's willing to lose money on it. From the beginning, the business of television has been to profit from our distraction. And what happens in the real world only becomes television news when it is seen to be a gaudier distraction than the regularly scheduled distraction—like whirlybirds, bus bombs, body bags, or a hit of crack. ■

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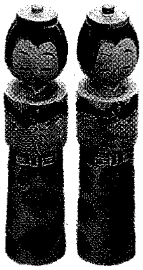
Just over the river, an abrupt plunge into the strange, tasty world of Japanese comfort food.

SASHIMI
$9.50

ON THE JERSEY SHORE OF THE HUDSON, IN THE *Blade Runner*–ish jumble of cliff-hugging seventies high-rises, partially sold eighties waterfront-condo communities, and turn-of-the-century blue-collar homes, one enters ponderous twentieth-century Japan at the **Yaohan Plaza** (595 River Road, Edgewater; [201] 941-9113). Yaohan is a mall that the Westerner experiences as a theme park: It's a triumphantly consumerist, Rolex-wearing, Landcruiser-driving Japanland.



Of particular interest to the average New Yorker is the Japanese interpretation of the classic food court, where homesick salarymen (and women) can buy every variety of Japanese comfort food. My guide, NHK Broadcasting reporter Megumi Sasaski, started us off at the Yagura barbecue stand, where kids were lined up for wafflelike sweets made on a hot iron and filled with bean paste. Sasaski abjured the dessert and ordered okonomiyak, a crêpe filled with cabbage, beef, and a fried egg—kind of an Egg McMuffin burrito. Yakisoba (fried noodles) with cabbage, squid, shrimp, and julienned carrot was fine on its own, less so with the Worcestershire-and-ketchup sauce that Megumi and her compatriots slathered on liberally. Takoyaki, bonbon-shaped dumplings filled with octopus, ginger, seaweed, and scallion, lived up to Negumi's high recommendation.

The Fuji House features take-out hot food: stuffed, rolled, and barbecued chicken; golden mackerel; barbecued squid and eel; and a selection of croquettes that drew Sasaski's attention. We tried three varieties. The corn-and-potato fritter was crispy and fun in a potato-latke or hush-puppy kind of way. The crab-and-potato was average, but the potato-and-green-pea rose above its unsexy ingredients on a wave of curry.

Customers lining up in front of plastic displays of Japanese food at Yaohan Plaza.

At most of the stalls, you simply pay and take your food to a central seating area. At the Surugaji Noodle House, however, you make your choice from a case filled with plastic replicas and pay at the counter, where you are given a large plastic card with a number on it. In a few minutes, a Korean or Central American waiter brings your food. Sasaski ordered soba (buckwheat noodles), which was served with a little bowl of sauce made from dried fish, soy, sake, and sugar. She would take a ball of noodles, dump them in the bowl, swish them around in the sauce, then eat them. I followed her example with my udon noodles, which were properly slithery. I loved the beef mini-curry, a smallish bowl of beef, carrots, and rice with great fukushizuke (hot-and-sweet radish pickle). At $2.50, it took the bargain award for the day. Megumi slaked her thirst with a can of oolong tea, and I went for the green tea, both with the almost Castilian brand name Sangaria.

After lunch, we left the main supermarket and crossed the parking lot to the elegant Minamoto Kitchoan, which offers wagashi, pricey and pretty sweets that are beautifully boxed and wrapped. Made in season from plums, cherry blossoms, herbs, and chestnuts, the wagashi are given as presents when one is invited for a formal tea.

We passed up the high-price items ($80 for a small box of confections) and settled for some more down-home pastries and a pot of green tea. The yomogi (85 cents), in the shape of a green leaf, was soft, even gummy, but delicious. I also very much liked the little balls of rice flour and sugar stuffed with bean paste and dusted with kinako, a nutty powder made from beans. They were sweet, filling, and—I was delighted to learn—fat-free.

Yaohan Plaza is open Sunday through Thursday, 9:30 A.M. to 8 P.M., Friday and Saturday till 9 P.M. Special shuttle buses leave from platform 51 at Port Authority hourly, beginning at 8:15 A.M. ($4 round-trip for grown-ups, $2 for children under 14). By car, get off at the first exit out of the Lincoln Tunnel (Weehawken). Take Boulevard East to 60th Street. Turn right on 60th Street to River Road. Continue on River Road 2.9 miles to Yaohan Plaza. M.C., V., and checks accepted.

WHEN HE LEFT HIS NATIVE SAIGON IN 1979, CHAU BUU Thanh had his two younger brothers in tow and not very much else. He has since put the brothers through college while building a number of successful businesses in Brooklyn and, more recently, in resurgent Saigon. His restaurant, **Thanh The** (140–148 Centre Street; 343-0092), is the newest in a number of Vietnamese restaurants on the western border of Chinatown.

The interior of Thanh The is large, high-ceilinged, and bright. Sprays of silk flowers ring the room. Abstract tinsel cutouts catch the glow of aquamarine neon tubes

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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framing the large windows with *Miami Vice* colors. A mural of the South China Sea coastline dominates the back wall. Syrupy international pop interpreted by a Vietnamese Shari Lewis soundalike plays nonstop on the overhead speakers.

We started with shrimp grilled tableside on a domed metal dish (kind of an inverted wok). The hot shrimp were wrapped in rice crêpes and rolled up with lettuce, mint, and white radish. Grilled pork served over vermicelli went well with a side dish of shrimp paste on a stalk of sugar cane. Think of celery filled with dip at a cocktail party.

My oldest daughter, Lucy, who is a fearless diner, joined me in trying a satisfying soup with the contrasting flavors of fresh-killed eel, tomato, hot pepper, and sweet pineapple. We were also intrigued by "Curry Mutton With French Roll." I haven't had mutton, an unjustly maligned meat, since the days when the old Gage & Tollner would show you your nice thick mutton chop before they grilled it. I thought this Vietnamese version would be some kind of egg roll or hand roll. But it was curried mutton and potatoes with a piece of French bread on the side to mop up the sauce. My wife and I drank *café filtre,* prepared at the table, then poured over ice in a long glass and served with sweetened condensed milk. Salty Vietnamese lemonade, not unlike Gatorade, was highly rated by the kids.

On another visit with two foodie friends, we began our meal with shrimp and scallions that we dipped in a cooked hoisin sauce topped with chopped peanuts. Next, we tried the pork with "tiny rice stick" (small vermicelli). I liked both dishes, but if the chef erred, it was on the side of sweetness. Of course, the best steaks I've ever had (in Argentina, natch) were covered with sugar and salt before being thrown on the fire. Still, to my taste, Asian cuisine could do with less sugar in broiled foods. We washed our meal down with two brands of Vietnamese beer. The first, Hue, was light and nondescript. We much preferred the 33 Export, which reminded us of the Czech Pilsener Urquell.

Next, we ordered a seafood hot pot with cuttlefish, shrimp, squid, fried tofu, and noodles, sweetened by taro and perfumed with lime leaf. It was exquisite. Nevertheless, we were hard-pressed to rate it above the chicken that Chau Buu Thanh proudly reported had been dispatched in Sunset Park just a few hours previously. It was cooked in a sauce of coconut milk and tamarind; no chicken ever gave up the ghost for a better cause.

Appetizers range from $2.50 to $4.25. There are many main courses in the $4-to-$7 range. Hot pots start at $14.95 and go up to $18.50. Thanh The is open Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturday and Sunday till 11 P.M. A.E., M.C., V. ■

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SALES & BARGAINS

Summer clearance: from a double-breasted Cerruti suit to a secondhand Nicole Miller chemise. Plus accoutrements for your little princess.

Black-and-White Sale

THE DESIGNER KALIMA HAS ABOUT 35 one-of-a-kind samples (in sizes 6 and 8; a few in 4 and 10) of eveningwear, daywear, and non-traditional wedding dresses for sale in her showroom at 50–60 percent off retail. A white silk-chiffon dress with English lace, chiffon straps, and charmeuse lining, size 8, retail $950, here $475; size 2/4 bronze-and-black English lace long gown, bias-cut with trumpet skirt and lined in silk chiffon, retail $2,900, here $1,160; size 6 black bias-cut gown, silk chiffon over silk faille over silk lining, retail $3,800, here $1,520; size 8 white silk-shantung column gown with detachable chiffon cape, retail $1,600, here $800. Alterations available. *Kalima World Collection, 135 W. 12th St., No. 1R (691-9520); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Sun. by appointment only; through 7/30.*

Cloche Call

THE ACCESSORY SHOP HAS ORIGINAL ONE-of-a-kind sample designs of custom-ordered women's organza, straw, cotton, and chiffon summer hats for sale; there's 40 percent off the samples themselves, and custom-made models are on sale, too, including a two-tone boater with pink plaid brim, or peach or beige twenties cloche, usually $130 each, here $91, $78 for the sample; linen straw with a silk print crown, usually $120, here $84, $72 for the sample; sewn straw, usually $150, here $105, $90 for the sample. *The Accessory Shop, 2 E. 22nd St. (254-3511); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., through 7/24.*

Second to None

THIS WOMEN'S RESALE SHOP IS HAVING A sale on one-of-a-kind spring and summer used designer merchandise in sizes 2–14; all blouses, sweaters, skirts, and pants are now $10: Tahari black size 4 linen-rayon pants, were $39 here; Ralph Lauren floral chiffon blouse, size 4, was $45 here. All jackets and blazers are now $20, such as size S Anne Klein II cotton-rayon one-button cardigan jacket, was $45 here. All dresses are $30, including Nicole Miller size 10 printed rayon chemise, was $49 here; new lime-green mini-dress by Mondi in size 8, was $59 here. All suits are $35, including Ungaro navy silk two-piece printed with bright flowers, was $99 here. *A Second Chance, 1133 Lexington Ave., near 78th St., second floor (744-6041); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Fairy Tales

THIS SHOWROOM HAS PRETTY DRESS-UP things for your little girl, whether she's a ballerina, a fairy princess, or a member of the wedding. Silver fairy wands with ribbon streamers, glitter, and tulle, retail $12–$14, here $6–$7; in sizes 2–8, elastic-waist sparkle-netting tulle tutus with matching ponytail holders, retail $20, here $10. There's a large variety of tutus to fit 6- to 12-year-olds, retail $50, here $25; matching accessories include wands, bracelets, and headbands, retail $12–$14, here $6–$7. *The Pamela Company, 150 W. 28th St., Room 1004 (255-8233); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 7/27.*

All Things Considered

THIS UPSTAIRS GALLERY HAS OLD, NEW, AND antique objects from Japan. Everything is at least 20 percent off; a selection of porcelains, textiles, prints, and lacquerware is 50 percent off. Original nineteenth- and twentieth-century woodblock framed or unframed prints by master artists, were $40–$3,500, now $32–$2,800; cotton yukata robes and silk kimonos and jackets, were $65–$300, now $52–$240; old Japanese netsuke carvings of ivory or wood, were $200–$650, now $160–$500; lacquer boxes, bowls, and trays, were $25–$250, now $20–$200; scroll paintings and screens, were $150–$2,500, now $120–$2,000; masks of carved wood, lacquer, or papier-mâché, were $110–$450, now $88–$360; porcelains and pottery, including old Imari, Kutani, Oribe, and contemporary pottery, were $20–$750, now $16–$600. *Things Japanese, 127 E. 60th St., second floor (371-4661); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m., Tues. till 6 p.m.; through 9/16.*

For Men of Import

MUCH OF THE SELECTION AT THIS MADISON Avenue men's boutique is imported from Italy, including famous-designer suits in men's sizes 36S–52L. The store's usually below-retail prices will be cut even further for spring and year-round clothing: Italian wool single- and double-breasted year-round suits by Ermenegildo Zegna, Loro Piana, and Cerruti 1881, retail $825–$950, now $395; in Tasmanian extra-fine wools, the suits are $495; Valentino Uomo suits, were $900, now $595; sport jackets, were $595, now $395; wool sport jackets by Zegna, Cerruti, and Loro Piana, sizes 38–48, were $550, now $295; tropical-weight trousers in waist sizes 30–42, were $130, now $85; cotton dress shirts by Vittorio Lorini in sizes 15–18½, were $65, now $45. *Riflessi, 260 Madison Ave., near 39th St. (679-4875); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 8/1.*

Purple Reign

DESIGNER MARIA SNYDER CREATES UNIQUE clothes, of which no two are quite alike. Many pieces are hand-painted or hand-decorated. Now the samples are on sale, most in size 6, some in 8, some in stretch fabrics. For example: hand-painted leather bolero, retail $402, here $200; long leather coat in black, blue, and purple, with bright printed lining, retail $2,502, here $1,250; screened red silk-chiffon long dress, retail $552, here $275; red jersey sheath, retail $422, here $210; hand-painted full-leg pants in pink, red, or yellow, retail $1,206, here $652; long purple velvet coat, retail $1,252, here $625. *Maria Snyder, 40 E. 78th St. (274-9578); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; everything sold as is; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. noon–5 p.m.; through 7/29.* ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Yo

The Next Big Retro Thing

A beloved seventies pop-culture relic, the Schoolhouse Rock PSA series, is the subject of a multimedia revival (page 78).

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movies

Keanu Goes for *A Walk*...Naughty *Kid*

Festival

Pacific Brim

As of now, Asian cinema is too ubiquitous to be termed "trendy" anymore. The New York Film Festival's opening-night slot is reserved for Zhang Yimou's *Shanghai Triad;* the latest of the wildly successful Hong Kong film festivals at Cinema Village 12th Street will run August 11 through September 7; and the eighteenth annual begins this week with its most diverse slate of movies yet, including the beautiful *May Jean* (pictured above). See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.

New Films

An Awfully Big Adventure—Set in 1950s Liverpool, this is the story of a young girl who, eager to escape her dreary home life, gets involved with her local theater company. And then her life begins: She falls for an older man, learns some life lessons, and teaches her elders a thing or two. With Hugh Grant as a smarmy, self-indulgent director and Georgina Cates as the young Stella. Directed by Mike Newell (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**Apollo 13**—As three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon, technicians tread on their shoulders, jamming the men into place. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in *Apollo 13.* Just like ancient explorers ravaged by weather and fatigue, the astronauts on this 1970 moon shot are forced to withstand bizarre physical humiliations. And they were right. *Apollo 13* follows the three astronauts through preparation, launch, the amazing weightless hours on the way to the moon, and then the accidents and the bumpy, cold, and terrifying ride home. Contained and realistic as it is, the movie nevertheless works up terrific excitement. The movie is very straight, very square stuff, but stirring and satisfying. With Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, Tom Paxton, Ed Harris, and Gary Sinise. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Bandit Queen—The true story of Phoolan Devi, an Indian outlaw who massacred 30 upper-caste men, evaded capture for five years, and then surrendered on her own terms in front of a crowd of thousands who cheered her on. Held in prison for eleven years without a trial, Devi has recently been released and is considered a political force. Though it deals with the roles of women in India and the outdatedness of its caste system, *Bandit Queen* is primarily an action adventure movie. Directed by Shekhar Kapur. In Hindi. (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Batman Forever—With *Batman Forever,* the process of transforming moviemaking into merchandising reaches its apotheosis. The picture is not only kid stuff in the worst sense of the phrase—jangled, repetitive, obvious, and emotionally empty—but quite intentionally all these things. Whatever one's misgivings about Tim Burton's work in *Batman* and *Batman Returns,* it had spirit and style, a mordant theatricality. The new director, Joel Schumacher (*The Client*), provides as many kicks as Burton, but without poetry or even continuity. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Plaza .*

★**Belle de Jour**—Simply and beautifully shot by a director who clears out the muck and clutter of conventional filmmaking. Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot or chooses an unnecessary angle; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion; he avoids music altogether, except for the rapid, rhythmic ringing of bells, the maddening bells attached to that horse-drawn carriage that appears again and again in the erotic daydreams of the beautiful Séverine (Catherine Deneuve). Where is the carriage going? It is the vehicle of Séverine's desire. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of this Parisian haute bourgeoise who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband (Jean Sorel) but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Her face a blank, Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello, where she makes herself available, after many hesitations, to a variety of extremely strange men. Séverine is there from only two to five in the afternoon; hence her name, Belle de Jour. Enacted onscreen, the content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. It's less a psychological exploration or erotic turn-on than a triumph of surrealist mischief-making. (Denby; 7/17/95) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Braveheart—Stirring in a workmanlike, square-jawed way. Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace (Gibson), who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings, intending to live in peace. But he's provoked: Scotland has no king, and the English nobility and their hirelings are sullying Scottish womanhood. William falls in love with a village girl, Murron (Catherine McCormack), who soon gets her throat cut, and all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work. But there's no point to *Braveheart,* however, unless you're a hacking-and-hewing aficionado. At the end, we have to sit through an interminable scene in which the hero, captured by the English, is choked, racked, and disemboweled. Gibson puts us in the peculiar position of longing for him to die. *Braveheart* overstays its welcome. It's an epic looking not only for a point but an exit line. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; National Twin; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Bridges of Madison County**—Too solemn by half—but it's not bad. Clint Eastwood, who direct-

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

ed the movie and starred in it with Meryl Streep, has displayed considerable literary taste—he's jettisoned most of Robert James Waller's prose—as well as gallantry and sense. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Eastwood plays him modestly, too, receding into the movie as far as he can while shifting the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest—and then had the extraordinary good luck to get herself played by Meryl Streep. This is her most sensually appealing role—the years and the extra pounds have given her an irresistible strength. (Denby; 6/12/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—An extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, director Nikita Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov) lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Casper—Bill Pullman is a psychic shrink who specializes in helping restless spirits find closure so they can move on to the next world. Christina Ricci is his lonely daughter who thinks he's gone off the deep end…until they move into a haunted mansion and she becomes friends with the eager-to-please Casper. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *59th Street East.*

Clueless—Writer-director Amy Heckerling brought the teen genre to its apex in the early eighties with *Fast Times at Ridgemont High.* Nearly 15 years later, she returns to the world of loopy-but-well-intentioned kids who just want to be understood. This time, the setting is Beverly Hills, and the protagonist is the super-rich and adored Cher (MTV babe Alicia Silverstone), who prefers to concentrate on her friends' lives rather than her own. If this has half the sweet spirit and biting humor of *Fast Times,* it should be worth checking out. (97 mins,; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Congo—Angry gorillas quietly guard a lost city of unsurpassed wealth in the deepest part of Africa. Which is fine, until a multinational corporation decides to send in a team searching for diamonds of unmatched clarity that ends up being treated like so many bananas. That would be fine, too, except they send in *another* team. Directed by Frank Marshall. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin.*

The Crude Oasis—A Kansas housewife trapped in a stultifying marriage has a recurring dream about a malevolent stranger. When she sees the man from her dreams at a local gas station, the woman becomes obsessed and follows him at night to a strange bar called the Crude Oasis. Then things get really strange. Written and directed by Alex Graves. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Die Hard With a Vengeance—A mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin.*

Join The Crew!

Boston⊃New York AIDS Ride will be the first event of its kind ever undertaken in the fight against AIDS east of the Mississippi. In September 1995, 1,600 people from New York will travel to Boston, where they will be joined by 1,600 Bostonians. Together, they will travel by bicycle over three spectacular days all the way to New York City for an exciting closing ceremony in Greenwich Village.

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If you or a friend would like more info about this incredible event, join us for one of our upcoming Crew Orientation Meetings. They're a great way to learn about The Ride and its beneficiaries, and how you can be part of The Adventure Of A Lifetime.

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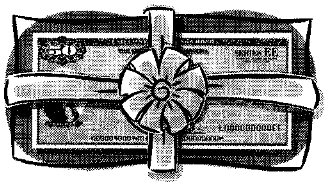

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First Knight—There's nothing startling in *First Knight,* another clanging-sword epic, but the picture, directed by Jerry Zucker (*Ghost*) and shot in Wales, is handsome and satisfyingly romantic, with a strong traditional production designed by the great John Box. Richard Gere is perhaps too self-conscious to play a devil-may-care Lancelot modeled on Errol Flynn, but he's a lot less smarmy than he used to be, and his scenes with the Guinevere of Julia Ormond, a major actress in the making, actually generate some heat. *First Knight,* which also stars Sean Connery as an aging, noble King Arthur and Ben Cross as a black-eyed villain, has a pleasantly solid, old-Hollywood feeling to it. (Denby; 7/17/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home—Yes, Willy was freed in the first movie. But alas, the bungling whale has endangered himself again and his trusty young friend must save Willy. Here's hoping he gets it right this time. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG). *Village Theatre VII; 19th St. East; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

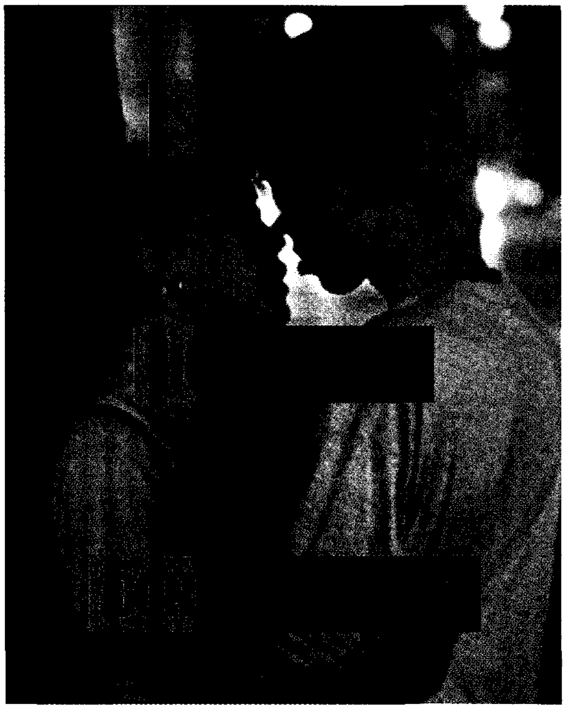
Grosse Fatigue—French comic Michel Blanc (who was so good in *Monsuier Hire*) wrote, directed, and stars as himself in this clever black comedyabout being a movie star. Peopled with other stars like Carole Bouquet, Phillipe Noiret, and Roman Polanski playing themselves (or, rather, our image of how they are), it shows Blanc's life spinning out of control as he seemingly behaves more and more crassly in public while denying such actions to his friends. The truth sends the story off into an absurdist romp that builds to a satisfyingly comic climax—only to continue on, making some rather dour and serious comments about the French film industry and celebrityhood. Quite amusing and worthwhile, if only because it explains once and for all how Gérard Depardieu makes so many damn movies. In French. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; 68th Street Playhouse.*

The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love—A charming debut from writer-director Maria Maggenti that ventures into the world of teenagers brandishing humor, insight, and a copy of *Rubyfruit Jungle.* Randy (Laurel Hollomon) is fooling around with a married woman when she falls desperately in love (which is the *only* way teens fall in love) with Evie (Nicole Parker), a beautiful, wealthy black girl at her school who seems to have everything. Happily, Evie falls desperately in love with Randy, and the two of them spend the rest of the movie dealing with confused friends, angry parents, and basically having a wonderful time. With fine performances and a rock-solid script, this isn't even remotely cheeky or edgy—which makes it all the more deliciously subversive. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R). *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Indian in the Cupboard—The well-regarded children's book is given a faithful, clever adaptation in this movie about a boy who receives a seemingly nondescript cupboard and a plastic Indian for his birthday. When he stores the Indian in it overnight, the boy wakes up to find the toy has sprung to life. (The Indian was apparently plucked away from a normal life hundreds of years ago and thinks the boy is a Great Spirit.) Smart enough to keep adults engaged, the movie maintains a rather serious tone (the toys can suffer and die) as the boy learns about responsibilty and respecting others. Like the old Disney films, the parents and other siblings are bland and forgettable. But the lead—Hal Scardino—is an enjoyably gawky kid instead of the usual tiresomely cute child actor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Judge Dredd—Stallone keeps action adventure on the front burner with this adaptation of the comic-book series about a world in decay where the Judges serve as policemen, jury, and executioner all rolled into one. Stallone battles corruption among the Judges in Mega-City One, armed with a ton of explosives and Schwarzenegger-like one-liners. With Armand Assante, Diane Lane, and Max Von Sydow. Directed by Danny Cannon. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Kids—Undoubtedly, the backlash against *Kids* will swing a little too far in the opposite direction, completely dismissing this flick about teenagers who talk incessantly about sex and drugs during the very few moments when they're not actually engaging in the one or inhaling the other. True, Larry Clark's directorial debut is dramatically unsatisfying, with one-dimensional characters who don't reveal themselves to us or remain a mystery in any interesting ways. They're young, they have sex, they take drugs, and that's about it for plot or character development. Jennie, the only person who actually faces an emotional moment, is played awkwardly in the crucial scenes by Chloe Sevigny. Otherwise, when she's called to be blank-faced and inexpressive like everyone else, Sevigny is fine. Despite all this, the movie worth seeing for some of its elements: Screenwriter Harmony Korine has captured urban-teen slang and its mix of words from every imaginable source—African-American and Latino languages, pop culture, and of course expletives—with convincing accuracy. And Clark creates a believabe semi-documentary feel, letting the audience feel as if it's eavesdropping on unscripted conversations they would never hear otherwise. Unfortunately, it's not in service of a story. All *Kids* has to offer is a milieu, the world of bad kids gone worse. And we've seen it before. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*



Opening **Miramax delights in classic Hollywood oversell, teasing audiences with one eyebrow-raising hard sell after another, whether said movie merits that kind of attention or not. Its latest release, *Kids,* is going out July 21 under a newly formed company—Excalibur—because Disney won't release NC-17 films. It's also going out unrated, and if the general public is as shocked as Disney was, the Weinstein brothers will have succeeded again.**

Little Odessa—Writer-director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian-émigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance that's quite different from her turn in *Howards End* but just as memorable. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. Even better than last year's *The Secret Garden.* Directed marvelously by Alfonso Cuaron. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Manhattan Twin.*

Living in Oblivion—Tom DiCillo—who wrote and directed the genuinely offbeat *Johnny Suede*—covers much more familiar territory in this comedy about the travails of independent filmmaking. Big egos and little talent are rampant as a harried director (Steve Buscemi) juggles a vain male star, a moody female lead, and the million littles crises that pop up during shooting. An early sequence in which the crew tries again and again to film one particular scene builds quite well to an effective climax. Perhaps this was the basis for the short film DiCillo was shooting but decided to expand into a feature length film. Regardless, the rest of the movie has no real point, trafficking in stock situations such as on-set romances and self-important craftspeople without offering anything new. With Dermot Mulroney and James Le Gros. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Love and Human Remains—David (Thomas Gibson of *Barcelona*) is a former child actor who insists he doesn't even *believe* in love, much less want some, and yet finds himself drawn to a ridiculously young busboy at the restaurant where he works. He lives with his former lover Candy (Ruth Marshall)—who wants to believe in love but can't decide if she wants it with a man or woman—and is best friends with the very good-looking but very unhappy Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), who spends every waking moment picking up and dumping women. All three are stalked in one form or another by a serial killer. And despite all of this, it's utterly without interest. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers—The TV show with a bigger budget, but not a bigger brain. Disappointing, even for the kiddies. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG) *Movieland 8th St.; 23rd St. West Triplex; Murray Hill Cinemas; National; 1st & 62nd St. Cinemas; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro; New Coliseum.*

My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud—Tortured poet Antonin Artaud befriends a young artist in late forties Paris. The young poet does everything right—he has a mistress, he smokes incessantly, he speaks forlornly about the dreariness of life—but he can't write. Still, he's useful to Artaud as a drug supplier, occasionally teasing his young protegé with pleasing comments about the kid's work. With Sami Frey. Directed by Gérard Mordillat. In French. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Mystery of Rampo—A Japanese film that blends fact and fiction to describe celebrated author Edogawa Rampo's excursion into reality when he reads about someone being murdered just like a character in one of his books and decides to investigate...only to find himself drawn in by the victim's mysterious widow. Directed by Kazuyoshi Okuyama. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Nine Months—Yes, yes, we've heard all the Hugh Grant jokes. But this romantic comedy about a man whose perfectly balanced life is thrown into whack by a pregnancy serves as a significant step for many other people as well. Tom Arnold looks to repeat his probably freakish success in *True Lies* with another boorish sidekick part. (Arnold better invest wisely. How many times can he play the Jim Belushi role?) Julianne Moore continues to solidify her rising bankability from clout-enhancing turns in *Short Cuts, Vanya on 42nd St.,* and *Safe.* (She will.) Joan Cusack is denied another chance to show her talent beyond kooky shenanigans. (Maybe TV will give her a proper chance to shine.) And writer/director Chris Columbus hopes to helm his very own blockbuster—without the help of John Hughes or Steven Spielberg or Robin Williams or anyone. Okay, but did you hear the one where the prostitute tells Grant…? (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 68th Street Playhouse; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway.*

Party Girl—A Holly Golightly for the nineties is how they're presenting Parker Posey's character in this comedy from co-writer and director Daisy von Scherler Mayer. Posey plays a downtown club girl torn between life on the party circuit and the allure of a career as a librarian. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Pocahontas—Disney's latest animated film is at once more and less successful than its last few efforts. As a movie for very small children, *Pocahontas* won't prove as useful to parents—it's slow going for little kiddies looking to be entertained with a slapstick moment or mind-blowing musical number every ten minutes. But that's exactly what makes it work for older kids and adults. The story is Disney's most sophisticated yet, including a realistic (read "sad") ending, songs that move the action forward better than Elton John's interchangeable numbers for *The Lion King*, and a striking color palette. Even the comic relief sidekicks (two animals that don't talk) are presented in a believable, low-key manner. A lot of bold chances were taken here, and they all pay off: This is the most satisfying offering since *Beauty and the Beast*. Just as importantly, Disney has opened up the creative possibilities for the movies to come. And anyone who dismisses *Pocahontas* because it only makes $150 million domestically (far less than *The Lion King*) is simply ignorant of how the business works. (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas.*

Postcards from America—A fractured screenplay offers the life of a young gay man in flashback: We skip back and forth between highly stylized glimpses of his childhood under an abusive father, his teen years as a hustler and small-time hood, and the present, where he has AIDS and wanders the open desert. *Citizen Kane* it ain't, nor even a satisfying film for gay audiences. Written and directed by Steve McClean, it's loosely based on the writings of David Wojnarowicz, which are presumably the source of the movie's groaningly bad narration and clunky dialogue. With James Lyons, Michael Tighe, and Michael Imperioli. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Postman—A mildly diverting tale about an uneducated postman (Massimo Troisi) who befriends an internationally renowned Chilean poet sent into exile to his tiny island off the southern coast of Italy. When the postman falls in love with the most beautiful woman in town, the poet takes part—reluctantly at first—in the battle of words to win her heart. Rather charming for a while, but marred by a sentimental, almost pathetic denouement that bludgeons the viewer with the emotions it was quietly building to all along. In Italian. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Safe—Writer-director Todd Haynes's follow-up to his ambitious but uneven *Poison* is a solid, low-key drama about a woman (Julianne Moore) suffering from an unexplained illness that her doctor attributes to "nerves." But her attacks grow worse and worse, leading her to seek out help anywhere she can—specifically a fringe group that tells her she suffers from "environmental illness." She travels to an isolated camp for treatment, a place where people walk around with oxygen tanks and sometimes sleep in specially ventilated, porcelain-lined "safe" rooms. Though not strictly a satire (and there certainly aren't any villains, here), Haynes quietly shows his skepticism for the group's methods without belittling the needs of the people who seek it out—clearly a parallel to the AIDS crisis and the many snake oil approaches to fighting it that have sprung up. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Sister My Sister—Based on a true story, this drama tells of two sisters (Joely Richardson and Jodhi May) who serve as maids to a tyrannical woman (Julie Walters) obsessed with decorum. They're given only a few brief moments of rest a day and grow closer and closer together in the most intimate of ways. Madame Danzard realizes she is losing control over them but her every effort to make them behave only pushes the girls towards each other. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

★**Smoke**—Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), it's a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 a.m. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. There's a sweet-natured allure to all this tentativeness—the initial lack of obvious dramatic point, in its very oddity, captures our interest (the melodies are familiar but combined in new ways). With Stockard Channing. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

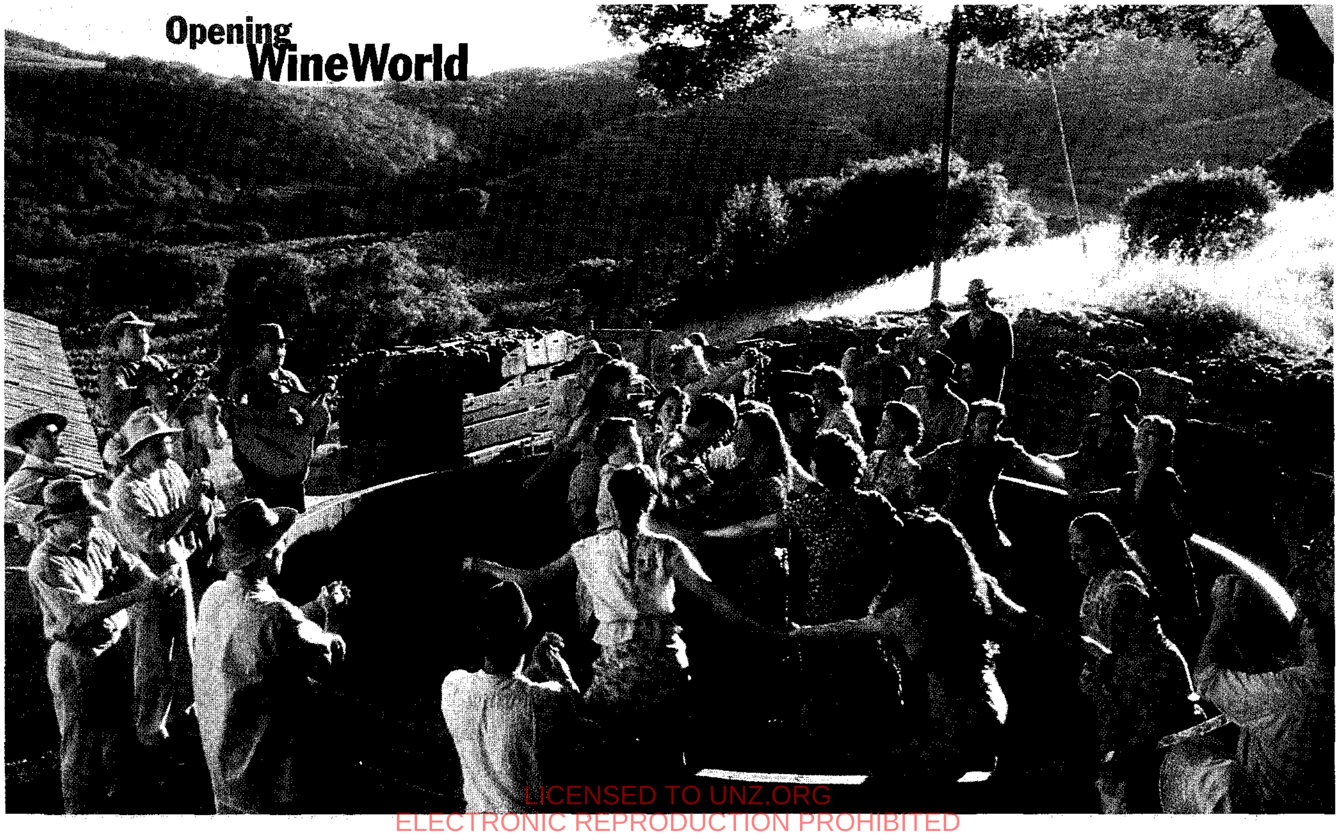
Species—A sci-fi-horror movie with disgustingly damp, tentacled creatures right out of *Alien*, but it has its moments of amusement. When the replicant, or whatever it is, wants to mate, it takes the form of a tall blonde beauty (model Natasha Henstridge) and heads for Los Angeles, where its habit of suddenly removing its clothes does not strike the predatory local males as anything unusual. Too bad for them. *Species* is sort of sleazy-sexy: Everyone in it, including most of a very strange team of scientists, is ready to rock. If you walk out before the long chase in the sewer at the end, you might have a fairly good time. (Denby; 7/17/95) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Nova.*

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory—Steven Seagal. Action. If you're thinking of seeing it, you already know everything you need to know. With Eric Bogosian. (2 hrs. ; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Wild Reeds—A well-done French drama about a teenager in boarding school who finds himself drawn both to a charming peasant boy and a militant right-winger Henri,

'A Walk in the Clouds,' an old fashioned romance set in California's wine country, has flirted with release for months now and been trimmed again and again. But it's no 'WaterWorld.' Director Alfonso Arau went through a similar process with the overpraised but highly successful 'Like Water for Chocolate.' 'Clouds' opens August 11, but look for sneak previews in the coming weeks.

Opening WineWorld



who is worked up about the Algerian War. Unfortunately, both of them are attracted to the boy's beautiful best friend. Cowritten and directed by André Téchiné. At last year's New York Film Festival. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Two Girls in Love; Living in Oblivion; Party Girl; The Postman; Safe; Smoke.* Opening 7/21: *An Awfully Big Adventure; Kids.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nine Months.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Sister My Sister.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Opening 7/19: *My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud; Carmen Miranda: Bananas Is My Business.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Power Rangers; The Glass Shield; The Indian in the Cupboard; Pulp Fiction.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Grosse Fatigue; Little Odessa; Love and Human Remains; Wild Reeds.* Opening 7/21: *Postcards From America.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Englishman; Bandit Queen; Crimson Tide; The Mystery of Rampo; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Batman Forever; Braveheart; Bridges; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.* Opening 7/19: *Free Willy 2.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Apollo 13.* Opening 7/19: *Clueless.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; Pocahontas.* Opening 7/19: *Free Willy 2; Clueless.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Bridges; Die Hard 3; Judge Dredd; Power Rangers.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *First Knight.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Species.* Opening 7/19: *Clueless.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Apollo 13; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Power Rangers; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Casper; Forget Paris.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Devi.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Species.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Under Seige 2: Dark Territory.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Two Girls in Love; Love and Human Remains.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Englishman.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Crude Oasis; Pocahontas; The Postman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Batman Forever; Die Hard 3; First Knight; Nine Months; Under Siege 2.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Nine Months.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) Opening 7/21: *An Awfully Big Adventure; Little Odessa.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Judge Dredd.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Congo; The Indian in the Cupboard.* Opening 7/19: *Clueless; Crimson Tide.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Pocahontas.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Congo; Die Hard 3; A Little Princess.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Species; Under Siege 2.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Power Rangers; Braveheart.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *While You Were Sleeping.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Smoke; Judge Dredd.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Don Juan DeMarco; French Kiss; Losing Isaiah; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; Once Were Warriors.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Nine Months; Grosse Fatigue.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Apollo 13; Nine Months.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pocahontas; Judge Dredd.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *First Knight.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Species.* Opening 7/19: *Clueless.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Batman Forever; Crimson Tide.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; The Indian in the Cupboard.* Opening 7/19: *Free Willy 2.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Bridges; First Knight; Species; Under Siege 2.* Opening 7/19: *Free Willy 2; Clueless.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Bridges.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Nine Months.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Judge Dredd; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Bandit Queen; The Big City; Burnt by the Sun; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke.* Opening 7/21: *Kids.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Braveheart; Bridges; Crimson Tide; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Pocahontas.* Opening 7/19: *Free Willy 2; Clueless.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Batman Forever.* Opening 7/19: *Clueless; Power Rangers.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Power Rangers; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Under Siege 2; Species.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *First Knight; Pocahontas.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard 3; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Power Rangers; Bridges; Nine Months.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; Die Hard 3; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Bridges; Die Hard 3; First Knight; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Apollo 13; Nine Months.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Smoke.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Batman Forever; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Power Rangers; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Nine Months; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Power Rangers; Congo; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Apollo 13; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St.

In Print

Write on the Money

Hollywood will have to find a new bottom feeder: Screenwriters, the perennial punching bag of the movie industry, are gaining respect and, more importantly, big bucks. The signs are everywhere. Joe Eszterhas (*Basic Instinct, Showgirls*) commands serious cash just for one-page treatments. Quentin Tarantino receives more attention for his fast pop-cultural references and snappy dialogue than for any fancy camera moves. Bookstores are filled with more and more screenplays every week (most recently, Paul Auster's *Smoke* and the yet-to-be-released *Blue in the Face*). And *Scenario,* which has proclaimed itself "the magazine of screenwriting art," has just published its second issue. For $20, readers get a very collectible, large-format magazine with four screenplays—usually of two recent releases, such as *Four Weddings and a Funeral;* a classic, such as *Five Easy Pieces;* and one unproduced work by a well-known writer—as well as interviews. Call 1-800-222-2654 for more information.

Michael Giltz

Winter 1995
$20
Scenario
The Magazine of Screenwriting Art
In This Issue: Complete Screenplays of
FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL
THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS
NASHVILLE
BERNARD AND HUEY

(232-4000) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; Nine Months.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Power Rangers; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Species; Under Siege 2.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Power Rangers; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Batman Forever; Bridges; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Pocahontas.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Indian in the Cupboard; Pocahontas.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apollo 13; Bridges; Smoke.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Judge Dredd; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Congo; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *First Knight; Nine Months.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Congo; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Under Siege 2.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bridges; Nine Months.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Die Hard 3; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Crimson Tide; Burnt by the Sun.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Batman Forever; Under Siege 2.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Power Rangers; Congo; Die Hard 3; Judge Dredd; Under Siege 2.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apollo 13; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Braveheart.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Power Rangers; Under Seige 2: Dark Territory; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bridges; Pocahontas; Species.* Opening 7/19: *Clueless.* Opening 7/21: *Free Willy 2.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2.*

Opening

French Connection

A young poet desperate for attention in late forties France scurries after fame in *My Life and Times With Antonin Artaud* (opening July 19 at Film Forum). A famous author suffers his company not because the boy displays any promise as a writer but because he is a gifted procurer of drugs. Directed by Gérard Mordillat.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two new IMAX films: *Destiny in Space,* narrated by Leonard Nimoy, and *Titanica,* about the exploration and excavation of the shipwreck. The films are shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. nights. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 7/30: "Orson Welles." *Othello* (1952), *A Tribute to Orson Welles: Return to Glennascaul* (1951/1992), *Filming Othello* (1977). 7/23 *The Third Man* (1949), *Mr. Arkadin (Confidential Report)* (1955). Through 8/4 "Laurel & Hardy." 7/18–7/21: *Blotto* (1930) and *Helpmates* (1931). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Asian American Film Festival—7/21–7/30 The 18th Annual Asian American Film Festival, with features and shorts from Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Taiwan and India. Opening night gala reception includes buffet, a meet-the-filmmakers cocktail hour, and a screening of an excerpt from the Oscar-winning documentary *Maya Lin: A Strong Clear Vision* (1994) and *Picture Bride* (1994); $40. 7/21: *He's a Woman, She's a Man* (1994). 7/22: *Osaka Story—A Documentary, Double Happiness* (1995), and *Kappa,* plus a series of five short films directed by women and various other shorts. 7/23: *Bollywood* (1994), *Rice People* (1994), and "Indian Tales," a series of shorts from the Indian diaspora. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (925-8685). $40 for a festival pass or $7.50 per show.

Film Forum—Through 8/10: "Blaxploitation, Baby!" 7/17: *The Legend of Nigger Charley* (1972) and *Thomasine & Bushrod* (1974). 7/18 and 7/19: *Black Eye* (1974) and *Black Gunn* (1972). 7/20: *Uptown Saturday Night* (1974) and *Cotton Comes to Harlem* (1970). 7/21–7/24: *Cleopatra Jones* (1973) and *Coffy* (1973). 7/25: *Cooley High* (1975) and *Cornbread, Earl and Me* (1975). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/10, French Comedies. 7/17 and 7/18: *The Red Inn* (1951) and *Four Bags Full* (1956). 7/19 and 7/20: *The Mad Adventures of Rabbi Jacob* (1973) and *Life is a Long Quiet River* (1988) with *Bête de Scène* (1994). 7/21 and 7/22: *Pearls of the Crown* (1937) and *The Sheep Has Five Legs* (1954). 7/23 and 7/24: *Les Bronzés* (1978) and *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* (1953). "Movies for Kids." 7/22 and 7/23: *The Little Prince* (1974). "Independents Night!" 7/20: Neil Abramson's *Without Air* (1994). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level.(875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/20: *Tendre Poulet* (1977). (See also Asian American Film Festival.) Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Jewish Museum—7/11 at 6:30: A screening of two shorts. Constance Marks's *Let's Fall in Love: A Singles' Weekend at the Concord Hotel* (1993) and Jonathan Berman's *The Shvitz* (1993). 1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—7/18–7/21: "Oui Comedie: Comedy is Culture Too," an overview of French comedies from the seventies to the present. 7/18–7/20: Michel Blanc's *Marche à L'ombre* (1984) and Patrick Shulmann's black comedy *Et la Tendresse? . . . Bordel!* (1978). 7/21: Gérard Depardieu is a crafty criminal in *Inspecteur la Bavure* (1980). 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—Through 8/20: "Film al Fresco," a series of outdoor screenings, with live music and menu from Le Madri keyed to the film. This summer's movies revolve around, unsurprisingly, food. 7/23: *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife, & Her Lover* (1989). (Better eat quickly if you want to dine during that one.) 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 gains admission to movie and live music with no minimum on food or drink required.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/3: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." An exceptionally wide-ranging look (including more than one hundred films, plus screen tests and other marginalia) at works that jumped from stage to screen. 7/17: *His Girl Friday* (1940), *My Sister Eileen* (1942), and *Craig's Wife* (1936). 7/18 and 7/22: *The Little Foxes* (1941). 7/18: *Old Acquaintance* (1943) and *Jezebel* (1938). 7/20 and 7/23: *The Miracle Woman* (1931). 7/20: *The Fugitive Kind* (1960) and *Susan and God* (1940). 7/21 and 7/23: *The Royal Family of Broadway* (1930). 7/21: *The Greeks Had a Word for Them* (1932) and *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1942). 7/22: *Separate Tables* (1958). 7/23: *Counsellor-at-Law* (1933) and *Dinner at Eight* (1933). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 8/13: "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Part of a museum-wide look at Hopper's profound influence on movies, painting, photography, and other disciplines. 7/19–7/22: *You Only Live Once* (1937) and *High Sierra* (1941). 7/23 and 7/26–28: *Little Caesar* (1930) and *Dodsworth* (1936). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

theater

Pet Show...Dating...Coed, Naked

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Broadway

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller, starring Jerry Lewis as the Prince of Darkness, midlife-crisis division. $15–$67.50. Through 8/6. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. From 6/20: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Beginning this week, teen heartthrob Jon Secada as takes over as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as

Happening
Let's Put on a *Show*!

They've rarely enabled their members to pay the rent, but New York's artist-driven theater companies—Eugene O'Neill's Provincetown Players, Orson Welles's Mercury, the Group, the Phoenix—share a proud history of having advanced the art of the stage in ways the commercial producers of their times would never have considered. The latest name on that list is a group of more than 30 of the town's hottest actors (Sarah Jessica Parker, Peter Gallagher, Cynthia Nixon), directors, designers, and playwrights (Stephen Flaherty, Nicky Silver) who recently banded together to develop new work. The group's first full production, an evening of original one-acts, is scheduled for mid-September: in the meantime, you can check it out at a one-night-only staged reading of Silver's February hit *Raised in Captivity* at the Roundabout Theatre (1530 Broadway, at 45th Street) on July 24 at 8. Tickets for the benefit performance are available at prices ranging from $35 to $100. For reservations, call 629-3014.

Photograph by T. L. Boston.

sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bitter-sweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, is the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama (winner of the 1995 Tony Award for Best Play) about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

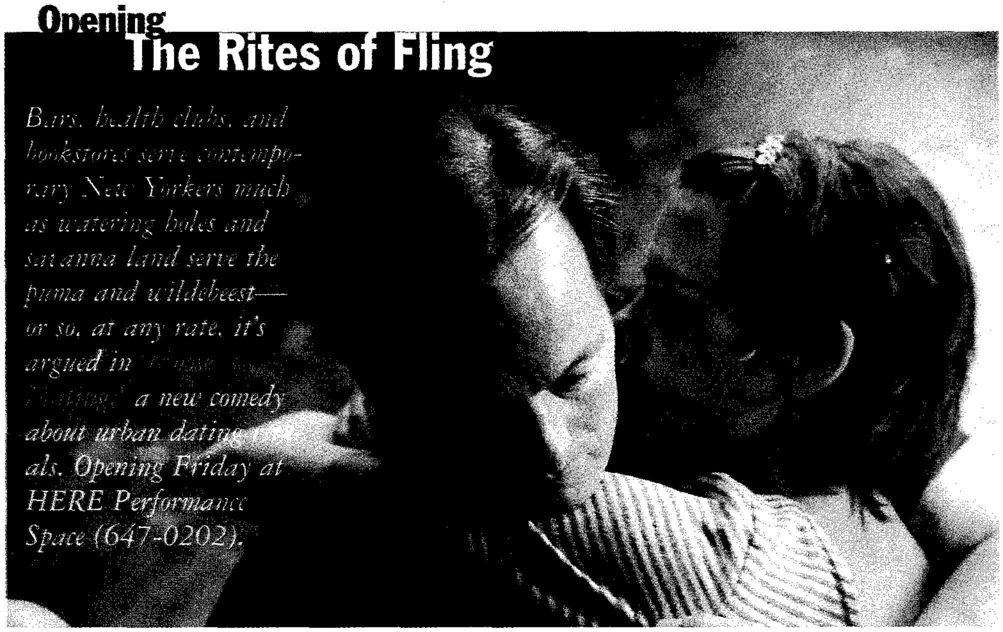
Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Play's the Thing—Life, as every theatergoer knows, is a play—at least, that is, if you live in a castle on the Italian Riviera, the setting for the Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar's lighthearted 1926 comedy about a dramatist who contrives a theatrical performance to reconcile two estranged lovers. Translated by The Master, P. G. Wodehouse. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Opening
The Rites of Fling



Bars, health clubs, and bookstores serve contemporary New Yorkers much as watering holes and savanna land serve the puma and wildebeest—or so, at any rate, it's argued in [illegible], a new comedy about urban dating [illegible]als. Opening Friday at HERE Performance Space (647-0202).

Photograph by John Sommers.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) Betty Buckley stars as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bonhoeffer 1945—Executed by the Nazis in 1945 for his role in a plot to assassinate Hitler, German writer and theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer became known after the war as the prototype of the modern Christian martyr. D. Paul Thomas and Nicholas Hormann reenact his ordeal in Mr. Thomas's new play. $20 in previews, $25–$27.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 7/19. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. above the Promenade (279-4200).*

Pets—$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Begins performances 7/19 for a 7/27 opening. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (307-4100).*

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Crumbs From the Table of Joy—The first of Second Stage's new series of plays for teenage audiences on multi-generational themes follows an African-American family moving from rural South to urban North in the fifties. $32.50–$35; students 18 and under, $7.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St.*

Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—In 1975, Ntozake Shange jolted African-American drama out of a tendency toward ponderousness with this jazz-flavored medley of poetry and prose about growing up black and female in mid-century America. Now the show is having its twentieth-anniversary production at the New Federal Theatre, its first home. Directed by the playwright. $15. Thurs.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. (279-4237).*

Fortune's Fools—The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet;* everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

The Lobster Reed—Eda LeShan, the *Newsday* columnist, makes her playwriting debut at the age of 73 with a one-woman play about a senior citizen's victory over cancer after being abandoned by the medical community. Marilyn Chris stars; directed by Max Daniels. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

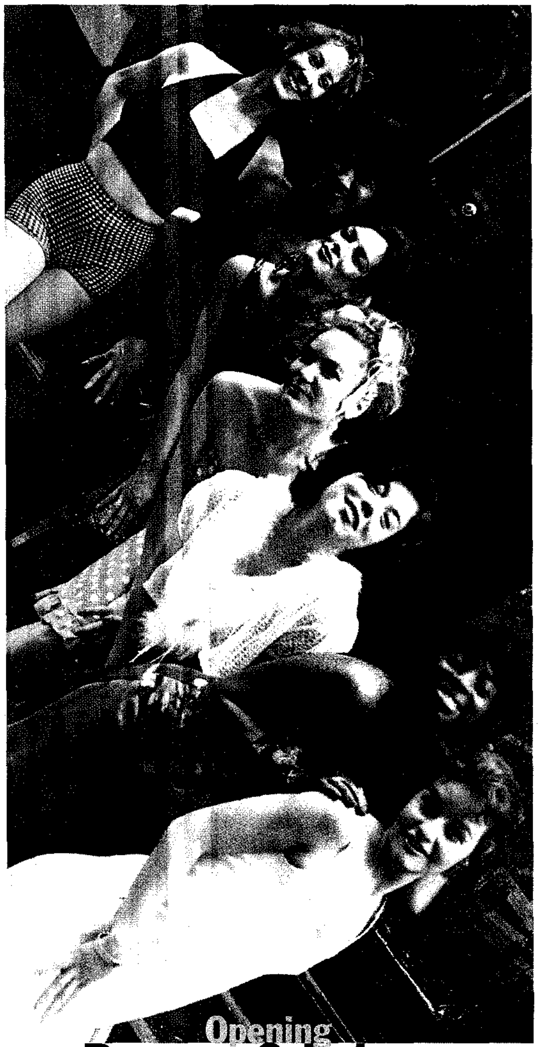
London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Loose Lips—An irreverent, thought-provoking topical revue by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of this magazine. The script is woven together from transcripts of the often outrageous, always unfortunate utterances of such high-profile personalities as Marion Barry, Prince Charles, Joy Silverman, Andrew Wylie, Orson Welles, Mickey Rourke, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, and Clarence Thomas, among many others. Directed by Martin Charnin. $35 Fri.-Sat, $30 Thurs.; Thurs.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Lonely Planet—Steven Dietz's drama about living with AIDS. $27.50 in previews, $37.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan (254-6330).*

Lust—You think New York City is sexually licentious? Maybe so, but it doesn't even come close to Restoration London. An English four-brother team known collectively as the Heathers (Neil, Lea, John, and Charles) has had the bright idea—not a bad one, at that—of adopting William Wycherley's 1673 play *The Country Wife,* the classic farce about rakes and miladys at erotic play, into a musical comedy. Denis Lawson stars as the Byronic (and appropriately named) Horner, who's mad, bad, and dangerous to know. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Moose Mating—A new play by David Grae about heterosexual dating rituals, New York genus, in the Nineties. $10; $8 students. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Performances begin 7/20; opens 7/21. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. at Dominick St. (647-0202).*



Opening

Bumps, Grinds, and Dreams

Write What You Know Department: After graduating from Wellesley, Lisa Faith Phillips worked as a stripper at a Boston nightclub to pay for graduate study at the London School of Economics. That projected career in academia never materialized, but her play *The All-Nude College-Girl Revue,* in which an idealistic coed forces hard-bitten peelers to confront their illusions, did; it opens this Thursday at Synchronicity Space.

Photograph by Lisa Faith.

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15/TDF. Mon. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 10; no performance 7/14. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

The School for Wives—In the National Asian-American Theatre Company's production of Molière's farce about a French aristocrat plotting to keep his wife-to-be faithful and education-free, actors from Asian cultures with a history of female oppression give the theme a special resonance. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th Street Theater, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $20–30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. Through 8/5. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's hilarious one-woman show about growing up female and guitar-infatuated. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7, through 7/17. Thereafter, summer prices and scheduling are $45 on Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Tempest—Patrick Stewart (*Star,* as if you need to be told, *Trek*) stars as Prospero, the banished Duke of Milan who bends wind, wave, and benighted humanity to his will in the first of the New York Shakespeare Festival's annual free outdoor productions. Also featuring the rubber-limbed, and apparently jointless, Bill Irwin as that buffoon Trinculo. Tues.–Sun. at 8 at the *Delacorte Theater, Central Park;* closest park entrances are at 81st St. and Central Park West and 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Tickets are distributed at the theater from 1 on, and at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.,* from 1 to 3, on the day of performance only. Through 7/19. For further information, call *598-7100.*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues. at 7:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—Two contemporary men look for something more permanent than a passing sexual fling in James Edwin Parker's play about life beyond the oppressive confines of urban gay subculture. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., bet. Perry and 11th St. (279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The All-Nude College-Girl Revue—$12. 7/20-22, 26-29, 8/2-5 at 8; 7/23, 30, 8/6 at 3. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (642-5908).*

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles St. (330-7607).*

Emotion—$15/TDF. Thurs.–Sat at 8. Through 7/23. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (206-1764).*

Fanny's First Play—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

King James and the Indian—$12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/29. *Mint Theater Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*

The Last Magic Show—$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company, 4 E. 28th St., bet. Fifth and Madison Aves. (779-0170).*

A Man's World—$10. Wed. at 7:30, Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/18. *Looking Glass Theatre, 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737).*

Moliere Unplugged—Two one-act comedies by the French master. $12 at the door, $10 in advance; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. Through 7/30. *Chapter 3 Theatrical Studio, 34 Third Ave., bet. 25th and 26th Sts. (684-6119).*

The Nightwatch—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/5. *Camilla's Theatre Gallery, 44 Walker St., south of Canal bet. Church and Broadway (925-9456).*

Pinstripe Suite—Free. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *HB Playwrights Foundation, 124 Bank St. (989-6540).*

The School for Wives—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

Somebody I Love—$15. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3:30. Through 7/29. *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).*

Summer Festival—Seven new one-act plays in a two-evening program; call for detailed listing. $15; $20 for both nights. Mon.–Sat. at 8., 7/17–8/19. *29th Street Repertory Theater, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Timon of Athens—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/29. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty (really brief) plays in 60 minutes, randomly selected and arranged from a repertory of more than 2,000. Admission is also (somewhat) random: $6 plus the roll of a single six-sided die. Thurs.–Sat. at 11. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (330-8087).*

Previews

Animal Passions

"I think I could turn and live with animals," wrote Walt Whitman, "they are so placid and self-contain'd." 'Pets!,' a musical revue about the bonds between people and their Significant Nonhuman Others, begins performances July 19 at Theatre East.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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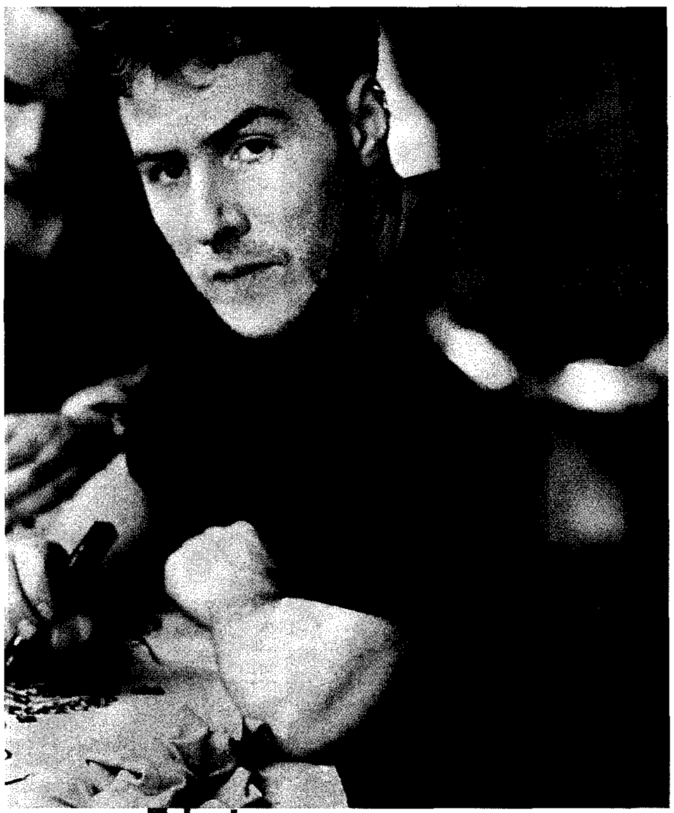


Talent

Hip-hop on the Nod

Lately, "trip-hop"—that bedroom-friendly mix of noir*ish torch songs and streety breakbeats—works surprisingly well live. Portishead amazed at its New York visit in April, and, this week U.K. colleagues Massive Attack (Supper Club, July 25) try the same.*

Concerts

Bon Jovi—Jon Bon Jovi, New Jersey's own chisel-jawed glamourpuss, leads this hair-waving flagship of bubble-metal through all your favorites: "Livin' on a Prayer," "You Give Love a Bad Name," and the new lighter-raising love anthem "Always." Mousse and lip gloss are suggested but not required. 7/21, 7/22 (both sold out), and 7/23 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). $35.*

Djavan—The Brazilian superstar tears it up live, mixing jazz, rock, and homebrewed Brazilian music into a powerful blend that many have compared to Stevie Wonder—who, as it happens, is a fan and sometime collaborator. 7/22 at 8 P.M. *Roseland (592-4100).*

Donna Summer—The ultimate disco goddess, someone Gloria Estefan can only *dream* about. Ms. Summer presides over a night of glitterball rapture, swirling bonhomie, and—odds are—a mosh pit when she does "Last Dance." 7/20 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). $28.50.*

Doobie Brothers—For a band that named itself after a joint and titled a song "Takin' It to the Streets," these guys sure don't suffer many underground pretensions. The could-be bikers from Northern California crafted seamless gems of R&B-lite ("China Grove"; "Listen to the Music") and happily rode them right to the bank. 7/24 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $35.*

The Elegants—These doo-wop sensations of 1958 (remember "Where Are You Little Star"?) return to their hometown. 7/20 at 1:00 P.M. *MetroTech Commons, MetroTech plaza, Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

Gin Blossoms—7/26 at 8 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171). $20.*

"Highlights in Jazz"—A lineup this strong hardly needs the New York skyline and Statue of Liberty to make it worthwhile, but they certainly won't hurt. Playing this jazz cruise along the Hudson are saxophonist Jimmy Heath, guitarist Tony Purrone, drummer Winard Harper, bassist Ben Brown, and trombonist Steve Turre. 7/18 at 6:15 P.M. *Circle Line, Pier 83, W. 42nd St. at the Hudson River. (563-3200). $20.*

Larry Coryell Quartet—The guitarist presents two Tuesdays of noontime jazz at 7/18 and 7/25 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park, Sixth Avenue between 41st and 42nd Sts. (983-4142). Free.*

Lollapalooza—It's still a week off, but the first day of this alt-rock who's-who is already sold out. Call now to see Sonic Youth, Hole, Cypress Hill, Pavement, Sinead O'Connor, Beck, the Jesus Lizard, and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones—probably the best lineup this festival has ever had—on one stage. 7/28 (sold out) and 7/29 at noon. *Randall's Island, Downing Stadium (249-8870). $33.*

Macintosh New York Music Festival—The Mac-backed successor to the defunct New Music Seminar runs through 7/22 at fifteen major clubs around the city. MNYM festival shows are hereafter designated with an asterisk (*). For complete information, call 343-9290.

Midsummer Night Swing—Glide and sway by the fountain as Lincoln Center presents Bob Wilbur's Sounds of Swing, featuring a tribute to Hoagy Carmichael on 7/19. On 7/20, it's swing of a West Coast variety; on 7/21, it's French Caribbean rhumbas, waltzes, and zouk; on 7/22, it's the tenor-sax legend Illinois Jacquet, leading his powerhouse big band. Dancing at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5102). $8.*

Sugar Minott—The king of the smoothed-out, soul-flavored "lover's rock" style, Minott wends his croon through the sinewy reggae rhythms like a Jamaican-born Marvin Gaye. He helps "Celebrate Brooklyn"—as they call this Prospect Park festival—singing with the borough's own Burning Brass, a ten-year-old outfit whose crisp brass section got them tagged the "reggae Tower of Power." 7/23 at 3 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

Queensryche—New-jack metal. 7/18 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). $28.50.*

Steve Miller and the Doobie Brothers—Miller—who gave us "Jet Airliner," "Keep On Rockin' Me," and other interchangeables—helps the seventies once again take over the summer sky. This time out, he joins his fellow San Franciscans the Doobies. 7/25 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). $28.50.*

Clubland

The Academy—A grand old theater whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the 100,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung a few blocks away. 7/20: Funk-metal rap with 311 and the Phunk Junkeez. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 7/21: Scottish singer and guitarist Dick Gaughan. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight-lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/18–7/19: Los Angeles punk legends X play acoustic, with all original members save the lamented guitarist Billy Zoom. 7/20: "The Irish Voice Concert Series" featuring Blink, the Catchers, and The Low Road. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/19: *Gwenn Mars; Enormous; Gigantic; Ugly Beauty; Spent. 7/20: *Skeleton Key; Cake Like; Space Needle. 7/21: *Ivy; Ben Folds Five; Lida Husik. 7/22: *Jennifer Trynin; Thin Lizard Dawn. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 7/17: *Too Much Joy. 7/18: *China Drum. 7/19: *Fossil. 7/21: *Karen Atkins. 7/22: *Toshi Reagon. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budget blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 7/19–7/20: Eddie Shaw and The Wolf Gang. 7/21–7/22: Joanna Connor. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 7/19: *David S. Ware; Supreme Dicks; Babe the Blue Ox; and William Hooker Group. 7/20: *Screaming Headless Torsos; Bobby Sichran. 7/21: *Soraya. 7/22: *Strapping Fieldhands. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thurs-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Mondino.

days, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 7/18: *Innocence Mission; Candy Butchers; Katell Keineg. 7/19: *Francis Dunnery; Lisa Germano. *7/22: Vonda Shepherd; Jim White; Rosie Florese. 7/26: Magnetic Fields. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/18: *Sophie B. Hawkins; Joan Osbore. 7/19: *Buffalo Tom; Gigalo Aunts. 7/20: *Todd Rundgren. 7/21: *Alice Donut; Cop Shoot Cop; Ultra Bide; Bark Market. 7/22: *Boss Hog; Blonde Redhead. 7/25: The Verve. 7/26: Dogstar. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/18: *"Queer Night" with Chris Cochran's Suck; Pretty; Tribe 8. 7/19: *Laurie Anderson. 7/20: *Gutterball. 7/21: *Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters; Casper Brotzman Massacre. 7/22: *Arto Lindsay Trio. 7/23: Clubfoot Orchestra perform an original score to Buster Keaton's *Sherlock, Jr.* and *Felix the Cat Woos Whoopie.* 7/24: Cecil Taylor's orchestra, Phthongos. 7/25: Dresser-Eskelin-Hemingway. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—A decidedly eighties nightclub housed in a gothic-looking church. On Wednesday's "Disco 2000," its halls ring with the pitter-patter of platform shoes. 7/18: Die Warzau. 7/22: Hey, "Poland's #1 Rock Band." 7/25: Filter, the Nine Inch Nails-ish, computer-enhanced alt-rock group. Theirs is the thunderously dark suicide song "Hey Man, Nice Shot," which these sometime cohorts of Trent Reznor are at great pains to point out was composed *before* the death of Kurt Cobain. *47 W. 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 7/18: Jimmy Thackery & The Drivers offer "The Ultimate Allman Brothers Tribute." 7/20: Sherman Robertson. 7/21: The Roxy Perry Blues Band. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/19: Catherine Wheel. 7/20: Stereolab; Cibo Matto. 7/21: Stereolab; Blonde Redhead. 7/23: Jennifer Trynin. 7/25: Superchunk; Dub Narcotic Sound System, $7. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* timeslots of MTV. 7/18: *Supergass; The Daisies; Mysteries of Life. 7/19: *The Hollowbodies; Grover. 7/20: *Love Battery; Eve's Plum. 7/21: *Low. 7/22: *Congo Norvell; Contortions. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 7/18: Michael Maxwell. 7/21: The Humans; The Novellas. 7/22: Lach and the Sextet Offensive; Meow. 7/24: "The Antihootenany." *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 7/18–7/19: Mutabaruka. 7/20: Baba Olatunji and Drums of Passion. 7/21: Phantoms. 7/24: Eddie Torres & his Mambo Kings Orchestra plus the Bronx Horns. 7/25–7/26: Kine Lam. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the neck-craning mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for roots music and happening indie rock. 7/19: Rosie Ledet and the Zydeco Playboys; Lee Rocker's Big Blue. 7/20: Indie-rock's dust-bowl folkies Palace, a.k.a. the Palace Brothers. 7/21: Lucky Dube; Majek Fashek and the Prisoners of Conscience; Ras Kimono. 7/22: Young Gods; Die Krupps. 7/25: San Francisco gay punk bands Pansy Division and Tribe 8. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid–activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 7/20: David Gray; Shannon Worrell. 7/21: "Best of Wetlands Unsigned," featuring First House; Thanks to Gravity; Talking to Animals; The Nields. 7/26: Disappear Fear. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 7/18–7/23: Guitarist and vocalist Jose Felicano. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Closed through July 30. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 a.m. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

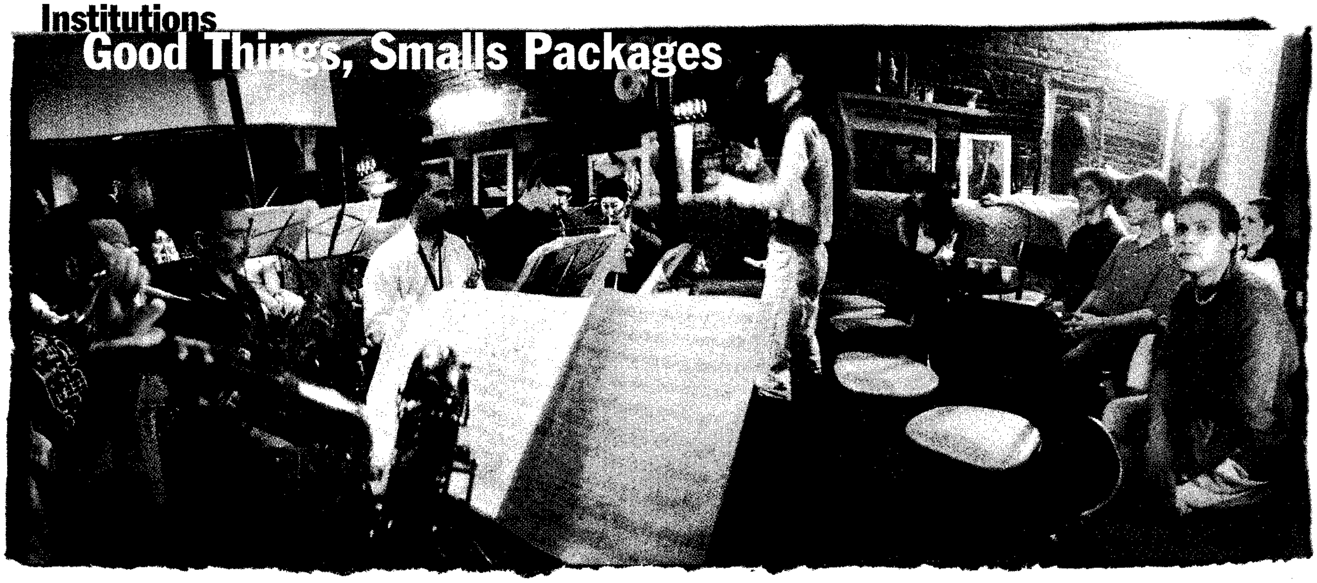
Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 7/18–7/23: Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

The Five Spot—Highly-rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 7/17–7/18: Rhonda Ross. 7/24: Laird Jackson Trio. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday is Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 7/18–7/22: The Sonny Simmons Trio. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M.

Institutions

Good Things, Smalls Packages



Every Sunday night, Mitchell Borden—who owns Smalls, the West Village jazz club whose name befits its size—offers a study in economic suicide. His dimly lit venue accommodates 48 people, and on Sundays, when the Magali Souriau Big Band plays, 16 of those spots are occupied by the talent. A trio of trombonists commandeers a banquette, and the waifish bandleader Souriau (pronounced Sue-rio), a French composer discovered by pianist Tommy Flanagan, conducts her self-described Ellington-meets-Debussy version of jazz next to a black Formica table covered with sheet music. While the band merits attention, especially tenor-saxist Chris Cheek's bluesy wail, all eyes focus on Souriau. She gyrates, sings, and occasionally rushes over from her conductor's table to join the pianist for a duet. "It's such an intimate place. No mike. I love it," says Souriau after the set. And despite the financial implications of hosting a group whose members often outnumber the audience, Borden has recently set aside two more nights, Monday and Wednesday, for big bands. "I don't care about the money," he says, and we are left with no choice but to believe him. *The Magali Souriau Big Band plays July 23 and 30 at 10 P.M. at Smalls. The series resumes in September with Big Van, directed by Guillermo Klein. Call 929-7565 for details.* DAVID WALLIS

Photograph by Michael Ackerman.

and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 7/20: The wonderful singer Nora York. 7/21–7/22: John Coliani Quartet. 7/25: Denis Jeter Big Band. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 7/18–7/23: Ray Anderson's Alligatory Band. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/18–7/23: Montreal-based jazz singer Ranee Lee, one of the most-likely-tos working the styles of Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughan, holds forth with a quintet, singing, we hope, with as much luster and maturity as she does on her record *I Thought About You. Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/18–7/23: The Vanguard's month of saxophonists continues with soul-jazz pioneer Lou Donaldson. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. Through 7/23: Mitch Fatel; Ian Edwards; Dave Attell; Dane Cook. 7/24–7/30: Keith Robinson; Tony Woods; Kevin Brennan; Wanda Sykes-Hall. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, this posh 300-seat arena features mostly "headliners"—i.e., comedians you've seen on television. 7/23: Mario Cantone. 7/19: Hot 97 Radio's "Phat Comedy" Series with Ed Lover and Doctor Dre. 7/20–7/22: Dave Chappelle. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 7/23: Jeff Ross; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; William Stephenson; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 7/23: "Rev." Bob Levy; Billy Jaye; Rich Ramirez. 7/24–7/30: The Most Brothers; Brian McFadden; John Rizzo. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. 7/22: Joe Mulligan "Two Drink Minimum"; Bill McCarty "Caroline's Comedy Hour"; Amy Foster "Caroline's Comedy Hour." Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit and miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 7/21–7/28: Jim David; Greg Carey; Billy Jaye; Frank Santorelli. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Phillip Officer, two-time winner of the Manhattan Cabaret Association award for best male vocalist, makes his debut at Manhattan's best cabaret room this week with a show titled "Moonlight Serenade: Songs of a Summer Night," featuring songs by Joni Mitchell, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Johnny Mercer, and Harold Arlen. Through 8/5. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings through August, this East Side trattoria is offering a combination package of Italian food and opera standards performed by artists from Lincoln Center. Dinner at 7; show at 8. $35. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Performance

Speed Metal

Pretty-boy screen stars have it rough in the indie-rock scene—low-paying gigs, long van rides, all those embarrassing groupies. Keanu Reeves (far right) is "paying his dues" with the band Dogstar July 26 at Irving Plaza. (Actually, they're headlining.)

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/29, folk singer and urban bluesman Richie Havens brings his street-inflected style to this venue 65 floors above the nearest street. Top of the World, Ma! Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Terri Klausner sings the music of Duke Ellington. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O. J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., near 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the "It" bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., near Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

in concert

Aston Magna Looks Back...Mobility Junction

Performance

An Uncertain Hour

Choreographer Martha Clarke plumbs the sensuous hour between twilight and dawn in her latest work, a melding of dance and theater fused by the songs of Schumann, Wolf, and Berg. At Lincoln Center from July 26 to July 30. Part of the Serious Fun! festival. $30; call 721-6500.

Classical Music

Monday, July 17

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducts, with Victor Borge as guest artist. *Lincoln Center's Damrosch Shell (765-7677) at 8; free.*

West Village Chorale—Performs Haydn as part of its Audience Participation Sings series. *Church of St. Luke's in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (570-7301), at 7:30; $10.*

Tuesday, July 18

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Mozart and Strauss. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$45.*

Hammann/Calhoun Duo—The violinist and cellist perform Martino and others. *La Place on the Park, 308 W. 58th St. (664-1308) at 8:30; $12, plus a $12 minimum.*

Wednesday, July 19

Harmonie Choir of Eschweiler, Germany—Performs sacred and secular works of Kodaly, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and others. *St. Stephen of Hungary Church, 414 E. 82nd St. (861-8500), at 8; free.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Bob Wilber and the Sounds of Swing performs on ballroom night of Lincoln Center's dancing-under-the-stars series. *Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5102), lessons at 6:30 and dancing at 8; $8.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/18.

Thursday, July 20

BargeMusic—A trio performs music to be announced. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Gila Ducat-Lipton—The pianist performs. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Marcia Ball performs on Delta blues/West Coast swing night. See 7/19.

Friday, July 21

Midsummer Night Swing—Malavoi performs on French Carribean night. See 7/19.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/18. This performance features Schubert and Liszt.

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art's series of free concerts performed on Fri. and Sat. by young artists and recent graduates of Julliard. The garden is open for free admission at 6; concerts are at 8:30. Composers performed this weekend include Luening, Davidovsky, Wuorinen, and others. Through 8/26. *Museum of Modern Art, use entrance at 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491), free.*

Saturday, July 22

Midsummer Night Swing—Illinois Jacquet performs on jazz-swing night. See 7/19. *No lessons; dancing starts at 8.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/18. This performance features Schubert and Liszt.

Summergarden—See 7/21.

Sunday, July 23

Aston Magna—Specialists in period performance, it performs Italian Baroque by Corelli, Scarlatti, Fantini, and others. *Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. and Broadway (666-9266), at 5; $15.*

BargeMusic—See 7/20. This performance at 4.

Zehava Gal—The alto performs Handel cantatas, with accompaniment from Ilan Rechtman on harpsichord and Iris Regev on cello. *Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., Bronx (222-5762), at noon; $12.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

American Opera Projects—7/20 at 12:15 and 1:15: Four singers and an accompanist perform "I Hear America Singing," selections from American operas and musicals. *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway (967-3433); free.*

New York Grand Opera—7/19 at 7:30: Performs Verdi's *I Due Foscari* in a free, fully staged presentation. Conducted by artistic director Vincent La Selva. *Summerstage in Central Park, 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (245-8837); free.*

Dance

Anglo-American Ballet—7/18 at 7: A performance of excerpts from *Les Sylphides, Polka Essence,* and *La Fille Mal Gardée. Anne Loftus Playground in Fort Tryon Park, Broadway and Dyckman St., south of the Cloisters (307-6909); free.*

Ballet Long Island—7/17 at 9: Debra Punzi's company makes its New York City debut. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor (934-0077); $10.*

Trisha Brown Company—7/19–7/22 at 8: For the Serious Fun! festival, Brown wrote *M.O.*, her first work that combines live classical music (Bach) with her choreography. Brown also performs her solo piece *If you couldn't see me. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $25.*

Eva Dean Dance Company—Through 8/6: Celebrates its tenth season with open rehearsals and performances at the Boat House in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Rehearsals through 7/21, Tues.–Fri. at 10 A.M.–1 P.M. Performances 7/23, 7/30, and 8/6 at 3. *Boat House in Prospect Park, Brooklyn (718-857-8368); free.*

Fifth Annual Dances for Wave Hill—Through 7/30: Site-specific works by Sally Hess, Nia Love, and Laura Staton. 7/19 at 6:30 and 7/23 at 5. *Wave Hill Park, Bronx (718-549-3200); free on Wed. and $4 on Sun.*

Mobility Junction Dance—7/20–7/29: Joined by disabled and nondisabled artists from around the world for the "Second Annual Mixed Physical Abilities Festival." Other events include workshops, classes, and improvisational jams. Performances Thur.–Sat. at 8. *Vineyard's Dimson Theater, 108 E. 15th St. (683-9772); $9.*

Noche Flamenco—Through 7/30: The eight-member Madrid-based ensemble performs solos and duets. Extended for three weeks after a sold-out five-week run. *Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, bet. First and Second Aves. (924-0077); $15–$20.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Through 8/4: The witty dance company showcases three premieres. One, a duet, heralds an appearance by founding members Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Pilar Rioja—Through 9/20: The flamenco dancer presents the premiere of *Martinete* and other works. Mon. at 8, Tues. at 3, Wed–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 7. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850); $25.*

Photograph by Bruce Feeley.

art

Luminous Lowlands...El Barrio

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, and others; through 8/18. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Batiste Madalena—These original movie posters, made to advertise such silent screen classics as *Sally of the Sawdust* and *The Road to Mandalay*, were executed between 1924 and 1928 for the display cases of George Eastman's Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York; through 8/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Hans Richter/James Daugherty—Paintings and drawings executed between 1914 and 1918 that express the artist's despair and bewilderment as a German soldier in World War I./Paintings by this American modernist who participated in the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in 1917 and was included in many of the exhibitions of the Société Anonyme, which was founded by Katherine Dreier and Marcel Duchamp in 1920. Through 7/28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Tina Aufiero/Karen LaMonte—Recent glass works by both. Through 8/19. YWCA, 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781).

Bryce Hammond—Narrative paintings, charcoal and ink drawings, and an installation by an Atlanta artist who uses comic strips, television cartoon shows, and mass media as his sources; through 7/28. World Wide, 24 W. 57th St. (581-8833).

Ah Leon/Gary DiPasquale—A twelve-foot-long ceramic bridge that appears to be made of weathered wood planks/Vessels whose forms are based on classical architectectural facades. Through 7/29. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Mark Metcalf—Large-scale diptychs that depict panoramic views of Coney Island; through 7/21. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

David Row—The artist's first exhibition at this gallery consists of new geometric paintings whose surfaces are built up with layers of pigment or scraped down to the bare canvas; through 7/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Alexis—Recent large-scale paintings from the series "Stolen Diaries" that depict enigmatic narratives based on the text by Gertrude Stein and draw on the Steinian ideas of "continuous present" and universal biography; through 8/12. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Leigh Bowery—The performance artist, who was a model for the painter Lucian Freud and died last year, is remembered in this tribute exhibition of photographs (by Fergus Greer, Annie Liebovitz, Bruce Bernard, and others), video clips, and costumes; through 7/28. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

R. Crumb—Watercolors, drawings, and prints from the sixties through the eighties, including original art for magazine covers, record-cover designs, and humorous drawings from the artist's sketchbooks; through 7/29. Cutler, 379 W. Broadway (219-1577).

Jiri David—The artist, who is Czechoslovakian and teaches at the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague, takes photographic portraits of people he considers influential, then cuts the images in half and joins two right sides or two left sides together in diptych format; through 7/28. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Yuri Dyshlenko—A commemorative exhibition of paintings from 1975 through 1994 and postcard-size studies by this Russian artist (1936–1995) who was known for his mysterious narrative imagery; through 7/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Philip Guston—The artist's "Poem-Pictures," collaborations with writers and poets in which he integrates fragments of their writings into his own graphic imagery; through 7/28. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Peter Halley/Ettore Sottsass—New large-scale paintings./Furniture and ceramics from the late fifties through the eighties. Through 7/28. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Glenn Ligon/Scott Burton—Created in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia, this series of eight punching bags is the artist's examination of black male identity and the stereotyping of aggression/Sculptures that have not been previously exhibited. Through 8/31. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jean Lowe and Kim MacConnel—A collaborative installation titled "Bull Story" that is an amalgamation of Lowe's concerns about the impact of civilization on nature and MacConnel's study of the dichotomy between Eastern religious beliefs and Western rituals and traditions; through 9/16. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Xavier Veilhan—An installation on the theme of the medieval knight and his horse that suggests a similarity between the heraldic system of medieval Europe and the contemporary use of signs; through 8/12. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Mark Beard—A window installation of two old master-style allegorical paintings that contrast the prevalence of violence and treasuring of high and low culture in America; through 8/31. Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Place (998-6780).

Jonathan Borofsky—Two twenty-foot-tall human figures, one painted black and the other white, each of which has a glowing red light in its chest that pulses with the sound of the artist's heartbeat; through 8/19. Grand Central Terminal Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7262).

Richard Tsao—Abstract paintings that are built up with layers of poured paint; through 8/19. The Queens Museum of Art Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd. Jackson Heights (718-899-0700).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Paintings, photography, and sculpture by 22 artists, plus drawings by Larry Rivers and drawings and sculpture by Andre Masson; through 7/28.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings by the Hungarian masters Istvan Csok, Sir Philip Laszlo, Mihaly Munkacsy, and Sugo Scheiber; through 9/9.

57th Street Area

Blum Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works by Andoe, Bowling, Gipe, Glantzman, Sicilia; through 7/29.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Making Waves," with paintings and works on paper by Blaine, Brandt, Dodd, Freilicher, Kraft, Rickert, Sullivan, Wexler, Wilson, others; through 8/25.

Joseph—745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500). Art furniture and decorative objects by Bennett, Castle, Holzapfel, Maruyama, Zucca, others; through 9/1.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Collages by Bearden, Cornell, Greene, Ossorio, Rauschenberg, Ryan, Tanning, others; works on paper by Fairfield Porter; through 8/25.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Paintings and drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Grosz, Heckel, Klimt, Pippin, Schiele, others; through 9/8.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Summer Days: American Views, 1850–1940," with paintings by Breck, Duveneck, Hassam, Henri, Prendergast, Ritman, Sargent, Twachtman, others; through 9/1.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Paintings and drawings by Aponovich, Assael, Chapman, Hollowell, Ingle, Massad, Noel, Rand, others; through 8/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). For this exhibit, titled "Country Cōde," the gallery invited 30 galleries from around the world to each send one work on paper by one of their artists, the only stipulation being that the artist live and work in the gallery's country of origin; through 7/28.

Cooper—155 Wooster St. (674-0766). Works that rely physically or conceptually on the architecture of corners, by Andre, Antoni, Beuys, Cadere, Flavin, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Horn, Piper, Sander, Shapiro, Weiner; through 7/28.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). Works by artists who show with the Brooklyn-based galleries Sauce, Pierogi 2000, Momenta Art, and Four Walls; through 8/4.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by Hendrick, Lloret, Roch, Thompson; through 8/5.

Kelly—591 Broadway (226-1660). Works that incorporate the use of alphabetical letters, by Bing, Dill, Kirili, Samba, Sawka, Zarina; through 7/31.

Klagsbrun—51 Greene St. (925-5157). An exhibit curated by Jeff Koons that benefits D.E.A.F., a nonprofit organization committed to developing equality and awareness for the deaf, with works by Arslanian, Grigley, Kippenberger, Koons, Kruger, Mori, Morris, Oehlen, Salle, Schnabel, Tillmans; through 7/28.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "As Big as Life," with works by Abramovic/Ulay, Casebere, Garfield, Reichek, Ruff, Rideal; through 7/28.

Merians—76 Greene St. (334-9099). For the show "Smells Like Vinyl," 150 participating artists, writers, and musicians were asked to make compact disc-sized watercolors of their favorite record album covers; through 8/19.

NRosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Jarman, Kalpakjian, Scher; through 8/11.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Images of animals in paintings and sculpture by Arnold, Carlson, Dodd, Lieber, Pace, Rupp, Sullivan, Winter, others; through 9/23.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge (212-206-6674). "Art in the Anchorage 1995," features projects by Joan Bankemper, Karen Giusti, Tim Collins & Reiko Goto, Ilya Kabakov, Hope Sandrow, Maura Sheehan, and others; through 9/14.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St., Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Outdoor sculptures by Geller, Jensen, Lesnewski, Nicol, Sussman, Zemel; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. 12-5; $2 suggested donation. "In Three Dimensions: Women Sculptors of the 90s," features indoor and outdoor works by more than 125 women; through 1/14.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Works by photographers who have have little or no exposure in New York, among them, Arentz, Bamberger, Bitner, Courville, Beahan/McPhee, Wright; through 8/31.

Douglas Brothers—Platinum prints by Andrew and Stuart Douglas, brothers who have been working together as photographers since 1985 and live in London's South End; through 7/29. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

E-13—47 E. 3rd St. (982-0882). "America: Points of View," with works by Ashley, Boebel, Brophy, Laughton, Maraia, Olsen; through 8/13.

Harold Feinstein—Photographs of New York City buildings taken between 1989 and 1994 whose abstract prisms of shadow and light bring to mind Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings of New York cityscapes; through 9/15. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960).

Charles Harbutt—Pictures from the past 30 years by the former Magnum photographer; through 8/11. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, The Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Peter Keetman—Photographs of landscapes, gears, nudes, and other subject matter from the fifties and sixties by this German photographer who was a founder of the group Fotoform, and works by other Fotoform members; through 7/29. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Lincoln Center —Walter Reade Theater, Film Society of Lincoln Center's Frieda and Roy Furman Gallery, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5601). Photographs that have appeared in the magazine *Dance Ink,* by Astor, Eccles, Michals, Plachy; through 8/31.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Large-scale photographs by Cadieux, Close, Coplans, Cox, Hellebrand, Horsfield, Jacobson, Serrano, Sherman, Stivers; through 9/1.

Herbert Matter—Black-and-white photographs from the early thirties that were used for travel posters by the Swiss Tourist Office, and a group of portraits and fashion photographs from the late forties; through 9/2. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6666). Photographs on the theme of summertime by 32 artists; through 9/9.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Contemporary and vintage photographs of water by Alper, Callahan, Cook, Cratsley, Jenshel, Meatyard, White, others; through 8/11.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Works by Bieber, Bitner, Moore, Priola, Schlesinger; through 8/11.

JoAnn Verburg—Multi-panel portraits and still-life images that celebrate simple events of everyday life; through 8/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Brett Weston—A survey of works by this photographer (1911–1993) of whom the photography historian Nancy Newhall wrote: "He saw the delicate aerial structure of eerie plants reaching into the skies, the dunes gray with storm or gleaming with snow against dark, distant mountains—endless absorbing variations!"; through 7/29. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Contemporary and vintage prints under eight-by-ten inches, by Bravo, Courtney-Clarke, Hofer, Starr, Tice, others; through 9/1.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Meighan Gale: Suitcases (Her Leaving Trunk)." A multimedia installation of dolls, televisions, bedsprings, bedsprings, leather, photographs, and others, and other objects and materials. Through 8/12. 594 Broadway (966-4444).

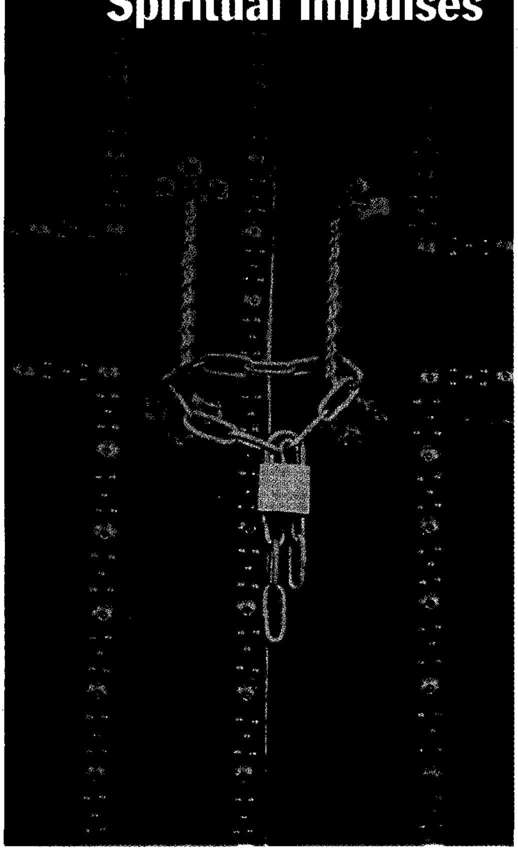
American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale." Through 10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman." Through 10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics." Through 10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective." Through 10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

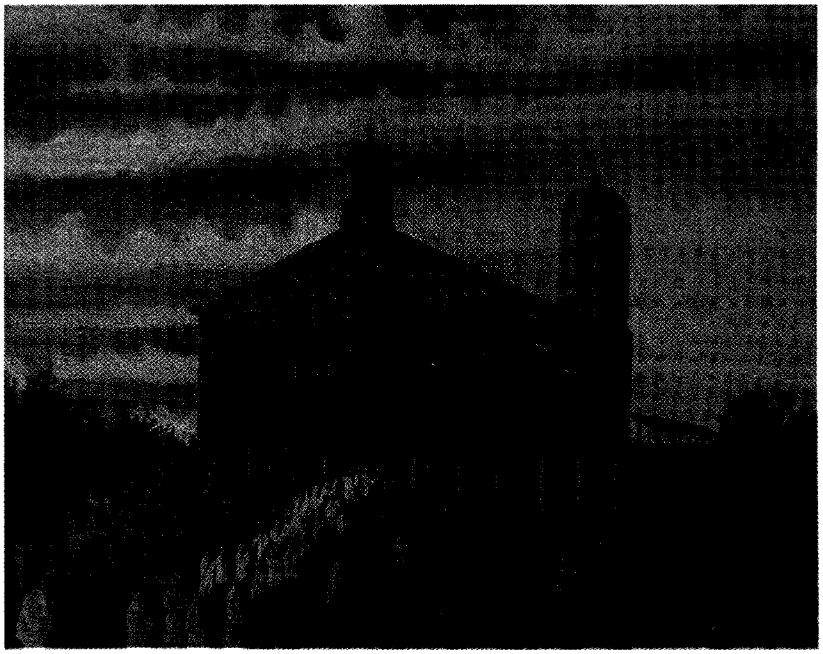
American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.-Fri. 10-5). Through 12/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Traces: The Body in Contemporary Photography." Through 9/10. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Fifteenth Annual; Exhibition." Through 9/10. . . . "David Padilla Cabrera y Linda Matalon." Through 9/10. 1040

On View
Spiritual Impulses





"St. Clotilde II, Paris" (left) is photographer Andrés Serrano's unchurchly response to Ramón Martínez's "Palm Sunday" (right). The temporary dyptich is among 34 "visual dialogues" that pair off pieces from the Museo del Barrio's permanent collection with outside work in "Reaffirming Spirituality"—part of the museum's 25th anniversary exhibit on Latino art, through August 13th.

Photographs: left, courtesy of Paula Cooper Gallery; right, Ken Showell.

Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thur. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum— "More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper." Through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum. Through 1/30/96. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"Pleasures of Rural Life: Domestic *Scenes and Animals in Academic Art." Paintings* by Bouguereau, Hunt, Jacque, others. Through 9/23. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tue.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings From the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Through 8/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.– Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia." Through 8/6. . . . "Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes." Through 7/30. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/6. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." For the fifth exhibit in this series, the artist Elizabeth Murray selected works from the museum's permanent collection by 70 women artists. Through 8/22. . . . "Leon Levinstein." Works by this New York photographer known for his images of people and street life in New York, Haiti, Mexico, and India. 7/20–10/10. . . . "The United Nations in *Perspective." Through* 9/26. . . . "Video Spaces: Eight Installations." Through 9/12. . . . "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings." Through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Contemporary British Architecture: Recent Projects from the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition." An overview of current trends in British architecture. Through 9/17. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. 12–8, free 5–8); $3.50; $2 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II from the Berg Collection." Through 10/7. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely. Through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995—Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde." Through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tue.-Wed. 11-6, Thur.–Sat. 10-6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African *Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-*4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life. Through 11/5. . . . "Views from Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century. Through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination." An exhibition that explores the artist's influence on American creativity in the twentieth century. Through 10/15. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Through 8/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

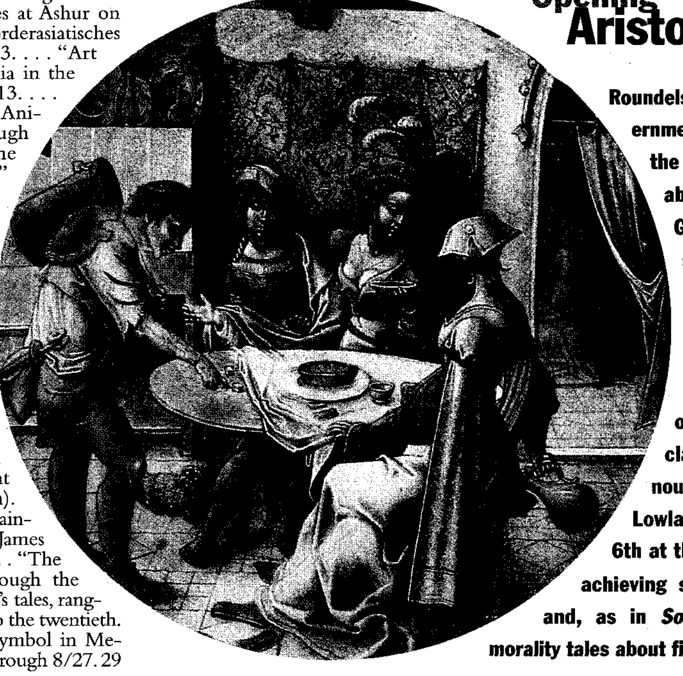
Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/26 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture, Decorations & Paintings." On view from 7/22.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade, 19th-Century, and Old Master Paintings." On view from 7/13.

Opening

Aristocratic Circles



Roundels, excavated from mercantile and government buildings, hospitals, cloisters, and the private suites of sixteenth-century abbesses, are windows painted in Late Gothic and Mannerist styles, fired, and stained to bring out varying saturations of butterscotch. The works, which were mostly privately commissioned, candidly betray—like a kind of medieval tabloid—the varied concerns of northern Europe's burgeoning middle class. Subjects covered in "The Luminous Image: Painted Glass Roundels in the Lowlands, 1480-1560" (through August 6th at the Met) include heretical methods for achieving salvation, murderous dinner parties, and, as in *Sorgheloos and Lichte Fortune* (left), morality tales about financial imprudence.

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

restaurants

He-Man Salad...Rinkside Dining...Food Fair

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—A cherrywood bar and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner, where food is prepared tableside. Extensive menu includes cheeses, bruschetta, and cacciatore. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grand Deli—A prime example of Lower East Side fusion: huge portions of glatt kosher deli/Chinese concoctions, like Sino strip steak, created by Chef Lee, formerly of Bernstein-on-Essex. *399 Grand St. (477-5200). (I) AE, MC, V.*

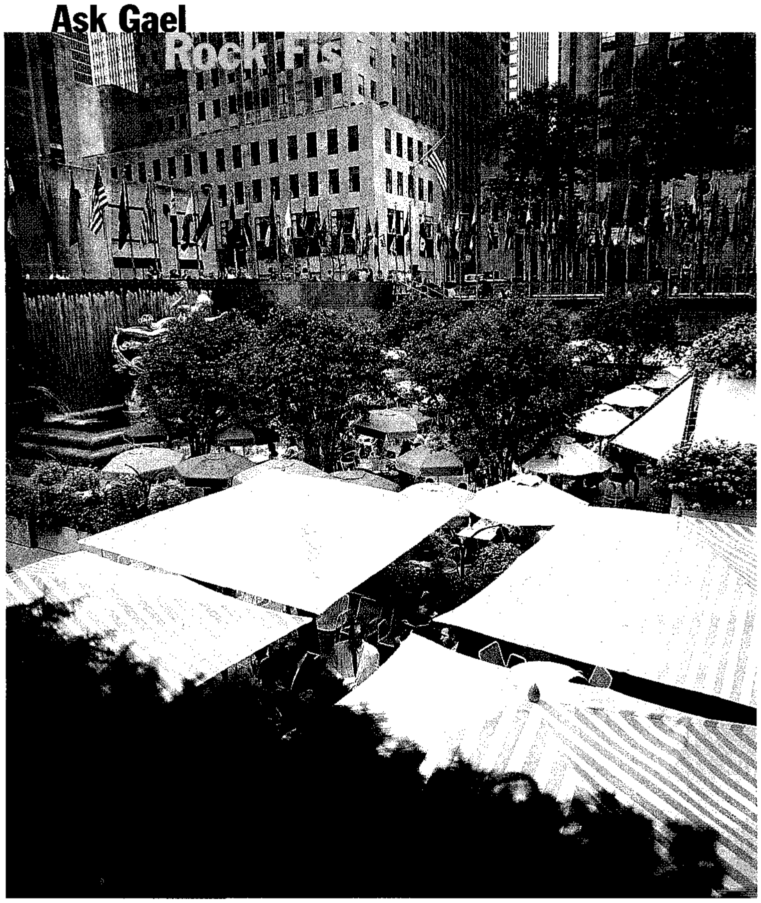
Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, TM.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan.

Ask Gael



I want to be fussed over alfresco.

There's a fresh new look indoors and out and the same fine coddling at the Sea Grill (19 West 49th Street). It's all so subtle and sedate, you might not notice the carpet's sea-foam swirls, the restored cherrywood, or the bar-side tables with a new, less expensive appetizer menu. But step into the garden. Sip wine by the glass with just a starter or linger for classics like the rich seafood chowder and the town's most luscious crab cake, sheer crab held together by little more than cosmic tension. New from chef Ed Brown: Mussels poached in red Thai curry. Salmon steamed in a kombu leaf topped with caviar. Sensational char on buttery mushroom-radicchio risotto made tangy with a balsamic glaze. Summer-fruit soup with lemongrass-mango sorbet is the finale that refreshes.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Object of Desire

Beefy Greens

In this weather, a big steaming filet mignon for lunch could render a person immobile for the rest of the day. So Ben Benson's (123 West 52nd Street) serves this cobb-salad special, a steakishly protein-dense platter of roast beef, boiled eggs, Roquefort, grilled chicken, crumbled bacon, avocado, and iceberg lettuce, tossed tableside with a creamy vinaigrette.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. A changing art exhibition is hung on the walls around the garden. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept —Parisian bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr. 181 West 10th St. (645-8023). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also, 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I—M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Thomas Scott's on Bedford—Everything on the new American menu—even the bread—is made from scratch. Try the highly praised rack of lamb. Special brunch and pretheater menus. *72 Bedford St. (627-4011). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the

Photograph by Jeff Harris.

desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Silver Swan—An old-world spot in the middle of the Flatiron restaurant boom that feels like it's been serving its German-American fare forever. Offers over 80 beers to accompany wild game specialties like venison and boar. *41 E. 20th St. (254-3611). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I—M) ($).*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Frank's—A New York original that used to open for lunch at 9 A.M. for local meat-packers. Things are tamer now—lunch is served at noon—but the steaks are as good as they've always been. *85 Tenth Ave., nr. 15th St. (243-1349). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance between courses from the Italian and Continental menu. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. *"AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.*

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And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional specialties, like paella Valenciana and Castillian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 9th Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M—E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the

Data
Land of Chili Rugelach

Even a crowd of angry, fired Teamsters picketing outside the new, ostensibly corruption-free Jacob Javits Center couldn't spoil the exuberance of the 41st Annual International Fancy Food & Confection Show. As in previous years, most of the food fell into two categories: sauces (salsa, barbecue, mustards, marinades, and dressings) and sweets (brownies, ice cream, cake, chocolates, and cookies). If the cravings of the 35,000 industry tasters—who were required by show rules to consume all samples they selected before leaving the floor—are to be trusted, the future of American food is fat-free, chocolate-coated, habañero-spiced, crunchy, salty, dark-roasted, tea-infused, olive-oil-dunked, and cleverly packaged. A group of retailers selected official prizewinners in eighteen different categories. Here are our *unofficial* winners. ROBIN RAISFELD

Category	Winner
Most ubiquitous entries	*Biscotti and salsa*
Most unbearably cute names	*Chile Today—Hot Tamale* *Soy Vay* *Ham I Am!* *Mashuga Nuts*
Coolest equipment	*Illy's new line of computerized, timer-activated, packaged-shot espresso makers for the home*
Best packaging	*Manoucher's pine gift boxes encasing a baguette, a twisted herb-and-cheese loaf, and a basil loaf*
Best marketing vehicle	*Frank Sinatra's Gourmet Italian Foods's movement-activated shelf speaker, which plays twenty seconds of "New York, New York" when a shopper walks by*
Best sugar fix	*Belgian Foreign Trade Office (Le Chocolatier Manon; Leonidas; Neuhaus)*
Hard sells	*Jalapeño Pecan Brittle* *Beetroot Delights's Spiced Unbeetable Ketchup* *Adonai's fat-free flavored mayonnaises, Louisiana Cajun or Warm Caribbean* *Edible Empire's Tropical Salsa fried-pasta chips* *Penelope's port-wine jelly* *K'Nuckle white-fudge-coated popcorn and almonds*
Best tree flavor	*Maple: Le Cheval Blanc Tord-vis Maple Beer; Maverick Vermont Maple Water*
Most p.c.	*Indigenous foods from Frieda's Lost Crops of the Americas; Pacific Salmon's authentic-Indian-drum package*
Best Spielberg tie-in	*Immaculate Confection's Velociraptor Claw Fossil Bar*
Best slogan	*"Let us do the crying for you": Tearless Onions*

Photograph by Greg Miller.

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theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the Theater District serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

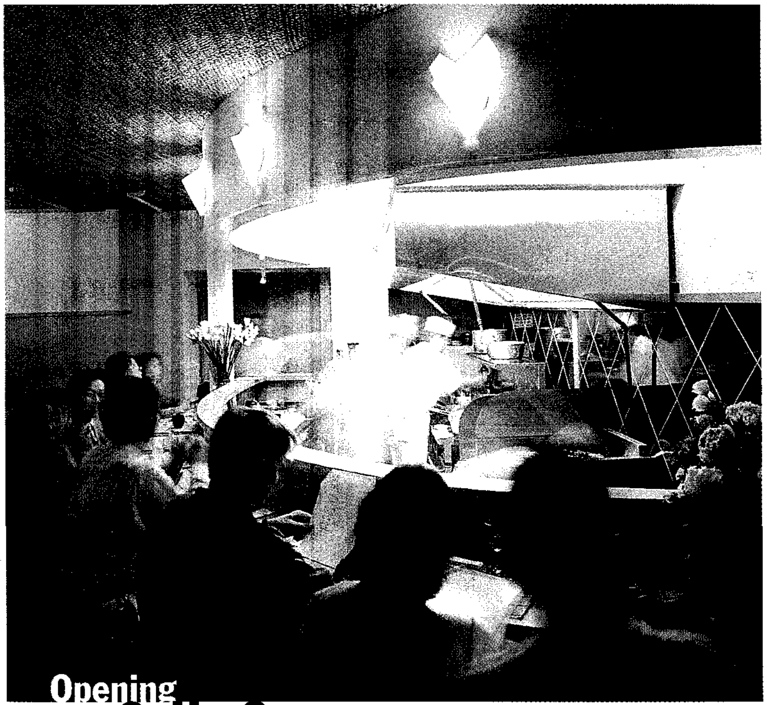
JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Boeuf a La Mode—Cozy Yorkville bistro. Try authentic Parisian specialties like rack of lamb, duck aux cassis, and moules marinieres. *539 E. 81st St. (249-1473). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-east-sider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of

Photograph by Steven Freeman.



Opening
SoHo Somen

Brad Kelley—a proprietor of both the ultra-hip Thai restaurant Kin Khao on Spring Street and Kelley & Ping on Greene—continues his march through SoHo with the just-opened Katana, at 179 Prince Street. The tiny place seats just 36, and serves up esoteric Kai-Seki dishes from Japan's Kansai province. Fresh baby water eel in soy broth, seafood cooked on hot rocks, and handmade somen noodles are among the chef's seasonal offerings on tasting menus of six, eight, or ten courses. BETH LANDMAN

Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ohio City—Only in New York is Midwestern home cooking marketed as an ethnic specialty. "Classic American" chow like stuffed pork chops, oven-fried chicken, and rhubarb pie. *1501Second Ave., at 78th St. (717-4045). (I—M) MC, TM, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Triad—The restaurant in this bar/café/theater offers eclectic regional American food like roast barbecued salmon with mashed sweet potatoes and black-bean salsa, crab and couscous cakes with avocado sauce, and grilled calves' liver. *158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a stunning view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Compact Classics...Up the Garden Path

John Leonard's TV Notes

Home Economics (7/18; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) leaves Los Angeles for the suburbs of Antelope Valley, where filmmaker/anthropologist Jenny Cool looks for the American Dream and finds instead wall-to-wall disappointment: wives who never see their husbands because of the four-hour commute; children who grow up wanting only to go away someplace else, where there might be some action. To be followed by the first *Talking Back,* in which, by "video letter," the audience comments on various P.O.V. installments.

"Roseanne's Return" (7/19; 10:30 to 11 P.M; HBO) to Garry Shandling's **The Larry Sanders Show** also features Chevy Chase up to even less than usual. The premise, of course, is that Roseanne dumped Larry, Larry tries to bump her from his show, and she flames him—first on his answering machine ("Larry, you asshole, I know you're there"), then in his studio cyberspace: the baby she's carrying can't be his; ultrasound indicates "a penis and a brain."

Mommie Dearest (7/20; 9 to 11 P.M.; TNT) is worth the rerun not only for Dunaway and the coathanger but also for Brett Butler's salacious introduction to this entry in the "Our Favorite Movies" TNT series.

Twisted Puppet Theater (Sundays; 11:00 to 11:30 P.M. to midnight; Showtime) is a sort of *Saturday Night Live* with kindling. Imagine Charlie McCarthy and Topo Gigio as sex offenders.

The Battle of Stalingrad (7/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) continues the bloodthirsty PBS summer series *Battlefield,* with Tim Pigott-Smith in the sandbox with the generals. See Hitler lose 250,000 men, his whole Sixth Army, and probably, except in Newt Gingrich's new paperback novel *1945,* the war itself.

Radio Highlights

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—7/22 at 1: Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots.* With Ghylaine Raphanel, Francois Pollet, Danielle Borst, Richard Leech, Cachemaille Gilles, Boris Martinovic, Nicola Ghiuselev, the Coeurs de l'Opéra de Montpellier, and the Orchestre Philharmonique de Montpellier. Cyril Diederich conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—7/23 at 8: Elmore Leonard discusses *Riding the Rap;* 7/30 at 8: Cathleen Schine on her new novel *The Love Letter.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

"Casper Citron"—7/22 at 10 P.M.: Mischa Barton and Brittany Boyd, two of the youngest actresses on Broadway, talk about their lives in the theater and their starring roles in Lincoln Center's *Twelve Dreams.* Abrey A. Rogers, district director of the New York office of the Small Business Administration, discusses loan programs with Thomas M. Bettridge. Author Peter Maas tells the inside story of the FBI's pursuit and capture of Aldrich Ames. Sidney Offit speaks about his thirties Baltimore childhood and *Memoir of the Bookie's Son.* WOR, 710 AM.

"Symphony Hall"—7/17: Bach's Violin Concerto in a and Schubert's Symphony No. 6 in C. 7/18: Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture* and Dvořák's Symphony No. 8 in G. 7/19: Abel's Symphony No. 3 in E-flat and Borodin's Symphony No. 1 in E-flat. 7/20: Pla's Flute Concerto in B-flat and Svendsen's Symphony No. 2 in B-flat. 7/21: Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 4 in D and Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 in D. 7/24: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 15 in B-flat and Bloch's *Schelomo,* Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra. 7/25: Haydn's Symphony No. 81 in G and Casella's Partita for Piano and Orchestra. Every weeknight at 8, except for 7/25 when it airs at 7; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Live From Lincoln Center: Mostly Mozart Festival Opening Gala"—7/25 at 8, with pianist Alicia de Larrocha, violinist Gil Shaham, and the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra. Gerard Schwarz conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"All About Sports"—A thirteen-part series on changing demographics, a changing culture, and America's preoccupation with sports. 7/20 at 7: "The Fairer Sex Cries Foul," a discussion of the ongoing quest by female athletes and coaches for a level playing field. 7/27 at 7: "Holy Alliance—Sport and Religion," an examination of the organized effort by evangelical groups to use athletics to lure people to Christianity. 90.7, WFUV.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—7/23 at 8: Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea.* With Danielle Borst, Guillemette Laurens, Jennifer Larmore, Axel Kohler, Michael Schopper, and Lena Lootens with the Concerto Vocale. Rene Jacobs conducts. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

"City Folk"—Weekdays from 6:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

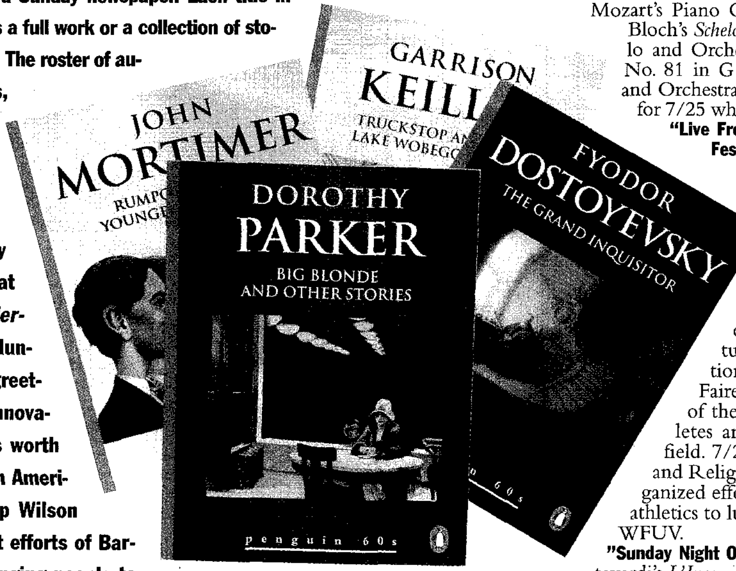
In Print

Cute Baby Penguins

He was something of a crank in his later years, but when Edmund Wilson threw a literary fit, people at least pretended to pay attention. He fired off letters to Roger Straus, Jason Epstein, Leon Edel, and *The New York Review of Books* about his longing for the classics "in a series similar to Pléiade editions published by Gallimard in France . . . well but not pretentiously edited, well printed on thin paper, and not impossibly priced." The Pléiade books were literature made available, affordable, portable. The United States, he sniffed, sorely needed its own version. In subsequent years, the Library of America tried to invent one, but its slimmest volumes approach $30.

This summer, however, in the course of celebrating its sixtieth birthday, Penguin has stumbled into a near cure for Wilson's malaise. The house is publishing books that are small enough to tuck into a Filofax and, at 95 cents, cost less than a Sunday newspaper. Each title in Penguin 60s, as the series is called, is a full work or a collection of stories; they ranges from 64 to 96 pages. The roster of authors is first-rate: Joyce, James, Melville, García Márquez, Wharton, and Conrad are among them.

Penguin 60s debuts at a moment when the New York *Times* solemnly gauges literary health by the number of PEN members at Elaine's, and when the term *reader-friendly books* is not considered redundant. So the series is bound to be greeted as much, much more than an innovative and useful party favor. But it's worth remembering that the absence of an American Pléiade did not, after all, keep Wilson from the classics, and that the best efforts of Barbara Bush can go only so far in bringing people to them. All the series can do is make Montaigne and the grim Russians as feasible for airport reading as Stephen King and Jack Kerouac are. Which will not exactly leave those two without an audience; keenly aware of that, no doubt, Penguin 60s is publishing them both. LINDA HALL



Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

7/17: Fairport Convention. 7/19: Steve Forbert. 7/20: Shawn Colvin, The Bobs, Tori Amos cover Tom Waits, Led Zeppelin, R.E.M., and others. 7/24: Alison Krauss. 7/25: Steve Goodman. 7/28: Vadalias, Melissa Ferrick, Sonia Dada, Ron Sexsmith, and Joan Osborne. 90.7, WFUV.

New York and Company—7/17: Doron Levin on *Behind the Wheel at Chrysler;* Susan Eisenhower on her memoir *Breaking Free;* Stephen Heller on *Jackets Required: An Illustrated History of American Book Jacket Design, 1920-1950.* 7/18: Nancy Folbre on *The New Field Guide to the U.S. Economy.* 7/19: Etymologist Richard Lederer on proper English; Mary Karr on her memoir *The Liars' Club;* Lorenzo Carcaterra on *Sleepers;* Fabio on himself. 7/20: Freida Lee Mock and Dai-Sil Kim-Gibson on the eighteenth Asian-American International Film Festival. Every weekday at noon on WNYC-AM 820.

"New Sounds"—7/18: Taped performances of the American Festival of Microtonal Music. 7/19: John Cage Citycircus, Part XI. 7/20: Medieval and medieval-inspired new music—Bernsten and Asheim's *Englesyts,* Taylor's *Oracle,* the Hilliard Ensemble's *Magister Perotin.* 7/21: Paul Winter performs with Jordan Rudess in the studio and presents excerpts of the CD *Prayer for the Wild Things.* 7/22: Guitarist and composer Wall Matthews returns to the studio for a performance with his ensemble 7/23: Paert's Fratres, Spiers's *Elegy,* Schickele's *Quartet, 3rd movement,* Davids' *Ni-tCang.* 7/24: Independent releases of new acoustic music from artists such as Tom Constanten and David Bennett. 7/25: Chatham's *Die Donnergotter* and Neill's *Downwind.* 7/26: John Cage Citycircus, Part XII—the conclusion of a weekly series celebrating his life and music with gems from the WNYC archives. 7/27: Reich's *The Four Sections* and Aigelsreiter's *Die Ufer.* 7/28: Old and new music from Indonesia. 7/29: Selections from the New Sounds Live concerts. 7/30: Singer/composer Abed Azrie is John Schaefer's guest. 7/31: The monthly installment featuring new releases. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

On View

Garden Variety

"How *public* the rich were," Mac Griswold and Eleanor Weller observe in *The Golden Age of American Gardens,* an age they define as 1890 to 1940. Gardens, on the English model, were indeed showplaces rather than retreats, and the *noblesse* invited townsfolk to stroll the grounds and partake of raspberry sandwiches in the shade. The Garden Conservancy, a six-year-old organization devoted to "regional and stylistic diversity," has restored this custom (minus the sandwiches) to the Northeast with its summer "Open Days" program. A directory lists which private properties in New York and Connecticut are open on which days, you pay $4 per garden, and the money goes to the conservancy and other nonprofit organizations. The homeowners required only so much persuading. "We're all show-offs," explains Michael Pollan, an Open Days participant and the author of *Second Nature: A Gardener's Education.* "We can't resist."

"Everyone who comes is just so *nice,*" said the feisty mistress of one garden on a recent weekend. Flower beds, more preoccupation than accessory, surrounded a ranch-style house on a cul-de-sac. It was mid-afternoon, and already 80 people had traipsed, very politely, through her backyard. The crowd was hale, steely, eminently capable (the visitors referred to their jeans as dungarees and happily compared notes on whacking weeds). Wandering around on their trail makes for a long summer day's entertainment, whether or not you can tell an Achillea Moonshine from an Aster Frikartii.

And if you read the subtext of the directory (pay attention to phrases such as "parklike grounds," "pool gardens," and "the owners' collection of rare and beautiful waterfowl can be found at the final pond") and plan accordingly, you'll certainly see people who cannot name their own flowers because the hired hands do all the work. (Social and horticultural voyeurs alike must behave well, of course: Keep on the grass or the curvy pebble paths.) Their gardens are fixtures of a static world where tennis courts and pools seem never to be "sold separately." "My husband fought that," a woman said of the basketball hoop perched above the doubles alley. But sometimes the gardens are altogether different, and suggest behavior that the comfortable caste finds charmingly subversive. "I think people are drawn to my garden for the grass," says one host. "I don't cut it. It's a field. I think men are attracted to it in particular—it gives them ideas." *Remaining Open Days are July 23, August 13, and September 10; call 914-265-2029 for a directory.*

LINDA HALL

Recorded Music

Jackson Five *Soulsation! 25th Anniversary Collection* (Motown)—The monster hits cease by the second of the four discs, but young Michael's voice remains a glorious mystery—so much grit, so much depth, so much *soul* in such a little body. No wonder Michael spends half of *HIStory* searching for his childhood. But as miraculous as he was, the Jackson Five had more than little brother's curiously precocious voice working for them. As music scribe David Ritz points out in this box's 49-page booklet, they also had the hit-making power of late-sixties Motown, a force that, even if it didn't score with every single, still yielded loads of sprightly, psychedelic-tinted, heart-tugging bits of ear candy. Who else could make "Ben," a love song to the rat in *Willard,* a lasting pop gem? CHRIS NORRIS

Kyuss...*And the Circus Leaves Town* (Elektra)—If there's such a thing as ambient-metal, these guys play it: long static grooves, molasses-thick guitars, and bass that's cranked up to two-thirds of the whole sound. These deep, brooding Melvins-like epics are overwhelming at high decibels, but at medium ones they're oddly hypnotic—like a room-sized vaporizer in serious need of a tune-up. It's perfect music for a chill-out room covered in fluorescent posters and black light, and singer John Garcia even works in some reassuring cock-rockisms (singing "yay-yuh" for "yeah" and so forth.) Raised on desert jams in California's Palm Springs, these four Black Sabbath heads occasionally mount spectacular campaigns of art-metal bombast, but they're at their best just churning out oceanic grooves, songs that give new—or at least consistent—meaning to the word *heavy.* C.N.

The Written Word

Art Spiegelman and Paul Auster—The cartoonist will show slides of his art designed expressly to accompany Joseph Moncure March's jazz-age poem "The Wild Party"; the novelist reads from *Mr. Vertigo.* 7/20 at 8:30, SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield; enter the park at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.

Patti Smith—Returning to SummerStage to commemorate its tenth-anniversary season, the poet hosts this evening featuring her mentor, Janet Hamill, and her musical collaborator Lenny Kaye. 7/27 at 8:30, Rumsey Playfield; enter the park at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.

Tours

"Lights, Camera, Greenwich Village!"—7/26 at 5:30: Historian Arthur Marks takes you to see Hollywood on the Hudson on this walking tour of downtown film sites. Meet in front of the landmark Washington Square Hotel, 103 Waverly Place. The tour is expected to last until 7, and it

Photograph by Barbara Paul Robinson.

concludes with a three-course dinner at C3 restaurants. Call 254-1200 to reserve; $25 (including dinner).

Urban Trail Club—7/22: An eight-mile hike from Hartsdale to the Kensico Dam. Meet at Grand Central Terminal at 10:10 A.M.; call 807-0218 for information. This is a joint venture with the New York Hiking Club. 7/29: Follow White Trail on Staten Island. Meet at the Staten Island Ferry Terminal on the Manhattan side at 9 A.M. Fare: $3. Please call 718-763-1635 on any evening between 7 and 10 to register. 7/30: 12 to 15 miles of walking from Broad Channel to Sheepshead Bay, ending with a fish dinner at Brooklyn's Maritime Village. Meet at 9:00 A.M. on the platform of the Broad Channel Station on the Rockaway bound A train. Call 802-9633 for information.

Manhattan Memories: Gramercy Park and the Gas House District—7/23: Visit Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace, the original homes of Lord and Taylor and other New York emporia, Edwin Booth's home, New York's first luxury apartment building; learn about the Ash-Can School artists, the first women's clinic, and where Bemelman's *Madeleine* really worked and played. Call 628-9517 for reservations and further information; $15.

New York's Little Parks—The last Manhattan Memories tour of the season: visit Washington, Union, Madison, and Stuyvesant Squares as well as Gramercy Park. 7/30; $15. Call 628-9517 for reservations and more information.

The Hidden Charms of Chelsea—7/22 at noon: Manhattan historian Joyce Gold presents a walking tour through Chelsea, the area that in the eighteenth century was an individually owned farm, went on to become a theater district, the heart of the garment industry, and a neighborhood known for palatial department stores, and which is now a bustling mix of boutiques and restaurants. Meet in front of the General Theological Seminary on Ninth Avenue, bet. 20th and 21st Sts. Call 242-5762 if you have questions; $12.

Sports

If at First You Succeed—It's a slow sports-news day at the *Post* when, *in two stories in the same paper* (Tues., 7/11) on facing pages, columnist Joel Sherman makes like Mike and Da Mad Dog and proposes that the Yankees acquire not one but two former Mets starters (David Cone and Frank Viola, coming back from Tommy John–like surgery). Can the recently released Sid Fernandez (rumored to be going to the Phils as soon as he clears waivers) and the struggling Ron Darling be next? It was the *Post,* of course, that first shilled for Darryl Strawberry's agent, Bill Goodstein, who was looking to get his client, then under house arrest, back into the game. Meanwhile, the Straw Man (see *Webster's Tenth*) last week joined the Triple-A Columbus Clippers in the last leg of his minor-league rehab/purgatory; and Dwight Gooden was told that he absolutely, positively could not play this year . . . just as George Steinbrenner and Steve Howe were once told that they were banned for life. The Chicago White Sox visit the Stadium 7/17–18. The Sox are hurting big-time themselves; big reason: Their trio of aces—Jason Bere (4–7, 5.31 E.R.A.), Wilson Alvarez (2–5, 5.45 ERA), and Alex Fernandez (4–6, 5.69 ERA)—have all stumbled this year, leaving Jim Abbott (leading the team with a 3.35 ERA) and an arm-weary bullpen to pick up the slack. 7/19–20, the overachieving Kansas City Royals, led by the born-again Vince Coleman, who was all but run out of town for (1) injuring a little girl in L.A. with an M-80 and (2) being more Juan Samuel than Mookie Wilson in center, come to town. Texas, who even without Yankee killer extraordinaire Kevin Brown took three out of four from the Yanks before the All-Star break, look to repeat that feat 7/21–24.

If You Rebuild It, They Will Come—"They" being fans, presumably. With the season just about lost and talk of shopping ace Bret Saberhagen and slugger Bobby Bonilla to any and all comers for, what else, those ever elusive "prospects," it seems as if Joe McIlvaine is going to "reconsider" the Mets as presently configured, which is a euphemism for rebuilding. But maybe it's owner and president Fred Wilpon who should be doing the reconsidering. It was the Frank Cashen–Joe McIlvaine–Al Harazin triumvirate that first built up and then tore down the dynasty that never was in the late eighties and early nineties. McIlvaine, the prodigal son who overspent in San Diego, was brought back to get the house in order. Taking into account the Mets' record over the past few years, the last good deal the Cashen-McIlvaine-Harazin regime made was . . . *Walt Terrell for Howard Johnson?* At Chicago 7/17–18; at St. Louis 7/19–20; then to Duff Stadium, er, Coors Field, to take on the West-leading Colorado Rockies 7/21–23.

Cue

Kim France
Editor

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Online

Andrei Codrescu—NPR columnist and author of more than 25 works of poetry, fiction, essays and memoirs on America Online: 7/17 at 8 P.M..

Pat Conroy—Bestselling author of *The Prince of Tides* and the just-published *Beach Music* will be on BBD Online from July 17 to 27. Read a sample of his new book, listen to a sample of the audio edition, or communicate with the author via e-mail. The address is http://www.bdd.com

Raunch-A-Rama—The new chat show with veteran online journalist Cyberbabe. The focus of this SonicNet show will be New York punk bands past and present: 7/17 at 8 P.M.

Darren Star—The executive producer of the new television program *Central Park West* and father of other "hits," such as *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Melrose Place,* on America Online 7/17 at 10 P.M..

The Robertses, Steve and Cokie—Husband-and-wife star journalists chat with CompuServe members: 7/18 at 9 P.M.

Dawn Steele—Former president of Paramount and Columbia Pictures hosts "For Women Only" on America Online: 7/18 at 10 P.M.

MeatMen—Detroit's most obnoxious punk band, whose songs include "French People Suck," "Cable Jockeys Suck" and "Crippled People Suck." They suck (big surprise), but if you'd like to chat with them, they'll be on SonicNet: 7/19 at 9 P.M.

Explore Your Self-Image—*OMNI* Magazine Online will host a conference on self-image with psychologists Dr. Keith Harary and Dr. Eileen Donahue on America Online: 7/19 at 10 P.M..

William Bratton—NYPD Commissioner, on Prodigy: 7/20 at 9 P.M.

Cooking Club—Susan Spice talks about New Orleans's finest chefs in the Cooking Club on America Online: 7/23 at 9 P.M.

Sandra Bullock—This summer's slouchy sweetheart and star of *The Net* on America Online: 7/24 at 10 P.M.

The Macintosh New York Music Festival happens this week. Check out the Nightlife section of "Cue" for the highlighted bands or check out the festival's page on the Internet. The address is *http://festival.inch.com*

"Radio Days Gone Digital"—7/20 A music-and-new-media seminar organized in conjunction with the New York Music Festival and United Digital Artists to discuss the impact on the music industry of the Internet, online services, music 'zines, CD-ROMs, and interactive performance. This one-day program features an impressive list of music and new-media movers and shakers. For more information on the participants, panels, and presentations, call the Music and New Media Seminar at 212-339-3803. In the Grand Ballroom of the Puck Building ($75).

Conferences last about one hour. Send comments to runnette@emedia.net

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Kids

Arctic Heat...

Children's Events

Cool It—Ice-carving demonstrations and a chance to sculpt a life-sized papier-mâché polar bears and penguin are at the third annual Chill Out Weekend. With practice you could also be a sensation in the penguin-waddling marathon at 3:30. 7/23 and 7/24. **Central Park Zoo/Wildlife Center**, 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (439-6500). Weekend hours are 10:30 to 5:30. Admission is $2.50 for adults, $1.25 for seniors, $.50 for children 3 to 12, free for children under 3.●

Now You See It—Staten Island Children's Museum, a cool ferry ride away, hosts a magical weekend. Make magic carpets in free workshops 7/22 at 1, 2, and 3. The annual **Young Magicians Convention** welcomes Clyde Beatty Cole Bros. Circus clown "Abra," performing 7/23 at 1, followed by illusionist Alan Edstrom demonstrating parlor tricks. Visitors will leave with some clowning and magic tricks up their sleeves. Workshops are recommended for ages 5 and up. The show is $2, Sunday workshops are $1 plus $3.25 general admission. Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060).●

Listening In—Master storytellers tell their favorite tales at the **Hans Christian Andersen Statue** in Central Park. Wednesdays in July at 11. This week a bald-headed hero wins the hand of a Turkish princess, and a turtle tricks a hippopotamus. Conservatory Pond, just north of 72nd St. (340-0906).●

Home Sweet Habitat—All week long kids can make all sorts of homes—birds nests, hermit crabs, and upside-down rooms at workshops during Habitat Week (7/19 to 7/24) at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan**. 212 West 83rd St. (721-1234). The museum's newly transformed media center offers hands-on experience with putting on a television show using state-of-the-art equipment. General admission $5, $2.50 for seniors, children under two free.

Going Ape—No fewer than five gorilla babies officially debut on jungle gyms and branches at the **Bronx Zoo/Wildlife Conservation Park**. Events to celebrate their first public appearance will include performances by an eco-band called Annie and the Natural Wonder Band, environmental magic by Dolly the Clown, and a zoo-wide scavenger hunt. Through 7/23. Call for a complete schedule of events. Hours are Mon. through Fri. 10 to 5, and until 5:30 on weekends and holidays. Off the Bronx River Parkway at Fordham Road. Easily accessible by public transportation (718-367-1010). General admission is $6.75, $3 for children ages 2 to 12; free on Wednesdays. ●

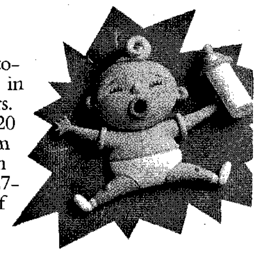
Fishing For It—Make fish from cardboard and fabric scraps, and construct a fishing pole to hook them with, then play awhile at **The Children's Museum of the Arts**. 7/15 and 7/16 at noon, 1, and 2 and 3. 72 Spring St. (274-0986). $4 admission plus a $1 materials fee.

Around the World in Eighty Days—Travel around the world by hot-air balloon, train, ship, and camel in **Theatreworks/USA's** production of Jules Verne's classic. Continuing a seven-year tradition, plays are free. Through 8/5. Show times are Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. at 11 and 1; Wed. and Sat. at 11. No performances Sun. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are available at the box office beginning at 10 the morning of the performance; first come, first seated. ●

Artistic Ventures—Treasure hunts designed for children ages 5 to 10 accompany MOMA's current show of "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Treasure-hunt kits—with odd squishy and rubbery substances—are loaned out on a first-come, first-served basis for use in the museum (from 2 to 4 only); through 7/27. The Edward John Noble Education Center, **The Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9795). Free with museum admission: $5 for students and seniors, $8 others.

Schoolhouse Rock Live—Theatre BAM of Chicago presents a musical, adapted from the long-running Emmy Award–winning cartoon series, that combines math, grammar, history, and science with a raucous sing-along score. For elementary-school-age children on up to adults. Wed. through Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2; through 8/5. **Atlantic Theater**, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200). Tickets: $20 to $30.●

Look at Me—TADA! children's theater presents a one-day "mini" Musical Workshop starring you and your child. Participants put together an entire show in just two and a half hours. 7/23 from 1 to 3:30. 120 W. 28th St. (Call Kim Wiley, the Education Program Director at 627-1732 for a schedule of other workshops and classes throughout the summer.) $15 per person. A limited number of scholarships are available.●



Spacey—During Space month on the invention floor at the **Liberty Science Center** you can learn how rockets fly and improve your model rocket's performance (7/23 from noon to 4 in the lower tower room on the environment floor), and learn about the solar system and make a mobile of it to take home (7/25 at from 11 to 3). Also, engage in "Sport," a 7,000-square foot hands-and legs-on exhibit where you can ride a simulated bobsled and learn how your nose affects walking on a balance beam. The museum is accessible by bus, PATH train, or ferry from lower Manhattan. Call 201-200-1000 for further information. Admission: $6 children ages 2-12; $8 teenagers, seniors; $9 general.

Fire!—Junior fire-fighting enthusiasts will enjoy a chance to look at both toys and equipment from earlier eras. An exhibit called "Reflecting Reality: Toys, Lamps, and Lanterns From the New York City Fire Museum" is on view 7/14 to 9/15, Tues. through Sun. 10 to 4, and Thurs. evenings until 9 in July and August. **PaineWebber Art Gallery,** 1285 Ave. of the Americas, bet. 51st and 52nd Streets. ●

Bookish—Delve into books made by artists, as well as sketches and mock-ups that show the book-making process. Then make one of your own with materials provided. The exhibit, "Children's Books by Artists," is at **Printed Matter** through 8/26. Hours are Tues. to Fri. 10 to 6, Sat. 11 to 7. 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Big Bugs Invade Bronx—Children can run underneath herds of 25-foot ants. Bugs and beetles—all fashioned from tree saplings, vines, and bark by sculptor Dave Rogers—prowl the **New York Botanical Garden** through 10/2. Tues. through Sun., and Mon. holidays, from 10 to 6. 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is free for children under 6, students and seniors $1, others $3.

Post-prehistoric—The dinosaur skeletons have been cleaned, relit, and in some cases completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. The new exhibit has been thoughtfully designed with the rising generation in mind: Questions like "Did dinosaurs eat each other?" are positioned at eye leve. And, don't panic, answers accompany them. **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, $6 for other adults.

The Snow Queen—Bill Solly's latest production has all the elements of a great story: a garden of loquacious flowers, a child in search of a kidnapped playmate, and a pair of cooing royal newlyweds. Weekends at 1. **Wings Theatre**, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961). $6.

Time Again—A musical for children called **The History Mystery,** performed by a cast of children ages 8 to 17, takes the audience on a journey backward in time, where they meet the likes of Martin Luther King Jr., the Wright Brothers, and Benjamin Franklin. Suitable for ages 3 to adult. Performances through 8/13 are Mon., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2, and Sat. at 1 and 3, with additional performance 8/13 at 1 and 3. TADA!, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are $6 for children, $12 for adults.

CONJUNCTION JCT.

Comeback **It started in the early seventies, when a children's programming executive at ABC named Michael Eisner green-lighted a series of public service announcements on the multiplication tables and the rules of grammar. It was called Schoolhouse Rock, and, like *Sesame Street* a few years earlier, it taught, indelibly, that numbers are our friends and that we catch on fastest when we sense we're at play. Mini-classics such as "Conjunction Junction," "Lolly, Lolly, Lolly, Get Your Adverbs Here," and (our personal favorite) "I'm Just a Bill," which explained how laws get passed—all witty, inventively illustrated, and set to rollicking melodies—stayed with us longer than any sentence we ever diagrammed. So it's only somewhat surprising that a renaissance is underway: *Schoolhouse Rock Live!* is a stage show from Chicago in which the songs are rendered enthusiastically and without a smidgen of satire (see listing for info); four videos (*Grammar Rock, Science Rock,* etc.) hit stores August 8 ($12.95; ABC Video); the CD-ROM comes out in the fall; and late 1995 will see a tribute album from Atlantic Records featuring Blind Melon, Stone Temple Pilots, and others.**

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Illustration by Richard McNeel.

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Murray Hill off Park. TH. Vacant 4,500sf gem in move-in condition. Now flr and basement for work and 2 duplexes. For sale: $1.1M or lease $7,500/month. Exclusive.
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3,000 SF GRAND LIVING
Park Ave /60th St. 9 Rms. 30' LR, 28' FDR, 17' foyer, lrg library, 2 masters, pvt elevator, 2 md's and WBFP. Reduced to $1.750M. Estate sale. Exclusive.
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80s East/Nr Park Ave. 8.5 Rms. 2,300 SF. And no board apprvl. Brite open South and West vus, lrg fam/den, W/D. 75% fin. PS 6. Motivated. Call for brochure. Exclusive.
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MINT CLASSIC 8
Fifth/Madison Aves. 90th St. 8 Rms. Superb family apt with large EIK, gracious LR *with WBFP and FDR, 3 BRs* plus 2 maid's. Won't last. Very low mt. Exclusive.
Ruth Samuels/836-1066 Dorothy Greiner/836-1025

STAY WITH US, KIDS
50s East/Beekman. 8 Rms. We have 3 BRs, 2,700sf to roam and river peek! NY a hop, skip, jump away! $695K, $3,700 mt. (Stocked fridge included!) Exclusive.
Steen Rasmussen 836-1033

PREWAR FAMILY EIGHT
East 80s. *Fifth/Madison. 8 Rms. Live right off the park and* near schools in this gracious, spacious 2,200sf 3 BR with FDR, EIK and md's rm. Asks $900Ks. Exclusive.
Dorothy Greiner/836-1025 Ruth Samuels/836-1066

SUN-FLOODED PREWAR 7
Park Ave. /Low 90s. 7 Rms. Spacious family apt in best bldg. 3 BRs, 2 bths, FDR, md's/bth. Sunny open views from all rms. Prewar details. Asks $1.150M. Exclusive.
Sarah Bond 836-1039

NEW PENTHOUSE DUPLEX WITH TERRACE
50s East. 7 Rms+. 4,100sf loft-inspired PH, 1,300sf. terrace, fab views, LR-WBFP, gourmet kit, skylights, study, family rm, lrg DR. Asks $1.695M. Low mt. New Exclusive!
Barbara Gould 836-1069/751-9230-h

SUNNY SIX-$525K
Park Ave./90s. 6 Rms. New classic 6 in prewar condo. New owners must relocate. 2 BRs, 2 bths, FDR, md's with bth. Hi flr, open views. Asks $525K, monthly $1,628. Exclusive.
Dee Downing 836-1073

GREAT ESTATE SALE
Carnegie Hill. P/W Classic 6. Rare find! Make this big corner apt with WBFP and hi beamed ceils into a grt family home. Open vus, excel lite. F/S bldg. Low mt. $450K. Excl.
Irene Lowenkron/875-2807 Jean Michael/875-2803

TO BE CONTINUED...
East 90s Low./Park Ave. 6 Rms. Next time on "Family of 3"-watch family of 4 easily grow into their new home! On at 6:60. Exclusive.
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BEST 2 BR VALUE IN BLDG
The Promenade-Condo. 5.5 Rms. For only $599K you can have 2 lrg BRs, 2 marble baths, incredible panoramic views, pool, health club and garage. Triple mint. Exclusive.
Martha Friedricks 836-1031

HEART-STOPPING VIEWS
870 UNP/East River. 5 Rms. Full river vus from every rm! 33' LR, FDR, 2 MBRs, 2.5 bths, mint cond. F/S bldg with health club and garage. Must sell. Asks $995K. Exclusive.
Amy Singer 836-1052

PH TRIPLEX ON FIFTH
Fifth Ave. 5 Rms. Unique apt with dazzling views of park, reservoir and city. Mint condition. 2 BRs, 2 baths plus 400sf outdoor space. Asks $695K. Exclusive.
Barbara Hochhauser 836-1035

GLORIOUS VIEWS
79th St East. 5 Rms. See city, river, the sun and stars from your balcony up high. 2 BRs, 2.5 baths, separate dining area, drop LR. Excellent condition. $300Ks. Exclusive.
Marsha Hartstein 836-1012/787-1880-h
Jayne Rubin 836-1012/734-0819-h

THE MAN HAD AN IDEA
50s East /SPS. 4.5 Rms. The whole point of living in Manhattan is no commute, city/river views and lots of space. *Right? Right!* $490K, $1,370 mt. Exclusive.
Steen Rasmussen/836-1033 Barbara Gould/836-1069

SUNNY PREWAR WITH VIEWS
80s/Madison. 2 BRs. Great 2 BR, 1 bath with open views including reservoir. WBFP and lots of detail. Needs TLC but worth it! Asks $470K, mt $1,037. Exclusive.
Dee Downing 836-1073

870 UNP
40s East. 4.5 Rms. Great living space in mint condition *with river views. It has 2 BRs,* 2 baths and many elegant features. $465K. Exclusive.
Ruth Samuels 836-1066

GREAT DEAL
Upper East Side. 4.5 Rms. Owner financed, this 2 BR, 2 bth with dining "L", wrap windows, great light and views, is opportunity plus! $299K. Exclusive.
Robert Manzari 780-2459

DIVORCE SALE
United Nations Area. 2 BR PH. Smashing views of city and river from all rms. Double height LR with WBFP, 1,000sf terrace. Must be sold! $500K. Exclusive.
Anne Snee/836-1060 Linda Stillwell/836-1046

FULL RIVER VIEWS
30s East. 3.5 Rms. Sunny, spacious 1 BR, 2 bath condo with dining area convertible to 2nd BR. Luxury bldg with pool and 2 full service health clubs. $345K. Exclusive.
Julia Menocal 836-1049

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79th St East /Lex. 3.5 Rms. Best buy prewar. 1 BR with SE terrace and WBFP in F/S premier bldg. Charm, light and views. Must see! Reduced for quick sale $319K. Exclusive.
Jean Michael 875-2803

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57th St East. 3 Rms. Move right into this great 1 BR in the heart of the city. Would make a great pied-a-terre. $145K. Exclusive.
Ruth Samuels 836-1066

ELEVATOR PHOBIA?
79th St East /Lex. 3 Rms. Spacious, light SE exposure, secure lobby. 1 BR in premier F/S bldg. Best location. Can be professional space. Low mt. Only $130K. Exclusive.
Jean Michael 875-2803

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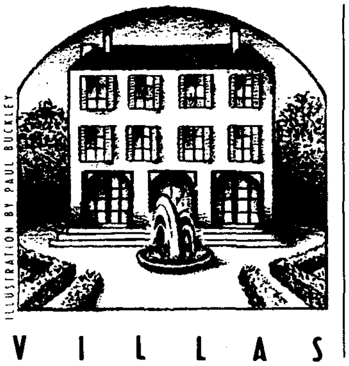

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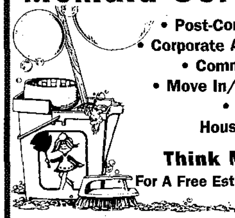

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Incredible Dark Curls—And big smile are what you'll see, but there's more... Sushi maven, pinball champ, good at the craps table; 23, fit, 5'6". Seeking a 24-30, Jewish man. I'd love a tall, smart nonsmoker who is athletic, ambitious and ready to sweep me off my feet and rollerblade into the sunset. 8539 ✉

Available At Last!—Smart, outgoing, very pretty 32-year-old college professor seeks that one and only "buddy" to share laughs and love. He is (preferably) 30-40, Jewish, attractive, successful and ready to share his life with that one very special woman. Note/photo. 8491 ✉

Wanted: Best Friend Forever—By handsome, successful, tall, slim, youthful 50s, Jewish company president. Seeking one pretty, unencumbered, down-to-earth, size-6 kind of lady. Nonsmoker and photo a must. 8546 ✉

Gay Soul Mate Wanted—Very handsome, athletic, financially secure, straight-acting Eurasian professional male, 33, passionate about travel, scuba, tennis and balancing ontological issues with laughter, seeks "Yang". Note/photo please. 8613 ✉

Good-Looking, Great Shape—Late 50s, widower, north Jersey, wants you - good-looking and in great shape also - for romance and much more. Photo. 8604 ✉

The Nicest Guy In New York—Seeks a pretty, slim woman. I am handsome (with blue eyes), an investment banker, 30s, funny and very smart (published author). You are 20s-30s and under 5'5". Christian preferred. You appreciate a man who is loving, kindhearted, witty and wise, self-assured, optimistic and emotionally mature. Photo. 8477 ✉

You Are Behaving As If—The God in all life mattered. You are an idealist, humanitarian, successful, serene, fine, decent, harmonious-looking gentleman of 35-up. You like arts (I am a foreign stage actress now living in NYC), cinema, long talks, skiing, laughing. You don't smoke. I am your female counterpart who misses her soul mate. Note/photo. 8555 ✉

Athletic Black Lawyer—32, seeks warm, attractive, commitment-minded white female. I'm sensitive, handsome, and a semi-reformed workaholic. 8543 ✉

Physically Fit, Slim Catholic Female—38, enjoys hiking, biking, music and many other things. Seeks a fun, educated guy. 8591 ✉ ☎

Pretty Hong Kong-American—30s, looks 26, MBA, JD, Wall Street, tennis. Seeks male for serious relationship. 8541 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Adventurous Professional—39, slim with long golden-red locks, seeks intelligent, nice guy, into travel, theater and good conversation, who appreciates life's absurdities. Photo optional. 8507 ✉

Looks Like A Babe—Thinks with a brain, gives from the heart and acts like a lady. Beautiful (inside and out), intelligent, slender, fit, kind, professional Jewish woman with a great sense of humor and style, seeks handsome, together, kind, caring, successful, professional Jewish male soul mate, 34-43, who loves sports, the arts, laughter and...maybe me! Photo please. 8582 ✉ ☎

Skiing And Ideas—Two of many interests of 49-year-old, 5'7" attorney. Running, sci-fi, politics and museums are others. I am looking for a beautiful, adventuresome, intelligent professional female to share interests and create new ones. I love NYC, hate smoking, and can commit to warm, sensual woman. Just let us laugh. Note/photo/phone. 8571 ✉

Gay Man, 32—Classic, handsome, balding, tall, fit, international, Christian, intense, very successful, gentle. 8584 ✉

Can You Paint With All The Colors—Of the wind? Then meet a dynamic, leading Ivy MD, PhD - a handsome, spiritual, incurably romantic man, tall, slim, 38, very successful, with passion for life and what I do, keeping fit, culture. Seeks lovely, educated partner under 35, affectionate, 5'6" plus, with depth and fire. Note/response requires photo. 8595 ✉

Seeking A Very, Very Pretty Woman—Feminine, slim, tall, sweet, honest, nonsmoker, 20-early 30s. I am an extremely handsome, young-looking 42, white, 5'10", 140 lbs, fit, long hair, honest, sensitive, musician/Ivy-educated MD - never married and would make the perfect husband. Photo/bio for reply. 8481 ✉

Tall, Attractive Brunette—Creative, athletic and trim, seeks tall, fit professional, relationship-minded, 32-42. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 8492 ✉

Gay White Male—Handsome professional, 50s, healthy, well-traveled, very bright, great sense of humor, secure, with varied interests, not part of any scene - seeks similar man, 35-50. Note with photo, please. 8596 ✉

Good Attitude—42, 6', Irish-American male, blue eyes, blond hair, Manhattan, successful professional - confident, witty, caring, romantic, well-traveled. You are 30-45, outgoing, weight proportionate to height, who enjoys music from Beethoven to Kate Bush, the water, the arts, conversation and a cigarette with her cocktail. No type A's, please. Note/photo/phone. 8608 ✉

Widower—6', 210 (on a good day), financially secure, emotionally available, great sense of humor, great conversationalist - very supportive, classy, conscious of my appearance - as you should be too, romantic and passionate, very active lifestyle. I give great hugs, spontaneous, stable, introspective and very silly. I would like to meet a pretty lady, 40-early 50s. Recent photo and note. 8483 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Bright, Slim—5'5", 46, divorced Jewish professional. Enjoys sports, music, art and reading. Seeks sensitive, intelligent, fit Jewish man, 45-55. Photo helpful. 8505 ✉

Willing To Satisfy—Fit, handsome, witty, ethical 40-year-old male designer - seeking curvy woman with similar qualities, who is stable and knows what she wants in life. No drugs. Photo/note, please. 8425 ✉

Summer Stirs The Soul—Of this slim, affectionate, playful, arts-loving man who seeks soul mate in a big, beautiful, brainy, broad-beamed blond or brunette, 30s through 50s, to share city wonders, country delights and more. Note: all the "B's" are equal, with the exception of "broad-beamed" - which carries more weight! Please send note/phone/photo. 8524 ✉ ☎

It's Not Too Late—For a summer romance. A beautiful blond, successful, professional, slender, athletic 40-something, 5'5", seeks male counterpart, 48-60, for a warm and wonderful relationship. Photo appreciated. 8576 ✉ ☎

Fun, Fit, 46—Seeks lively player, 35-40, to share the willies leaning upside down on the high backswing of life. Smart, feminine, artistic or any two okay. Prefers: low-fat - never deep-fried; small films to hits; relating to dating. Handsome, tall, job, comfortable West Side living. Writes, laughs, listens, tends to analyze. World-traveled for work but wishes it was with you. Swaps photos; good posture counts. Free beverage. No brokers. 8552 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

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Dorothy—Seeks Cowardly Lion. 8611 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Witty, Loves The City—Sexy Jewish woman seeks a wonderful, handsome, professional Jewish man, 40s, to share my passion for football, comedy, fine dining, and everything else fantastic. Photo please. 8489 ✉ ☎

I Am Attractive—Dark-haired, blue-eyed professional female, 37, 5'3", Jewish. You are 33-40 (preferably Jewish), tall, attractive, intelligent, stable and secure. Let's meet. Photo/note for response. 8527 ✉

ER Nurse—Young 52, white, Catholic, eclectic interests - like sports, books, Broadway, movies, long walks. Seeking honest, romantic man under 60, nonsmoker, drug-free, for friendship and possibly more. Occupation in law enforcement, court system or music a plus. 8470 ✉

So, Here's My Situation:—I'm an intelligent, fun-loving, attractive, 41, divorced woman who is successfully self-employed. Work requires travel, so it's been hard to connect with the right person. My interests range from Clapton to Zen; I love the beach, traveling for fun, reading, movies, theater, art and jazz. It would be great to meet someone with similar. I've lived on both coasts, and would like to land somewhere (maybe West) where we can hike if we want to but we can go metro when we have withdrawals. You must be a genuine and caring person. Please don't be more than 5'10". Photo a must; will exchange. 8547 ✉

Fall For The Best—I have a great heart and smile. Attractive, tall, slim, shapely LI Christian lady, 38, seeks a new beginning with a caring, attractive, outgoing, financially secure, romantic, happy man, 35-55, who enjoys city and country living. Note/phone/photo. 8531 ✉ ☎

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Morris County, NJ—European-born man, 5'7", 140 lbs, separated, retired, Ivy PhD, who enjoys chamber music, art, American antiques and nature, seeks best friend/lover. Please be a very attractive, warm, *feminine, slim,* fit, educated, cultured, independent woman under 55. Nonsmoker. Recent photo/handwritten letter is appreciated. 8573 ✉

Handsome Jewish MD—6', 36, normal, fun-loving, witty, worldly, menschly, seeks very pretty, refined, sophisticated, smart Jewish female under 32, *with class and a sense of humor.* Winners only. Note/photo a must. 8605 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Successful—Urbane, very youthful and athletic, 50ish, incurable romantic - with interests from Rachmaninoff to rock climbing and from Villon to Villefranche - seeks tall, fit, energetic beauty (35-44 - tops), with that *rare blend of intelligence, athleticism* and passion, to share life of adventure and commitment. Photo/note a must. 8590 ✉

Nice Guy—Warm, sincere, well-educated, attractive, successful Jewish professional, 44, 5'8", with good values and varied interests, seeks a sincere, attractive, intelligent, marriage-minded woman. *Photo if available.* 8510 ✉

Peace Of Work—Good-looking, 29, unconventional guy, MBA, not-for-profit consultant, former restaurateur. Into blues and club concerts, sunglasses and warm-weather travel, bold ties, button-fly pants, sneakers and bare feet. Seeking fun female for relationship and sharing good times. Note/photo. 8593 ✉

Passionate, Playful—Creative belle seeks similar - warm, perceptive beau, 29-39, to adore. Photo please. 8501 ✉☎

Bright Manhattan Male—40 plus, PhD in philosophy, self-employed, enjoys classical music, sci-fi films. Seeks female, 30s, *for companionship possibly leading to* marriage and children. POB 539, NYC 10101

Very Pretty Woman—49, genuine, funny, capable, kind, professional. Analyzed, so content and realistic. Wants man close in age and character, to enjoy. Note/photo. 8574 ✉

Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blond—33, 5'9", slim, educated, traveled, athletic, warm, professional Catholic woman, seeks sincere, fit man, 28-40. Photo. 8514 ✉

Attractive, Curly-Mopped—Jewish redhead, 40s, seeks companionable male (arts, nature, etc). Me: quiet, cute. You: Mr. Personality! Nonsmoker. 8600 ✉

I Am A Recently Widowed NJ Executive—Professional, Jewish, 5'8", 69, vigorous and hard-working, likeable, stay-at-home, book lover, humorous, conservative, all-around secure male. You are honest, *warm, caring, stable, intelligent, healthy,* attractive, slender but shapely, youthful, quiet, gentle, up to 50. You have no children or skeletons. You are not a shrew, smoker, liberated, vulture or lawyer, chatterbox, dedicated shopper, materialistic or annoying. Being Jewish and financially secure is a plus. Phone/full-length photo/short life story. 8504 ✉

Truly Gorgeous—Sexy entrepreneur, 41, mother of a precious 6-year-old child, desires a kind, attentive, empathetic, *successful gentleman,* 45-59, who adores children, traveling, sharing his Dom Perignon. 8236 ✉☎

Are There Any—Intelligent, attractive, employed, available men, age 40-60, left in the NY area? Show me! I'm an attractive, intelligent, professional, white Jewish widow, young 40s. 8499 ✉

Handsome, Warm, Successful—Jewish male, 40, 6', slim, great sense of humor. Enjoys sports, travel, country, good conversation, music. Seeking a bright, athletic, funny, very pretty, slim woman, 32-37, who possesses smarts, a great smile and warm heart - for lasting, passionate relationship. Photo appreciated. 8498 ✉

Lady - 35, And Cat—Seeking man of the house. We're loving, bright (well, one of us), cute, loyal. 8517 ✉☎

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Gay Jewish Male—24, looking to meet a gay Jewish male, 24-28. I enjoy travel, theater and my culture. I'm looking for someone who is nonreligious but very much into the Jewish culture and history. *I'm college-educated and a nondrinker/* smoker. I would like to hear from a gay Jewish male who is relationship-minded, self-confident, career-oriented and college-educated. 8530 ✉☎

The Last Boy Scout—Honest, loyal, trustworthy, ruggedly attractive male, 6'2", 42, seeks slim female, attractive, 30-40, *for best friend, partner and confi*dante. Child okay. Interests: beach, travel, adventure, movies, sci-fi, enjoys working with hands. Note/phone/photo. 8484 ✉

Outgoing, Sincere—Female - seeking respectful, never-married male, 34-38, not self-centered, nonsmoker. Photo. 8568 ✉

Enchanting Goddess—33, 5'2", Jewish, fit, health-conscious, creative, spiritually-minded educator, interested in meeting like-minded male counterpart for exploration, fun, adventure, etc. 8557 ✉☎

Carpe Diem!—Attractive widow, 70s, seeks intelligent man to savor the diversions of living. NYC/Westchester. 8549 ✉

(914) Gal—56 - looks 43, happy, Jewish, slim, creative, pretty, nonsmoker. Seeks trim, loving man to cherish. 8526 ✉☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Athletic Christian attorney/singer who loves the Lord, seeks tall, slender, pretty Christian singer or keyboardist in 40s, for musical/spiritual/personal partnership. Photo/note/phone, please. 8536 ✉

LI, European Mom—40, 5'4", 115 lbs, looking for handsome man for the real thing. 8567 ✉

Lost On LI—Raven-haired earth princess - beautiful, 5'5", Jewish, 42 - looks 32...acts ? Artistic, caring, *thoughtful* and *generous*, divorced, five day/week mom. Loves gardening, boats, Hamptons, cooking, Anglophile. Finally ready to spoil and be spoiled. "Willing" to dine romantically, stroll on or off beaches, bike, tennis, ski, etc. You are also Jewish, funny, a bit crazy and kids a plus. Phone, note and photo appreciated. 8594 ✉☎

Sephardic Hunk—6'2", (com)passionate, handsome, young 50s, seeks slim female, 37 plus, forever. Photo a must. 8525 ✉

Pretty Woman—46, slim, no dependents, seeks man for romance. 8577 ✉☎

Gay White Male—Successful professional, very handsome, healthy, athletic, 6', 170 lbs, 58 (looks much younger). I'm special - and if you are, please reply. 35-49. Note and photo. 8606 ✉

Truly Very Pretty—Tall, slender, blond Jewish female, highly educated, warm, caring and fun, seeks handsome Jewish male, 28-42, well-educated, communicative, easygoing, generous and sweet, for soul mate. Photo a must. 8535 ✉

We Keep Missing Each Other—Jewish woman, 33, pretty, petite, with doctorate, seeks Jewish, healthy, warm MD/JD/MBA, 30s, *with* sense of humor, for a lifetime of love, laughter and little ones. Photo please. 8551 ✉

Wanted: Jewish Male (30s)—With old-fashioned values. Looks/humor/success a must for beautiful blond. Photo/note. 8521 ✉

Sushi-Loving Doctor—40-year-old, seeks elegant Japanese lady for life, love and tuna rolls. Note/photo/phone. 8559 ☒

Ex-Model Turned Psychotherapist—42, energetic, smart, sensitive, traveled, seeks man of stature to create family with. Photo and letter. 8520 ☒

Adventurous Sailor—Handsome surgeon, 36-year-old Wasp with unique, warm, beautiful soul, with passion for play and work, never married - seeks natural, sophisticated, easygoing, fit, sexy, beautiful professional female, 25-36, to share good times and more. Friendship/soul mate. Let's go for a sail! NY Harbor. Note/photo/phone. 8569 ☒

Dashing Businessman—36, Jewish, tall, fit, caring, seeks slim, 20s/30s female for romance. Photo. 8545 ☒

Blond/Blue, 6'2", Athletic—MBA, 29, great sense of humor, intelligent, big heart, seeking woman, 23-30, sexy, smart, unpretentious. Photo/note, please. 8588 ☒

Fire Sale—Designer-label merchandise now available after major burn - only slightly singed around the heartstrings... Looks like new: tall, slim, elegant, single Jewish male, 41, attorney with an artist's heart - easy to wear with Broadway theater, late-night TV, romantic dining, antiquing, piano bar sing-alongs, taking the pup to the park. Could be perfect fit for brilliant, principled, spirited, unconventional 30-something woman - with no fear of sparks. 8558 ☒ ☎

Not Perfect—But attractive woman, with loving heart, good sense of humor. Petite, fit brunette. Enjoys ballet, baseball, beaches and Beethoven. Seeks 45-plus male for possible serious relationship. Note/photo/phone, please. 8561 ☒

I Don't Trust These Ads—Do you? Very pretty brunette, editor, young 39, loves to laugh - slim, well-traveled and intelligent but not spoiled or materialistic - seeks smart, witty, slightly offbeat man. Note/photo. 8388 ☒

Gramercy Park Lady—Tall, vivacious, sophisticated, attractive, witty Jewish professional, 47, seeks accomplished male for love and commitment. 8556 ☒ ☎

White Male Exec—Seeks white female who wants to be indulged - quid pro quo. POB 91, Woodmere, NY 11598-0091.

Asian Guy Wanted—For friendship, by 47-year-old bisexual white male. I'm friendly and have a good sense of humor. You can be bisexual, gay or straight. 8565☒

Are You Out There?—This 5'10", 43 year old, extremely attractive, lovely figured, blond-haired, green-eyed, successful professional, sensitive, loyal and honest female seeks a tall (5'10" plus), 40-55, successful male with integrity, a desire for commitment and zest to celebrate life. Nonsmoker Note/phone/photo. 8632 ☒

Blond, North Shore LI Beauty—Christian professional, 40s, unencumbered, adventuresome, romantic, seeks tall, very successful, warm, good-natured, terrific guy, 45-60. Photo/note. 8601 ☒

Genuinely Nice Guy, Nice Package—Seeks needle in haystack. Single white male, 38 - looks younger, MBA, attractive, mature, open, honest, fair, unpretentious, Times reader. Seeks cerebral, slender, very attractive, younger, single white female, forever soul mate. 8528 ☒ ☎

Intellectual—Warm, compassionate male, 47, 5'6", seeks slim, attractive, urban-oriented female with some depth and insight. Bio/photo, please. 8529 ☒

Chicken Soup Versus Sushi—6', 180 lbs, blue-eyed, Waspy Jewish male, all-Ivy education, 31, extremely athletic (skiing, blading, running)..I survived Jewish schools... I don't kill whales, build nuclear bombs or start forest fires. Seeking a pretty, cool, down-to-earth, independent Jewish woman who must be willing to "lie" about how we met. Photo, please. 8579 ☒

Just Got Back From Chinatown—Fortune-teller said my love life's going to pick up but he forgot to give me your name and number. I'm 34, Asian, male, very handsome, funny and caring. Respond to this ad and the fortune-teller and my desperate parents will be eternally grateful. Photo greatly appreciated - but stick figures okay too. 8509 ☒

Jewish Lady—Very attractive, young subjectively and objectively (early 40s), tall, blond, blue-eyed, cosmopolitan, multilingual, divorced without burdens, occupying, in Europe, international post. Prepared to contribute her own charm and talents to enrich the life of attractive and successful Jewish man who shares her refinement, intelligence, joie de vivre, solid values and discerning taste. Serious relationship sought. Willing to relocate. 8592 ☒

I Believe In Miracles—Spirited, petite Jewish female, 38, seeks exciting, secure professional male who believes in miracles too. Note/photo optional. 8538 ☒ ☎

Copenhagen—Englishman, ballet writer, divorced white man, 60/6'/168, nonsmoking, in search of slim, bright lady who loves London theater, books, classical music, art, travel. Photo please. 8490 ☒

Seeking A Best Friend, Forever—Tall, handsome, young-52 business professional desires to share all with beautiful lady, 40s. Happy, intelligent, educated, active, open, loyal, affectionate, emotionally secure, in-shape, humorous, successful. We won't settle for less. Letter/photo appreciated. 8599 ☒

Handsome Preppie Male—Investment banker, fun, athletic, 40s, Jewish, nonreligious. Seeks slim, attractive woman in 30s to jump-start family in suburbs (Princeton?). Photo a must. 8566 ☒

Blond, Refined, Waspy—Grace Kelly type, 49, looking for country-oriented, 55-60, emotionally stable, financially successful man - loves tennis, sailing. 8519 ☒

Gay Woman—5'7", very attractive, blond Wasp, seeks very feminine, 35-45, exceptional, emotionally available partner for life. Photo/phone. 8580 ☒ ☎

Spiritual, Sensual, Successful—36, 5'10", 175 lbs, good-looking, in great shape, entrepreneur - kind, intelligent, sexy, sensitive. Interests include travel, tennis, skiing, yoga, theater, reading, cultural endeavors. Seeking a smart, attractive woman, 24-38, with similar interests, values...to create/experience life with. Note/photo. 8642 ☒

Very Attractive, Fantastic Build—29, 5'11", 175 lbs, with green eyes and dark hair. I am athletic, successful, romantic and outgoing. I would love to find a very fit, beautiful, intelligent and passionate woman who loves to smile as much as I do. Note/photo. 8488 ☒

Stop!—Tall, truly attractive green-eyed woman, 33 - acts 32, international work, enjoys the arts, animals. Seeks articulate guy who makes me laugh. Photo/self-portrait helpful. 8589 ☒

Be My Best Friend—Love of my life, maybe my wife. I'm 34, 5'10", 180 lbs, Jewish, nonreligious, divorced weekend dad, self-employed, in good shape. Enjoy travel, beach, working out. Looking for nonsmoking lady who is compassionate, passionate, in good shape, marriage-minded - and is ready to settle down. Note/photo/phone. 8515 ☒

New Jersey Doctor—Nice-looking, Italian, divorced, no dependents, 43, seeks pretty, warm, white female, 30s, heart of gold, for travel, laughter, country, long walks and talks, books, movies, marriage, kids. Note/photo. 8435 ☒

Touch Of Class—Bright, attractive, slim, engaging woman, 48, with style, warmth and playful spirit, seeks good man to treasure. Am ready to fall in love for the last time. 8597 ☒ ☎

Gay White Male—36, allegedly cute, definitely intelligent, multilingual, Ivy, Wall Street. Like cultural stuff, travel, dining, working out, swimming, dancing, nonsmoker. Looking for someone who believes in forever. Note/photo/phone, please. 8467 ☒

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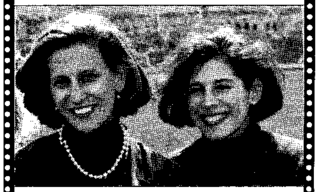

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In The Market—For serious relationship. Lovely, spirited female, early 40s, real estate broker, 5'6", slim, long blond hair. Assets include warm, kind disposition. Appreciation guaranteed for accomplished man over 35. Photo please. 8562 ☒ ☎

Lover Of Life—37, shapely, sensuous and sincere, Jewish, mother of 8-year-old, seeks long-term male mate, late 30s-40s. I am energetic, athletic, spirited, professional. Enjoy versatile life style, rock to Bach, seaside to theaterside, Soho to Madison. Are you the match? Are you thoughtful, sensitive, passionate and sincere? Send note/photo/phone. 8560 ☒☎

New To NY, From Boston—27, pretty, bright, fit, Jewish. Seeks man with high values. Tennis a plus. 8503 ☒

Gay Romantic—Attractive gay white male, blond/blue, 28, 6', 165 lbs, from the Midwest. Seeks attractive, financially independent male. Note/photo/phone. 8572 ☒

Acquaintance: 1 out of 100—Good friend: 1 out of 1,000. Best friend: 1 out of 10,000. Soul mate: only 1. Hoping for latter - will have fun exploring former. Creative, funny, very handsome, noncustodial dad, 37, 6', deep brown eyes, physically and emotionally fit, who likes all indoor and outdoor activities mentioned in other ads. Seeks woman, 20s-30s, smart, very attractive, fit, fun, down-to-earth. Handwritten note/photo. 8643 ☒

Coolly Elegant—Very pretty, slender, romantic lawyer, 45, 5'8" - enjoys travel, theater, sports. Seeks amusing, sophisticated, handsome man. 8609 ☒

Strictly Personals

Bicoastal NY/LA?—Me: stunning Beverly Hills blond, dazzling smile, wit, highly educated, chic, slim, leggy, long hair. Love arts, film, theater, restaurants, music, travel. You: tall, lean, elegant dresser, clean-shaven, prominent, cultured, patrician, refined, 40-65. 8586 ✉ ☎

Manhattan MD—32, athletic and attractive, 5'7", loves music and the arts. Seeks a pretty Jewish woman who is warm, confident and spirited, with a good sense of humor - for love, romance and happiness. Photo/note. 8405 ✉

Healthy Gay Jewish Male, 27, 5'7"—Wanted for closeted relationship with a pretty female. 8523 ✉

Good Man—Ivy lawyer/entrepreneur, good-looking, funny, 30s, seeks good woman. Photo please. 8494 ✉

Virtual Reality - Interesting, But...—I'd like the real man. Warm, successful, very pretty, feminine banker, 40s, lovely, funny, well-traveled, athletic, seeks compassionate, thoughtful, self-aware professional, 45-55, who can still laugh! 8497 ✉ ☎

Fresh Manhattanite—Solid partnership qualities. Gentle, sharing, caring, positive-minded. Nerdy, possibly a tinge of arrogance until you get to know me. Rather serious and responsible, but a good laugher and teaser of close ones. Dating language, physical and verbal, Greek to me. Make ridiculous mistakes in effort to forge early phase of relationship. High possibility of making pathetic impression. Would need your support and trust in this phase. Very secure professionally and financially. Excellent Euro-American education. Love beautiful things: music - especially jazz, new age, soft rock. Theater, cinema and live-show enthusiast. Good conversation. Have a pleasant home, collection of art. Making you happy makes me happy. Truly. Previously married. Very healthy and energetic. Alcohol, drug and tobacco-free, but can live with reasonable amounts of the first and latter if they enhance your happiness. Very eager to find someone to feel at home with. Anyone between 20s and 40. One or two children and animals would be fine. If you can and wish to make very good and sustained efforts to bring us together in a long-term, steady friendship, to see us surprise each other occasionally with pampering treatment, I earnestly need you. Black male. Note/phone and full photo. 8542 ✉

Pretty And Straightforward—Green-eyed computer professional and figure-skater, 36, Ivy, tall and slender, seeking (212), childless professional male who enjoys discussing ideas and likes urban living. 8570 ✉

Handsome And Cerebral Physician—42, 6', Jewish, athletic, literate, creative, seeks compatible woman for laughter, sharing and beyond. A thousand words is better than a picture - your choice. 8563 ✉ ☎

Vivacious, Jewish, Green-Eyed—Blond, 51, pretty and romantic (trader of stocks), desires to meet widowed or divorced man. I enjoy dining, dancing, theater, art, museums. POB 4344, River Edge, NJ 07661

Leggy Lawyer—Attractive and Jewish, 38, seeks Jewish professional man, 5'11" plus, for laughter, fun and romance. Note/photo/phone. 8437 ✉

"Success—To laugh often - appreciate beauty - leave the world a garden patch..." 34, designer, with Lindsey Wagner looks, Euro affinity, Beatles soul, who is direct, intuitive, warm. Passionate about Middle Eastern/Latin music and dance. Enjoys outdoors. Seeks smart, sensitive, self-aware, strong companion to help me find the garden. Note/photo. 8522 ✉

Very Pretty, Dynamic Redhead—Slim, petite, great figure, fashionable, bright, professional Jewish woman, 48 - seeks intelligent, successful male, 48-63, with sensitivity, style and sense of humor, to share the joys of life. Note/photo/phone. 8478 ✉

Attractive, Single Jewish Male—36, MD, looking for a special lady to share a few laughs, see a few movies, a little tennis, jogging, or rollerblading together. Serious Letterman fan a plus. Phone/photo. 8511 ✉

Available Guy—Spiritually evolved, emotionally free. Same age as Beatty and Redford, with similar Waspy good looks. Athletic, successful professional. Inspired by ocean, theater, ballet, Mozart and Dylan. Seeks similar woman, early 40s. Note/photo, please. 8502 ✉

Beautiful, Slim, Brazilian-Born—Female, 26, 5'6", professional - seeks intelligent, active, handsome professional, 26-33, who enjoys beaches, museums, movies, foreign travel, romantic dinners and the finer things in life. Photo, note and phone. 8506 ✉ ☎

North Shore LI Catch Of The Week—Attractive, slender, adventurous, romantic, curious, fun-loving and more, quality, divorced, Jewish nonsmoking female, seeks soul mate, 50 plus, to light up my life. Photo appreciated. 8548 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Divorced Jewish Male—Early 50s, is seeking woman for a lasting relationship. Enjoy trips to the country, movies, theater, oldies music, ball games. Photo a must. 8554 ✉

Attractive, Petite Educator/Dancer—Values: physical fitness, nutrition, reading, arts and culture. Only Mr. Truly Compatible Interests, 55 plus, need respond. 8564 ✉

Gentle, Kind, Tall, Handsome Exec—Lives city, works NJ, seeks 45-54, slender, classy lady. Note/photo. 8598 ✉

Male, CT Golfer—35, sincere, caring, intelligent, seeks his match. 8516 ✉

Black Lady—40 and fabulous. Seeking single, sexy, solvent and sincere black male, 6'-plus, for friendship, fun and future. Note/photo. 8629 ✉

European-Born And Bred—Lovely, bright, sophisticated but natural, world-traveled Celt of good heart and character, amorous and (can be) glamorous, traditional but fun - a youthful, single 44, 5'9"/142 lbs, spiritual, degreed, refined, insightful...seeks cultured, honest, global-minded, generous-hearted, financially secure gentleman to explore long-term possibilities. Confidential note/photo (copy okay). 8534 ✉

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Accomplished, Passionate—Independent, Raphaelesque, divorced, white Jewish female, nonreligious, 41, joint custody of two children - enjoys tennis, Off-Broadway, soulful music, dining out, travel, intelligent humor and self-made adventures. Seeks friendship and fun with evolved, spiritually conscious, divorced, white Jewish male counterpart. 8496 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Slender—39-year-old MD, looks much younger, enjoys city life as well as the outdoors, hiking, skiing. Looking to meet attractive, educated, sensitive male for a committed relationship - hopefully leading to marriage and family. Photo/note. 8495 ✉

Lady In Levi's—Dangerous curves, gentle spirit. Loves going out and hanging out. Pretty, Jewish, 36, professional, seeks secure Jewish male. In my book, nice guys finish first. Note/phone/photo. 8480 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Open-Hearted Woman—49, professional - loves classical music, jazz, films, country walks. Seeks bright, warm Jewish man to love. 8512 ✉

Semi-Retired, Divorced—Jewish businessman with varied interests, seeks 50-plus, bright, sensitive nonsmoker who likes to laugh and hug, to share quality time. Photo requested. 8581 ✉

Woman Of Substance Sought—By attractive, successful, single Jewish man, boyish-looking 36, sentimental, kind, playful, fit and very bright. Diverse interests include theater, foreign languages and locales, opera, jazz and all types of literature. Would love to meet a sweet, attractive, exceptionally bright woman to share culture and kisses, books and sighs. 8487 ✉ ☎

Meet The Man Of Your Dreams—Jewish, 34, 6'2", handsome teacher, seeks quality Jewish woman. Photo. 8553 ✉ ☎

Are You Picky?—This truly good-looking, never-married, 34, successful professional, 5'7", with dark hair/eyes and a tight build, is ready for an exciting, special, committed relationship with that sexy, petite, fun, responsible - did I mention soft skin? - easygoing woman who enjoys city nights after a great day in the sun. Maybe a motorcycle ride... Note/photo. 8578 ✉

Competing Stinks—Partnerships are great. 56-year-old, successful ex-Manhattanite businessman, going on 46, is looking for that right lady. If you are divorced, honest, pretty and ready, let's begin by enjoying the Hamptons this summer. Photo. 8540 ✉

Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring—Handsome, very smart, funny, artistic, athletic dad seeks intelligent, liberal (!), pretty woman for all seasons (35-50) for museums, theater, restaurants, travel, romance, growth. Kids okay. Photo/note essential. 8476 ✉

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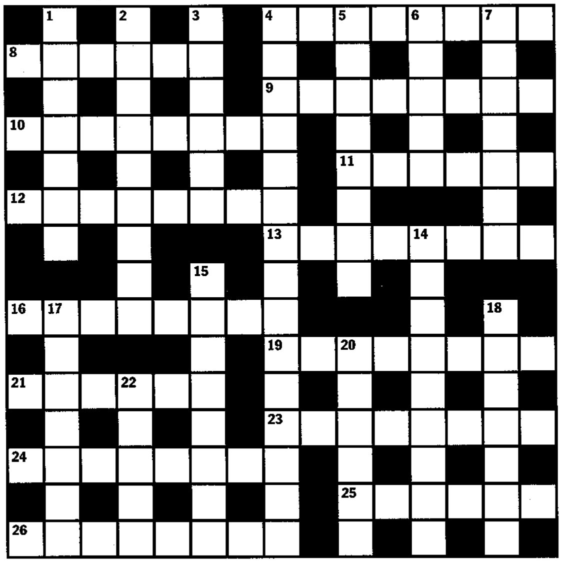
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

4 One way to damage the ultimate? (8)
8 Is a far-out excursion. (6)
9 Contributing factor to drop in performance? (4-4)
10 Pluck feathers? Something much stiffer! (8)
11 Temporary accommodation in which there is one occupant. (6)
12 Fabric before long must be stretched over the room. (8)
13 Is awed by the figure—representing oil-trade. (8)
16 The zip's gone! (8)
19 Listing technical terms for it, boy admits failure. (8)
21 Perceives first engineer takes some food aboard ship. (6)
23 Late-starter appears in rearranged embassy meeting. (8)
24 Man with cycle goes round the plant. (8)
25 Legislative body seen at work. (6)
26 Strange chaps set off out East to get left-overs. (8)



DOWN

1 Dashing manner of personal assistant can upset ambassador. (7)
2 Fire cleric for wearing it? (9)
3 Escorting lady with carriage to play card game. (6)
4 Cash on delivery? (9,6)
5 Drawing for the pamphlet I take on. (8)
6 Left port with cargo. (5)
7 Beat heavily though latterly a light-weight. (7)
14 Suma-wrestling with me, ten thrown! But it's just for fun. (9)
15 Cheeky first year student? (8)
17 Having made the attempt, yesterday's try-out abandoned. (7)
18 Quietly tell the priest. (7)
20 Bosses' improper haunt. (6)
22 Religion I criticize. (5)

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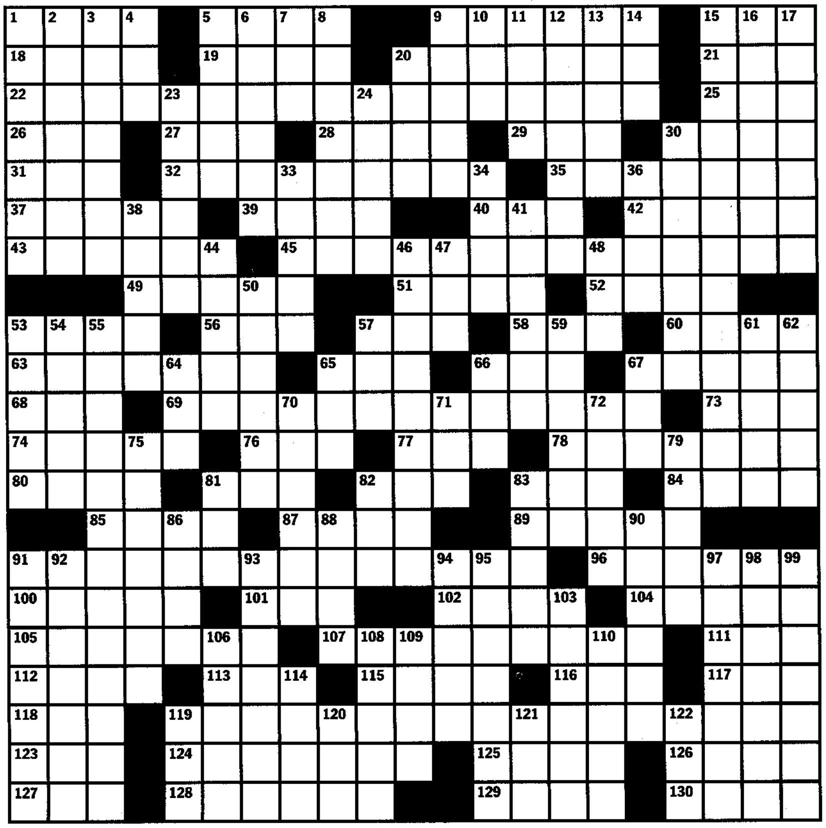
'Double Entendre': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

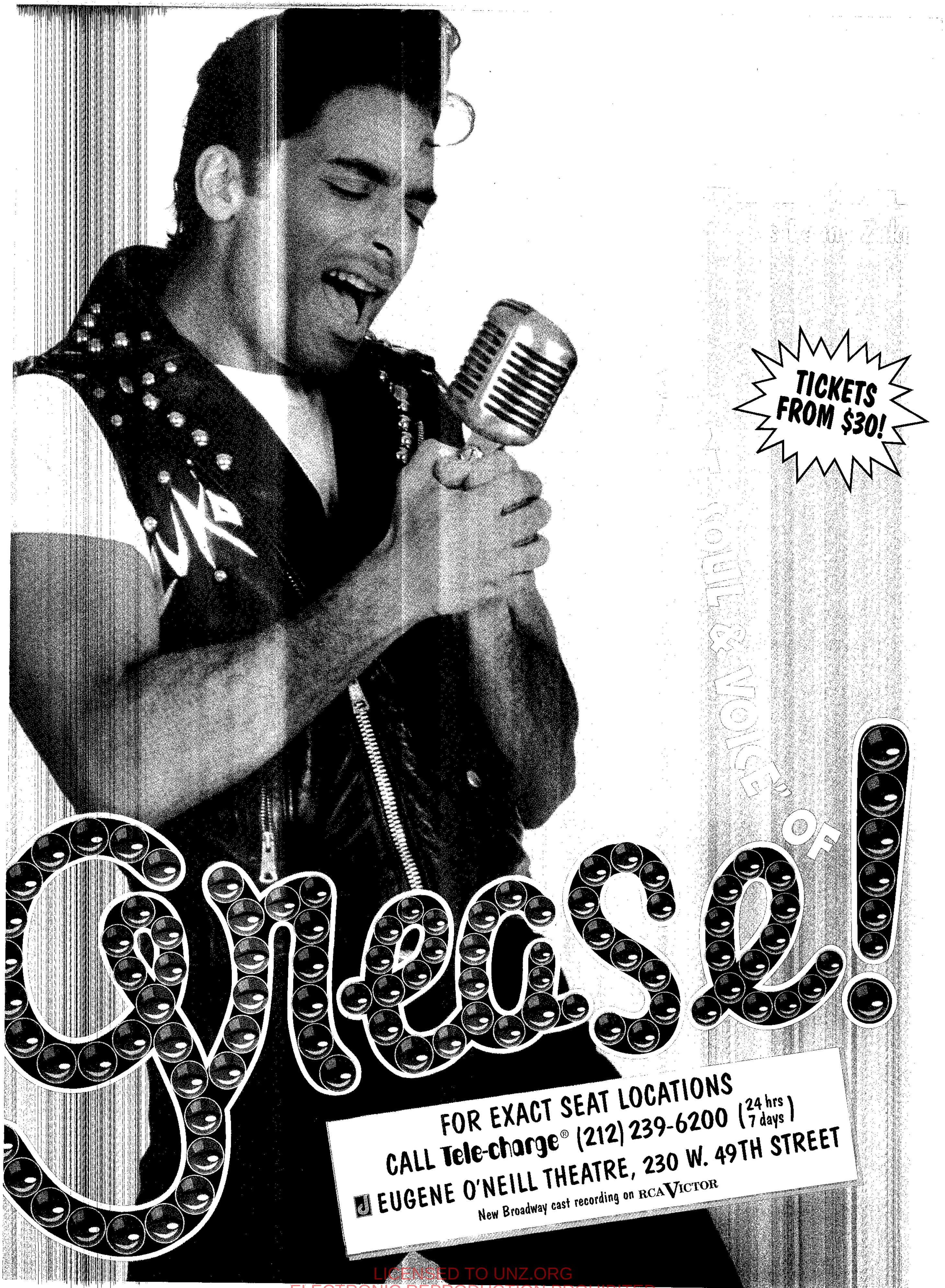
1 Pub missile
5 "Let —— eat cake"
9 College treasurer
15 Archer's need
18 Unique object
19 "Arrivederci" city
20 Gareth's lady
21 Freezer output
22 Ill-intentioned armies?
25 Animal-life suffix
26 Years since birth
27 Squid's squirt
28 Roosevelt mother
29 C.I.O.'s go-with
30 Prohibits
31 Author Levin
32 Agitate crows?
35 Shirley's sitcom friend
37 16th-C. satirist
39 Phnom ——
40 Bakery buy
42 Sign up
43 Daubs
45 Ides of March gang?
49 "I —— Bad, and That Ain't Good"
51 Singer La —— Jackson
52 West Point rookie
53 Whale of a movie
56 Eithers' correlatives
57 Stir-fry pan
58 Here, to Henri
60 Makes a pinch
63 Artist O'Keeffe
65 Aficionado
66 Boathouse item
67 Gem setting
68 Capek drama
69 Procure a singing group?
73 Motor-club letters
74 Netman John Mc——
76 Boniface's place
77 Humorist's asset
78 Heat-removing agent
80 Fabric juncture
81 Cigar dropping
82 Male turkey
83 "None —— the brave . . ."
84 Gaelic dialect
85 After 123-Across
87 Hebrew month
89 Utility consumption
91 Mike's change?
96 Drew liquid from, in a way
100 Frome of fiction
101 Lawmen's orgs.
102 Brit. raincoats
104 River of the Lorelei
105 "—— Remember" (1945 Chopin film)
107 Fashionable Arab?
111 Campaigned
112 Applies pitch
113 Orel's river
115 First-floor apartment
116 Selassie's land: abbr.
117 T.C.U.'s rival
118 "—— Daba Honeymoon"
119 What the carefree eater did?
123 Fifth note of the scale
124 Tarries
125 Reply to the Little Red Hen
126 Liver fluid
127 Popeye's yes
128 Prepares dough
129 Stratford is on it
130 Boxer Willard

DOWN

1 Realms
2 Rearranged-letter word
3 Let go
4 Before angle or cycle
5 "Falsettos" heroine
6 Circuit linkage
7 Ostrich lookalike
8 New York town on the Canadian border
9 Secondary ordinance
10 One: prefix
11 TV actress Shaw
12 Suffocates
13 Chateaubriand novel
14 Domicile: abbr.
15 Strange flea market?
16 Supreme Court name
17 Minks' cunning cousins
20 Calabria coin
23 Forum orator
24 Kind of papier
30 Solvent blended with gasoline
33 Cults
34 Full of ginger
36 Bride's headwear
38 "Horrible" Viking of comics
41 Biblical prophet
44 Silent sufferer
46 Mason's specialty
47 Doing fine, in space
48 Bedpost finial
50 Saddam Hussein's people
53 Fairy-tale meanies
54 Old grads do it
55 Paddock music?
57 Major conflict
59 Early spring bloom
61 Lima and string
62 List of candidates
64 Depart, in Dundee
65 Fish feature
66 Foliage mo.
67 Sibling abbr.
70 Stop grasping
71 Draw a bead on
72 Greek vowels
75 Some Nebraskans
79 Bloodsucking worm
81 Have a health problem
82 Middle of a game trio
83 Anheuser's partner
86 Chinese society
88 Part of D.J.
90 Nepalese native
91 As —— pin
92 Delivery-room cry
93 Washington city
94 Host on the dais
95 Pasta dish
97 Ms. Alley of "Cheers"
98 Paint types
99 Makes bare
103 Takes care of
106 Poisonous substance
108 Gardeners, sometimes
109 Neither Reps. nor Dems.
110 "—— the bag!"
114 Seaweed
119 B.P.O.E. member
120 One of the Turners
121 State C.E.O.
122 J.F.K.'s successor



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 77.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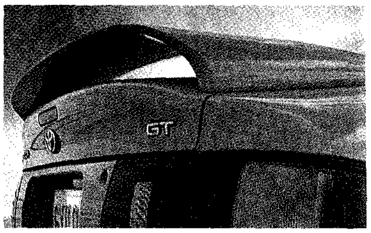

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